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THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO,  
SON OF MASTER GIOVANNI CELLINI,  
THE FLORENTINE, WRITTEN (BY  
HIMSELF) IN FLORENCE







*Frontispiece*

*Pl. 06. 11*

# BRONZE CRUCIFIX

33 cm. x 31 cm.

Collection of Baron A. Eperjessy de Tzásvaros et Tóti,  
Schloss Wehrburg, Southern Tyrol

# THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

A NEW VERSION BY  
ROBERT H. HOBART CUST

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"GIOVANNI ANTONIO BAZZI"

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THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO  
SON OF MASTER GIOVANNI CELLINI  
THE FLORENTINE, WRITTEN (BY  
HIMSELF) IN FLORENCE

BOOK I  
CHAPTER XXII

(1538)

Pope Paul III makes a gift to Pier Luigi Farnese of the precious stones that Cellini is accused of stealing.—Being interrogated concerning them, he defends himself with great spirit, but, although his innocence is proven, he is detained in prison.—Monsignor di Monluc demands from the Pope his release, in the name of the King of France.—He receives various favours from the Castellan, Giorgio Ugolini.—Brother Pallavicino, imprisoned on account of Lutheran leanings, counsels him to escape.—The Friar's plot is discovered, and a more rigorous confinement is temporarily inflicted on Cellini.—Meditating flight on his own account, he makes his servants leave his soiled sheets, in order that he may make use of them for his escape.—His apprentice Ascanio, provoked with his master, on leaving the Castello, stabs Michele, a goldsmith, and flies in consequence to Tagliacozzo.

THE lord Pierluigi, the Pope's son, having observed what a great sum of money value it was, of which I was accused, immediately demanded as a favour of that father of his, that this amount of money might be



made a present to himself. Wherefore the Pope willingly granted it to him, and moreover told him that he would also help him to recover it; so that after I had been kept in prison eight whole days, at the end of the eight days, in order to arrive at some termination of this business, they sent to examine me. For which purpose I was summoned into one of those halls that there are in the Pope's castle, a very imposing place, and the examiners were the Governor of Rome, who was called Misser Benedetto Conversini<sup>1</sup> of Pistoia (who was afterwards Bishop of Jesi); the other was the Procurator-Fiscal, of whose name I have no recollection; another, who was the third, was the judge for malefactors, who was called Misser Benedetto da Cagli.<sup>2</sup> These three men began to examine me at first with amiable expressions, and afterwards with most bitter and terrifying threats, originated by my saying to them: "My lords, for more than half an hour you have not ceased asking me about fables and other matters, regarding which it can truly be said that you are babbling, or that you are merely talking (wildly): by babbling I mean that your words have no meaning, or merely talking in order that you may say nothing; therefore I beg that you will tell me what it is that you want of me, and that I may hear your real arguments issue from your mouths, and not

<sup>1</sup> Benedetto Conversini was nominated bishop of Forlimpopoli or Bertinoro in October 1537, and translated to the See of Jesi in 1540. He held the Governorship of Rome for the years 1537-1538. A letter addressed to him by Nizzardo Girolamo Dandini, dated June 7th 1538, is to be found among the *Lettere di principi*, Lib. II, p. 57. He died in 1553. Cf. UGHELLI, *Italia sacra*, Vol. I, p. 284, and Vol. II, p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> Benedetto Valenti. Cf. Chap. XII, Vol. I, p. 233, n. 2.

fables and babblings.”<sup>1</sup> At these words of mine the Governor, who was a native of Pistoia, no longer able to disguise his irritable temperament, said to me: “You are talking very confidently, rather indeed too haughtily: in such measure that I will make this pride of yours become more humble than a dog before the arguments that you shall hear me utter to you, and which shall be neither babblings nor fables, as you call them, but shall be a set of arguments, to which it will be very necessary that you put forth of your best to give us the explanation.” And thus he began. “We know for very certain that you were in Rome at the time of the Sack, which was made upon this unhappy City of Rome; and at this period you happened to be in this very Castel Sant’ Agniolo, and that you were employed as a gunner; and since your profession is that of a goldsmith and a jeweller Pope Clemente, because he had known you previously, and because there were no other persons of that trade (at hand), took you into his confidence and made you unset all the precious stones from his tiaras, mitres and rings, and then having trust in you, desired you to sew them into his clothing (*adosso*); during which operation you reserved for yourself unknown to His Holiness (stones) to the value of eighty thousand *scudi*. This fact was related to us by one of your workmen to whom you confided it and boasted of

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI repeats twice again this curious definition regarding various modes of speech: *i.e.*, in Chapter XII of his *Treatise on the Art of the Goldsmith*: and again in his Commentary on his own sonnet entitled *Sogno fatto in nel sonnellin dell’ oro* (“A Dream inspired in a golden slumber”). The student will find the former allusion, which is somewhat more elaborate than that given in the present Text, highly ingenious and diverting.

it. Now we tell you plainly that you must find the stones or the value of the same; then we will let you go in liberty." When I heard these words, I could not keep from being moved to loudest laughter. After I had laughed a while, I said: "I greatly thank God, that on this first occasion when it has pleased His (Divine) Majesty that I should be imprisoned, I am so fortunate as not to be imprisoned for some weakness, as it would seem most often happens to young men. If this that you say were the truth, there is now no danger for me of being chastised with corporal punishment; for the laws at that period lost all their authority; whereby I could excuse myself by saying, that as an administrator, I might have kept this treasure on behalf of the Sacred and Holy Church Apostolic, waiting to return it to a good Pope, or indeed to any one who might demand it of me, such as you now might, if the fact really was thus." At these words that angry Pistoiese Governor would not allow me to finish my arguments, for he said furiously: "Put it in the way you like, Benvenuto! For us it is sufficient that we have found again our property; and act quickly if you do not want us to act in another way than with words." And as they were preparing to rise and depart I said to them: "My lords, my examination is not finished, therefore finish examining me and then go wherever it pleases you." They immediately resumed their seats, in very great wrath, half showing that they did not want to hear any word that I should say to them, and half relieved, since it seemed to them that they had found out all that they wanted to know. Wherefore I began to this purport: "Know, my lords, that for about twenty years

I have dwelt in Rome, and was never in prison either here or elsewhere." At these words that constable (*birro*) of a Governor said: "You have certainly committed some homicides." Thereupon I said: "'Tis you say so and not I; but if any one came for the purpose of killing you, priest though you be (*così prete*), you would defend yourself, and in killing him the holy laws support you; therefore allow me to give my explanations, if you wish to be able to repeat them to the Pope, and if you wish to be able to judge me fairly. I say once more, that for nigh twenty years I have dwelt in this wondrous Rome, and in it I have executed very great undertakings in my profession; and since I know this to be the seat of Christ, I should have been assuredly confident that if a temporal prince had desired to do me some wrong, I should have recourse to this Holy Throne (*cattedra*) and to this Vicar of Christ, who would defend my rights.

Alas! where must I go now? and to what prince, who will defend me from so wicked a wrong? Ought you not, before arresting me, to find out where I had disposed of these eighty thousand ducats? Besides ought you not to examine the record of the precious stones which this Apostolic Camera has written up diligently for five hundred years past until now? Then when you have found a deficiency you ought thereupon to have impounded all my account-books, together with me myself. I would have you know that the books wherein are inscribed all the precious stones belonging to the Pope and the tiaras, are all in order, and you will not find anything missing of what Pope Clemente possessed, that is not carefully inscribed therein. It can only have happened that when that poor man Pope Clemente wanted to make

terms with those thieves of Imperialists, who had robbed Rome and insulted the Church, there came to negotiate this contract one who was called Cesare Iscatinaro,<sup>1</sup> (if I remember rightly), who, when he had almost concluded his truce with that ill-treated Pope, in order to do him a small courtesy, he (the Pope) let fall from his finger a diamond, which was worth about four thousand *scudi*; and when the said Iscatinaro stooped to recover it, the Pope told him that he might keep it out of affection for him. I indeed was present at these events, and if this said diamond be missing, I tell you where it is gone to; but I think that you will most assuredly find this fact also written down. Then in your turn you ought to feel shame for having injured one like me, who has carried out so many splendid commissions for this

<sup>1</sup> It was not Cesare, but *Giovanni* Bartolomeo Gattinara, nephew of Mercurio di Gattinara, Grand Chancellor to Charles V, and Regent of the Kingdom of Naples; who, after much argument and dispute, finally subscribed and concluded on June 6th 1527 the terms of Pope Clement VII's capitulation; terms which were, however, subsequently more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Cf. VARCHI, *op. cit.*, Lib. IV, and GUICCIARDINI, *Sacco di Roma*. In the *Autobiography* of RAFFAELLO DA MONTELUPO, published by VASARI as a Commentary to his *Life* and that of his father (*ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. IV, pp. 551-562), we read as follows, speaking of the Siege of Castel Sant' Angelo: "When it was seen that hope was vain, means were sought for making a truce; and upon this head one could say many things, for there came many times to the Castello to discuss the treaty a lord, named Catinaro; where upon one occasion, when he came to discuss the treaty, he was fired upon with an arquebuse by some one in the Castello and wounded in the arm. So that the matter stood still many days before they could renew the deliberations," etc. And VALDES tells the same story in one of his two *Dialogues*, but gives no name to the perpetrator of the assault.

Apostolic See. Do you know that if it had not been for me that morning when the Imperialists entered the Borgo, they would have invaded the Castello without any hindrance; and that I without being rewarded upon that head, threw myself vigorously upon the guns, which the gunners and the soldiers of the garrison had abandoned, and inspired courage into one of my good friends (*compagniuo*), who was called Raffaello da Montelupo,<sup>1</sup> a sculptor, who also having himself given up had put himself in a corner overcome with terror, and doing nothing. I aroused him; and he and I alone slew so many of the enemy, that the soldiers took another route. It was I who fired a shot at Scatinaro when I saw him talking to Pope Clemente without any sort of respect, but with most brutal ridicule, like the Lutheran and impious man that he was. Pope Clemente upon this made a search through the Castello, who it was, in order that he might hang him. It was I who wounded the Prince of Orange with a shot in the head here beneath the intrenchments of the Castello. Besides that I have made for the Holy Church so many ornaments in silver, gold, and precious

<sup>1</sup> This sculptor sprang from the family of Sinibaldi of Montelupo. He was the son of a certain Baccio or Bartolomeo, also a sculptor. VASARI (*ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. IV, pp. 543-562) tells us that he not only equalled, but greatly surpassed, his father in talent. He was employed at Loreto in company with Antonio da San Gallo the younger; in Florence, under Michelangelo Buonarroti, in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo; and elsewhere, especially in Rome, where he was appointed architect of Castel Sant' Angelo. Amongst other things he fashioned the great marble angel on the summit of the keep, subsequently replaced by one in bronze. Cf. Chap. VII, Vol. I, p. 135, n. 2. In his *Autobiography* above mentioned he confirms a number of points in CELLINI'S statements regarding the Siege of the Castello.

stones, so many medals, and such fine and noble coins. Is this then the proud priestlike remuneration that you employ towards a man who has served you and loved you with so much fidelity and with so much ability? Oh! go and relate all that I have said to the Pope, telling him that he has all his jewels; and that I have never had from the Church anything but certain wounds and stonings during that period of the Sack; and that I have never reckoned on anything, except a small remuneration from Pope Pagolo, which he had promised me. Now I am clear both before His Holiness and before you his ministers." Whilst I was speaking these words they remained listening in astonishment; and looking one another in the face, they left me with signs of surprise. They all three went together to relate to the Pope all that I had said.<sup>1</sup> The Pope being ashamed, directed them that they should

<sup>1</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 261) has recovered for us from the *Registri de' Costituti* a substantial portion of the recorded evidence given at the various examinations of Cellini with regard to this supposed theft; but the documents relating to the matter are very much injured by damp. BERTOLOTTI accuses CELLINI of *braggadocio*, a charge from which GUASTI defends him; and there are unquestionably vast differences between his replies, as officially recorded, and the same as related by himself. Official registers could scarcely be expected to reveal much more than bald facts, and it would be idle to deny that CELLINI does make a finer case for himself than (judging from what we know of him) we might expect to be quite in accordance with the strict truth. Still it must be remembered that our hero is telling the story after a lapse of a considerable number of years, and it is quite conceivable that he should mix up what *he would have liked to have said* with what he really did say. We are, therefore, bound to avoid the temptation of setting him down as an absolute liar, while retaining to ourselves the right to take his story with some reservations

look over again with very great care all the accounts of the precious stones. Then when they had seen that nothing was missing, they let me remain in the Castello without saying anything further; the lord Pier Luigi, since it seemed even to him that he had been wrong, sought with diligence to procure my death. During the small disturbances of this period King Francis had already heard in detail how the Pope had kept me prisoner, and so very wrongfully: having sent as an Ambassador to the Pope a certain nobleman of his, who was called Monsignor di Morluc,<sup>1</sup> he wrote to this man that he should demand me from the Pope, as one of His Majesty's servants. The Pope, who was a most able and wonderful man, but who in this affair of mine acted like a person of little worth and a simpleton, answered the said messenger of the King, that His Majesty should not trouble about me, for I was a man who was very troublesome with my weapons, and for this reason he would have His Majesty warned that he should let me alone, for he was keeping me in prison for murders and others of my similar devilries. The King again answered that in his kingdom there reigned the most excellent justice; and just as His Majesty rewarded and favoured wondrously men of merit, so on the contrary he punished the trouble-

<sup>1</sup> Jean, brother of the celebrated Marshal, Blaise de Monluc. He entered the service of Francis I through the favour of Queen Marguerite of Navarre, and in 1553 was appointed Bishop of Valence in Dauphiné. In 1573 he was sent to Warsaw to bring about the election of Henry of Anjou to the throne of Poland, and died in 1579. Cf. *Gallia christiana*, Vol. VI, p. 368. This prelate was certainly in Rome at this period, but M. PLON's diligent researches amongst his correspondence reveal no trace of his intercession on behalf of Cellini. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 46.



sorne; and since His Holiness had let me depart, not caring for the services of the said Benvenuto, when he saw him in his kingdom, he had gladly taken him into his service; and he demanded him as his servant. These events were of the greatest annoyance and injury to me, for all that they were the most splendid favours that could possibly be desired by one like me. The Pope was roused to so great a fury through the jealousy that he felt lest I should go and tell of that wicked rascality which had been employed against me, that he thought of all the means whereby he could with honour to himself compass my death. The Castellan of Castel Sant' Agniolo was one of our Florentines, who was called Misser Giorgio,<sup>1</sup> a knight of the Ugolini (family). This worthy man displayed the greatest courtesies towards me that one could possibly display in the world, allowing me to go freely about the Castello upon my word of honour alone; and since he understood the great wrong that was done to me, when I wanted to give security to go walking about the Castello, he told me that he could not take it, for it happened that the Pope set too much importance upon this affair of mine, but that he would freely put confidence in my word of honour, for he understood from every one how honest a man I was: and I gave him my word,

<sup>1</sup> In the *Ruolo dei Cavalieri Gerosolimitani* on p. 160 (we are told by TASSI) is to be found the following entry: "*Ugolino, Fra Giorgio nel Febbraio 1511 Commendatore di Prato*"; and BERTOLLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 268) finds in the Registers of the *Depositeria* documents relating to this Ugolini, who was Cellini's prison companion, but he does not tell us what they are. He cannot, however be the Giorgio Ugolini mentioned by VARCHI (*Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. I, XI, p. 278) in the year 1500 as "a young man, devoted to his country and of good talent."

and so he gave me convenience that I might be able to continue my trade. Upon this, thinking that this wrath of the Pope, as well on account of my innocence, as also on account of the favours of the King, must come to an end, keeping my shop still open, my apprentice Ascanio used to come to me in the Castello and bring me some materials for working. Although I could work but little, seeing myself imprisoned in that way so wrongfully, I nevertheless made a virtue of necessity: I cheerfully bore this perverse fortune of mine the best way I could. I had made very great friends with all those guards and many soldiers of the Castello. And since the Pope came sometimes to supper in the Castello, and during such time as the Pope was there the Castello was not guarded, but stood open freely like an ordinary palace; and since during this time that the Pope remained thus, all the prisoners were accustomed to be shut up with greater care: and whereas to me none of these sort of things were done: but on all these occasions I walked freely about the Castello; many times some of those soldiers counselled me that I should escape, and that they would assist me (*fatto spalle*), since they knew the great wrong that was done me. To them I replied that I had given my word to the Castellan, who was so honest a man, and one who had done me such great kindnesses. One very brave and very able soldier there was; and he said to me: "My Benvenuto! you know that one who is in prison is not bound nor can be bound to keep his word, any more than any other thing: do what I tell you, escape from this rascal of a Pope and from this bastard son of his, who will take away your life at any cost." I, for I had determined to myself

that I would more gladly lose my life, than be wanting in my pledged word to that honest man the Castellan, bore this extreme discomfort together with a friar, a very great preacher, of the Palavisina family.<sup>1</sup> This man had been arrested as a Lutheran: he was a most excellent intimate companion, but as a friar he was the biggest scoundrel that ever was in the world, and indulged in all sorts of vicious habits. His fine talents I admired, and his ugly vices I greatly abhorred, and freely rebuked him for them. This friar never did anything else but remind me that I was not obliged to keep faith with the Castellan, because I was in prison. To which argument I replied that although as a friar he was speaking the truth, as a man he was not speaking the truth; for one who was a man and not a friar was obliged to keep his word in every sort of chance, in which he might find himself: therefore, since I was a man and not a friar, I was never going to be false to that simple and honourable word of mine. When the said friar saw that he was unable to obtain the corruption of me by means of the very subtle and clever arguments so wonderfully set forth by him, he thought to try me by another method; and so he let many days pass by, whilst he read to me the sermons of

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, Pallavicino. BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 268) finds documents referring to this friar in the Registers of the *Depositeria*, 1538-39, f. 87. We learn from thence that he was a most able speaker, imprisoned for Lutheran leanings, and that his imprisonment lasted seven months and eighteen days. CARO in a letter to Guidiccioni, dated June 25th 1540, says: "Your Lordship will have heard from Bernardi of the arrest of Brother Pallavicino, and of the flight of Messer Cosimo his brother." From this passage (supposing that CARO is referring to the same person) we may gather that the friar was imprisoned a second time.

Fra Jerolimo Savonarolo, and gave me so admirable a commentary upon them, that it was finer than the sermons themselves; at which I remained enchanted, and there was not a thing in the world that I would not have done for him, except to break my word, as I have said. When the friar saw me overcome with astonishment at his talents, he thought of another way; for after an ingenious fashion he began to ask me what method I should have employed if the desire had come to me, when they had locked me in, to open those prison doors to escape. I likewise wishing to display some of the subtilty of my genius to this clever friar, told him that I could assuredly open every most difficult lock, and especially those of the prison doors, which would be to me like eating a little fresh cheese. The said friar, in order to make me reveal my secret, sneered at me, saying that there are many things which men say in order that they may obtain some credit with clever persons, whereas if they had afterwards to put in operation the things of which they boasted, they would lose so much credit that it would be disastrous to them; thus he had heard me relate things so far removed from the truth, that if I were put to the proof regarding them, he thought that I should come out of it with but little credit. Upon this, feeling myself tormented by this devil of a friar, I told him that I was always accustomed to promise for myself in words much less than I knew how to perform; and that this thing that I had promised about the keys was the easiest; and with a few words I would make it most clear to him that it was as I had said: and, as I said this, I thoughtlessly demonstrated to him with ease all that I had told him. The friar,

pretending that he was paying no attention, immediately with greatest ingenuity understood it all most excellently. And, as I have said above, that excellent man, the Castellan, let me go freely all over the Castello; and not even at night did he lock me in, as he did all the others; he let me also work at every thing that I wished, whether in gold, silver, or wax; and although I had laboured several weeks upon a certain basin that I was making for the Cardinal of Ferrara, finding myself inconvenienced by my imprisonment, it became a weariness to me to carry out that sort of work; and, for less discomfort, I only worked upon certain little figures of mine in wax; of which wax the said friar endeavoured to get hold of a piece, and with the said piece he set in operation that experiment with the keys that I had so unwisely shown him. He had taken as a companion and assistant a clerk (*cancelliere*) who was in the service of the said Castellan. This clerk was called Luigi, and he was a native of Padua. When they were desirous of having the said keys made, the locksmith betrayed them; and since the Castellan came several times to see me in my chamber, and perceived that I was working with that kind of wax, he immediately recognized the said wax, and said: "Although to this poor man Benvenuto there has been done one of the greatest wrongs that was ever committed, he ought not to do such acts as these towards me, for I have done for him such kindness as I ought not to do: now I shall keep him most straitly locked up, and will never do him another kindness in the world." Thus he caused me to be locked up with considerable unpleasantness, especially as regards the words spoken to me by certain of his devoted servants,

who also liked me extremely well, and who now and again kept on reminding me of all the good offices that this lord the Castellan had done on my behalf; in such measure that in this case they styled me an ungrateful man, untrustworthy and without faith. And when one of those servants more rashly than was suitable, uttered these insults to me, I, feeling conscious of my innocence, responded angrily, saying that I was never false to my word, and that I would hold to sustaining such statements with the value of my life, and that further if either he or any one other person should make such unjust statements, I would affirm that every one who said such a thing lied in his throat. Unable to endure this insult, he ran to the Castellan's chamber and brought me the wax together with that model made of the keys. Directly I saw the wax I said that he and I were both right; and that he must arrange for me to speak with the lord Castellan, for I would tell him plainly how the thing had happened, which was a matter of much greater importance than they thought. The Castellan immediately had me summoned, and I told him all the circumstances; for which reason he imprisoned the friar, who betrayed that clerk, so that he was about to be hung. The said Castellan hushed up the matter, which had already reached the ears of the Pope; he saved his clerk from the gallows, and he gave me liberty in the same way that I had had it previously. When I saw this matter carried through with so much severity, I began to think of my own affairs, saying to myself: "If there came upon me another time one of these storms, and this man should have no confidence in me, I should come to be no longer under obligation to him, and

should want to employ some little portion of my wits, which I am sure would result otherwise for me than those of that rascal of a friar; and I began to direct them to bring me new and coarse sheets, and I did not send the dirty ones back. When my servants asked me for them, I told them to be silent, for I had given them to certain of those poor soldiers; for if they had known of such a business, those poor fellows would have run the risk of the galleys; to such purpose that my young men and my domestics most faithfully, especially Felice, kept such a matter of the said sheets most carefully secret. I set myself to emptying a palliasse, and I burnt the straw, for in my prison there was a chimney to enable one to make a fire. Of these sheets I began to make strips, a third of a *braccio* in width; when I had made that quantity which it seemed to me would be sufficient to descend from the great height of that keep of Castel Sant' Agniolo, I said to my servants, that I had given away what I had wanted to do, and that they must see to bringing me finer ones, and that I would always restore to them the dirty ones. This matter was forgotten. Cardinals Santiquattro<sup>1</sup> and Cornaro made those work-

<sup>1</sup> There were three members of the Florentine family of Pucci who at various times took their cardinal's title from the Church of the Quattro Santi Coronati, but the one mentioned here must have been Antonio, nephew of the Roberto Pucci referred to in Chap. XI, Vol. I, p. 218, n. 1. He received the cardinal's hat in 1531, having been previously Bishop of Pistoia and Vice Legate in Lombardy. SADOLETO speaks of his learning and merits in his *Lettere*. He died in 1544 at the age of sixty, after having conducted with considerable credit embassies to the Emperor Charles V, and to King Francis I. Cf. AMMIRATO, *Istorie fiorent.*, Vol. III, pp. 339-375, and CIACCONIO, Vol. III, p. 522. As regards Cardinal Cornaro cf. Chap. XV, Vol. I, p. 276, n. 1.



ROCK CRYSTAL CUP SET IN GOLD AND ENAMEL





men and servants of mine close up the shop, stating openly that the Pope would hear nothing about letting me go, and that those great favours shown me by the King had injured much more than helped me; for the last words that Monsignor di Morluc had said on behalf of the King were these: Monsigno' di Morluc, told the Pope that he ought to hand me over to the ordinary judges of the Court; and that if I had done wrong I could be punished, but if I had not done wrong, reason willed it that he should let me go. These words had given so much offence to the Pope that he had a desire never to let me go again. The Castellan most assuredly helped me as much as he could. When during these days those enemies of mine saw that my shop was shut up, they kept scornfully uttering every day some insulting remark to those servants and friends of mine, who came to visit me in prison. It chanced one day amongst the others that Ascanio, who every day came twice to me, asked me that I would have made for him a certain little garment out of a blue satin gown of my own, which I never wore; I had only used it that time when I went in it in procession; nevertheless I told him that these were not the times, nor I in the place, for the wearing of such garments. The youth took it so ill because I did not give him this wretched gown, that he told me he wanted to go to Tagliacozze, to his home. In a great rage I told him that he would do me a kindness by taking himself out of my presence; and he swore with very great heat that he would never come into my presence again. When we were talking like this, we were walking around the keep of the Castello. It chanced that the Castellan was also taking a walk; and exactly as we were meeting

his lordship, Ascanio said: "I am going, and good-bye for ever." To this I replied: "And for ever I wish that it may be, and thus in truth let it be: I will give directions to the guards that they are never more to let you pass in:" and turning to the Castellan I begged him with all my heart, that he would tell the guards that they were never more to let Ascanio pass, saying to his lordship: "This little country-bumpkin comes to me to add trouble to my already great trouble; therefore I beg you, my lord, that you will never more let him pass in." The Castellan was very sorry, for he knew him to be of wondrous talent; added to this he was of so handsome a person that it seemed that every one, on seeing him a single time, was specially taken with him. The said youth went away crying, and he was wearing a small scimitar (*stortetta*)<sup>1</sup> of his, that he sometimes wore secretly beneath (his clothes). Issuing from the Castello, and with his face so woe-begone, he met two of those special enemies of mine, one of whom was that Jeronimo of Perugia<sup>2</sup> above-mentioned, and the other was a certain Michele,<sup>3</sup> both goldsmiths. This Michele, since he was a friend of that scoundrel of a Perugian, and an enemy of Ascanio, said: "What is the meaning of Ascanio's weeping? Perhaps his father is dead? I speak of that father in the Castello." Ascanio replied to this: "He is alive, but you shall even now be dead"; and raising his hand, with that scimitar of his he struck him two

<sup>1</sup> A diminutive of *storta*=a short sword, such as is usually called a *scimitar*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Chap. XX, Vol. I, p. 361, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Michele Nardini, a Roman, mentioned in Chap. IX, Vol. I, p. 173, n. 3.

blows, both upon the head, so that with the first he laid him upon the ground, and with the second he then cut off three fingers of his right hand, though actually aimed at his head. He remained there as one dead. The matter was immediately reported to the Pope, and the Pope in a great rage, uttered these words: "Since the King wishes him to be tried, go and give him three days time, in which to defend his cause." They immediately came and performed the said office, which the Pope had committed to them. That worthy man the Castellan immediately went to the Pope, and explained to him that I was not to blame in this matter, and that I had (actually) driven him (the boy) away. So admirably did he defend me that he saved my life from that great wrath. Ascanio fled to his home at Tagliacozze, and thence he wrote to me, begging my pardon a thousand times, for he knew that he had done wrong to add annoyances to my great troubles; but if God should grant me grace that I might issue from that prison, he would never more wish to leave me. I let him know that he must pay attention to his studies, and that if God gave me my liberty I would by all means summon him.

## CHAPTER XXIII

(1538)

The mad delusions of the Castellan cause Cellini some amusement.—His industrious preparations for escaping from prison.—Having safely descended the keep and reached the outermost rampart, he falls thence and breaks his leg.—He contrives however to enter the city, and is carried up to the steps of St. Peter's.—Tries to reach the residence of Margaret of Austria, but being recognized by a chamberlain of Cardinal Cornaro, is taken into that Cardinal's palace, and there medically treated.

THIS Castellan had every year certain attacks of illness that entirely turned his brain; and when this attack began to come on he talked a great deal in a sort of babbling fashion; and these delusions were different every year: for upon one occasion it seemed to him that he was a jar of oil; another time it seemed to him that he was a frog and he jumped like a frog; another time it seemed to him that he was dead, and they must needs bury him: thus every year there came upon him some one of these different delusions. This time he began by imagining that he was a bat, and whilst he was out walking he sometimes used to scream just as softly as bats do. He also made a kind of movement with his hands and his body as if he desired to fly. His doctors when they perceived it, as well as his old servants, afforded him all the pleasures that they could think of; and since it

seemed to them that he took great pleasure in hearing me talk, they came constantly for me and took me to him. Wherefore this poor man sometimes kept me four or five whole hours, wherein I never ceased from talking with him. He kept me opposite him at his table to eat, and he never left off talking or making me talk; but during these conversations I used to eat very excellently. The poor man neither ate nor slept, in such a way that he tired me out, so that I could do no more; and looking him sometimes in the face, I saw that the balls of his eyes were full of terror, for one looked in one direction and the other in another. He began by asking me if I had ever had the fancy to fly; to which I replied, that all those things that were most difficult for men I had most gladly sought to do and had done; and as to this subject of flying, since the god of nature had given me a body very fitted and strong for running and leaping, much more than the common run, with that small amount of skill beyond, which I should employ with my hands, I felt assured of the courage to fly. This man began to question me as to the means that I would adopt: to which I replied that having observed the animals which fly, and being desirous of imitating by art that which they had by nature, there was none that I could imitate except the bat. When this poor man heard that name of "bat," which was the delusion under which he was labouring that year he gave a very loud shout, saying: "He speaks the truth; he speaks the truth. This is the thing; this is the thing:" and then he turned to me and said: "Benvenuto! if any one gave you the conveniences, would you also have the courage to fly?" To which I replied that if he

was willing to give me my freedom afterwards, I had sufficient courage to fly as far as Prati<sup>1</sup> making myself a pair of wings of waxed Rheims linen (*tela di rensa*<sup>2</sup>). Thereupon he said: "And I too would have enough courage; but the Pope has commanded me to keep guard over you as if over his own eyes,<sup>3</sup> and I know that you are an ingenious devil who would escape: however I will have you shut in with a hundred keys, so that you do not escape me." I set myself to beseeching him, reminding him that I was able to fly, but that out of respect for the pledge that I had given him I had never failed (him); moreover I begged him for the love of God, and on account of the many kindnesses which he had shown me that he would not add a greater misfortune to that great trouble which I was already enduring. Whilst I was saying these words, he gave express orders that they should bind me, and take me to a well-secured prison. When I saw that there was no other remedy, I said to him, in the presence of all his attendants: "Secure me well and guard me well, for I shall certainly escape." So they took me away and shut me up with wonderful precautions. Thereupon I began to think out the plan that I must adopt to escape. Directly I saw myself shut in, I set to work to examine how the prison (cell) in which I was confined was situated; and when it appeared to me that I had assuredly discovered the means of

<sup>1</sup> Prati. Cf. Chap. VI, Vol. I, p. 121, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> A species of very fine white cloth, probably thus styled because it came from Rheims in France.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. the continual use in the *Old Testament* (*Authorized Version*) of such expressions as "Keep me as the apple of the eye" (Ps. xvii, 8, etc.).

getting out, I began to consider by what method I could descend from the great height of that keep (*mastio*), for so they denominated that great high tower: and having taken those new sheets of mine, which, as I have already said, I had made into strips, and firmly stitched together, I set to work to examine what amount would suffice to enable me to descend. Having reckoned up such amount as would serve me, and got everything into order, I secured a pair of pincers, which I took from a Savoyard,<sup>1</sup> who was one of the watchmen of the Castello. This man had charge of the tubs and cisterns; he also took an interest in carpentry; and since he had several pairs of pincers, amongst which was a very heavy and large pair, I, thinking that they would be to my purpose, abstracted them, and hid them inside that palliasse of mine. When later the time came when I wanted to make use of them, I began to test with them those nails, which held together the iron bands<sup>2</sup> (of my cell-door); and since the door was a double one, it was not possible to see the rivetting of the said nails; in such fashion, that

<sup>1</sup> BERTOLOTTI has discovered (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 268) that there actually was in the Castel Sant' Angelo at this time, as director of the sanitation, a certain Enrico de Oziaco, known as *il Savoia* (since he was a Savoyard by origin). He was also a gunner, and his portrait appeared in the frescoes executed in that fortress in 1545. He was still alive in December of that same year, for BERTOLOTTI has retrieved the following entry regarding him: "*solvi et numerare faciatis Henrico de Oziaco alias Savoia ad custodiam viridarium et cisternarum arcis Sancti Angeli deput. ducat. sex, etc.*" (*Art. subalp. cit.*, p. 75 *e segg.*).

<sup>2</sup> Mr. J. A. SYMONDS suggests that this cell-door appears to have been hung upon hinges with plates nailed to the posts. It is these plates that CELLINI probably signifies by the use of the word *bandelle*.



in trying to extract one of them I endured very great labour; however I subsequently succeeded at last. When I had extracted this first nail, I proceeded to think out what method I could adopt that they (the gaolers) might not perceive it. I immediately prepared a little wax with a few scrapings of rusty iron, which was of the same colour exactly as those nail-heads (*cappelli d'aguti*) which I had extracted; and with this same wax I began diligently to imitate those nail-heads in their iron bands: and hand over hand (*di mano in mano*) as many as I extracted, so many did I counterfeit in wax. I left the iron bands, attached each at the top and bottom by some of the same nails that I had extracted; I had afterwards put them back, but they were cut short, and then lightly replaced, so that they held the iron bands in position for me. This business I accomplished with the greatest difficulty, because the Castellan dreamed every night that I had escaped, and therefore sent to inspect my cell from hour to hour; and the man who came had both the name and manners of a constable. He was called *Bozza*,<sup>1</sup> and he always brought with him another man who was named Giovanni, but nicknamed *Pedignione*; this man was a soldier, and Bozza was a servant. This Giovanni never came to that cell of mine, that he did not utter some insult to me. He was from the neighbourhood of Prato, and had been in a druggist's shop in Prato: he examined carefully every evening those iron bands and the entire cell, and I said to him: "Watch me well, for I want by all means to escape." These words caused the greatest

<sup>1</sup> *Bozza* means literally "a bunch, a swelling." Here it may mean "a bumptious fellow." *Pedignone* = "chilblains." (See BARRETTI.)

enmity to arise between him and me; in such measure that I replaced with very great care all those tools of mine; that is to say the pincers, and a very large dagger, and other things of the same nature: I carefully replaced them all in my palliasse: so too those strips that I had made, these also I kept in this palliasse; and as soon as it was daylight I used immediately to sweep up for myself; and although by nature I delight in cleanliness, I was at that time most (particularly) cleanly. When I had swept up, I remade my bed so nicely, and with some flowers upon it, that almost every morning I had brought to me by a certain Savoyard. This Savoyard had the charge of the cisterns and of the tubs; and he also delighted to work at carpentry; and from him I stole the pincers with which I removed the nails from these iron bands.<sup>1</sup> To return then to my bed; when Bozza and Pedignione came, I never said anything to them except that they should keep away from my bed, lest they should stain and spoil it for me; telling them upon such occasions when merely out of mockery they sometimes touched the bed ever so lightly, I used to say to them: "You dirty cowards! I will draw one of those swords of yours, and do you such an injury as will make you marvel. Do you think that you are worthy to touch the bed of a man like me? On this point I shall have no respect for my own life, for I am sure that I shall take yours; therefore leave me alone with my discomforts and with my sorrow; and don't give me any more trouble than that which I have already; if not I will make you see what a desperate man can do."

<sup>1</sup> It is curious how CELLINI in the excitement of his narrative repeats himself.

These words they repeated to the Castellan, who commanded them expressly that they should never approach that bed of mine, and that when they came to me they must come without their swords, and they must keep closest watch over me in other respects. Having thus secured the question of my bed, it seemed to me that I had done everything: for herein lay the important part of my whole business. One feast-day evening amongst the others, the Castellan was feeling very unwell, and since those delusions of his had increased, for he never said anything else but that he was a bat, and that if they should hear that Benvenuto had flown away, they must let him go, that he might catch me up, for he could certainly also fly by night much better than I could, adding: "Benvenuto is a counterfeit bat, and I am a real bat; and since he has been given into my charge, leave it to me to act, for I shall certainly catch him." When he had been for many nights in this delusion, he tired out all his servants, and I by different channels kept hearing everything especially from that Savoyard, who had a liking for me. Having resolved upon this feast-day evening to escape at all hazards, I first most devoutly made a prayer to God, imploring His Divine Majesty that He would defend and assist me in that so perilous an undertaking; then I drew out all the things that I wished to use, and laboured with them all that night. When I had come to two hours before day-break I removed those iron bands with very great effort, because the wooden panel<sup>1</sup> of the door, and also the bolt, offered a resistance, so that I could not open it: I had to cut away the wood: finally,

<sup>1</sup> The *battente* is what we should call in English "the door proper," as distinguished from the "doorway" or "door-frame."

however, I opened it, and shouldering those strips which I had wound up after the fashion of reels of thread upon two small pieces of wood, I emerged and went in the direction of the privies<sup>1</sup> of the keep; and having discovered from within two tiles of the roof, I immediately easily leaped on to them. I was clad in a white doublet, and a pair of white stockings, and likewise a pair of white buskins (*borsachini*), in which I had placed that dagger of mine already spoken of. Then I took one end of those strips of mine and attached it to a piece of ancient tile that was built into the said keep: by chance this (tile) jutted out the distance of barely four fingers. The strip was arranged after the fashion of a stirrup. When I had made it fast to that piece of tile, turning myself toward God, I said: "Lord God! Aid my right, for I have one right, as Thou knowest, and because I am helping myself." Letting myself go by degrees, holding myself up by the strength of my arms, I reached as far as the ground. There was no moonlight, but there was a fine brightness (in the atmosphere). When I was on the ground, I looked up at the great height that I had descended so courageously, and went joyfully away thinking that I was free. The which, however, was not the case, for the Castellan had on that side caused to be built two very high walls, and they served him for a stable and a fowl-house; this place was shut in with two heavy bolts outside. When I saw that I could not escape from thence, it gave me very great distress. Whilst I was pacing backwards and forwards, thinking over my affairs, I struck my feet against a long pole, which was

<sup>1</sup> *Destri*, etymologically derived from *destro*, "convenient," i.e., "a place of convenience."

hidden under straw. This I raised with great difficulty to that wall; then by the strength of my arms I climbed up to the ridge of the wall. And because that wall had a sharp edge, I was unable to summon strength enough to draw up the said pole; I therefore resolved to make fast a piece of those strips, which were upon the other reel; for the one of the two reels I had left attached to the keep of Castello: so I took a piece of this other strip, as I have said, and having bound it to that joist,<sup>1</sup> I descended this wall, which caused me very great labour, and tired me very much, and I had besides taken the skin off my hands inside, which were bleeding; for which reason I was obliged to rest; and I bathed my hands in my own urine. Staying thus, when it seemed to me that my strength had returned, I leaped on to the last rampart<sup>2</sup> of the (outer) walls, which looks towards Prati: and when I had arranged my reel of strips with which I wanted to encircle a battlement, and after the same method that I had employed for the greater height, to act as regards this lesser one; when I had, as I say, arranged my strip, I discovered behind me one of those sentinels who kept watch. When I saw that my design was hindered, and perceived myself in peril of my life, I prepared to face that guard; who when he saw my determined spirit, and that I was coming towards him with my weapon in my hand, quickened his step, showing his intention of avoiding me. As I had removed myself some distance from my strips I very quickly turned back again; and although I

<sup>1</sup> According to BIANCHI this was a quadrangular joist, long and thin. CELLINI also calls it above *pertica*, "a pole."

<sup>2</sup> The older writers, amongst them MATTEO VILLANI, use this word *procinto* for *recinto*, "an enclosure."

perceived another guard, he perchance did not want to see me. When I reached my strips, having bound them to the battlement, I let myself go; whereby, whether in very truth fancying that I was near the ground I had released my hands to jump, or whether my hands were really tired out, being unable to resist that strain, I fell, and in this fall I struck my head<sup>1</sup> and remained unconscious for more than an hour and a half, as far as I could judge. Then, as day showed signs of breaking, that slight freshness that comes an hour before sunrise caused me to revive, but all the same I still remained out of my senses, for it seemed to me that my head had been cut off, and I appeared to be in Purgatory. Remaining thus, little by little, my powers returned to themselves, and I perceived that I was outside the Castello, and immediately I remembered all that I had done. And because I felt the shock to my head before I perceived the breaking of my leg, putting my hands to my head I took them away all covered with blood; then having made a careful examination I knew and judged that I had received no injury of importance; nevertheless, when I wished to rise from the ground I found that I had broken my right leg three fingers distance above the heel. Nor also did this dismay me: I dragged out my dagger together with its sheath; for this latter had an end with a very heavy hard ball upon the extremity of the end, and this had been the cause of my having broken my leg; for, by striking the bone with the heavy weight of that hard ball, since the bone could not give way, it was the reason why it broke in that place. Where-

<sup>1</sup> *La memoria*; the back part of the head, in which the faculty of memory is supposed to reside, is popularly thus styled.

fore I threw away the sheath of the dagger, and with the dagger I cut off a piece of that strip which I had left over, and as best I could bound the leg together. Then I crawled along with the said dagger in my hand towards the city gate: when, however, I reached the gate, I found it closed; and seeing a certain stone exactly beneath the gate, which, reckoning that it was not very firm, I tried to pull away; then laying hold of it and feeling it shift, it easily yielded to me, and I drew it out; and by this means I entered. It had been more than five hundred paces in a direct line of transit, from the place where I fell to the gate whereby I entered. When I had entered within (the walls of) Rome certain mastiff dogs<sup>1</sup> threw themselves upon me and bit me severely; upon whom, when they returned many times to plague me, I drew that dagger of mine and wounded one of them so sharply, that he howled loudly, to such purpose that the other dogs, as is their nature, ran to that dog: and I set myself to crawling thus towards the Church of the Trespontina.<sup>2</sup> When I had arrived at the mouth of the street which turns towards Santagnuolo, from thence I took the road to go towards Sanpiero, for the reason that, as it was growing light, I considered that I was running some danger; and meeting a water-carrier who had his donkey laden up with his buckets of water, calling him to me I besought him that he would take me up (*levassi di peso*), and carry me to the summit of the steps of Sanpiero, telling him: "I am a poor young man, who through the chances of a love affair was desirous of

<sup>1</sup> *Maschini*, a vulgar form of spelling *mastini*; just as in the opposite way *mastio* is often written for *maschio*.

<sup>2</sup> Sta. Maria della Traspontina, a well-known church in Rome.

descending from a window; thus I fell and broke a leg. And since the spot whence I came out is one of great note, and I should run the risk of being cut in pieces, I therefore beg you to carry me off quickly, and I will give you a *scudo* of gold;" and I drew out my purse wherein I chanced to have a good quantity. He immediately took me up, and willingly put me upon his back, and carried me to the said summit of the steps of Sanpiero; and there I made him leave me, and told him that he must return at full speed to his donkey. Crawling thus I immediately took my way, and went towards the house of the Duchess, wife of the Duke Ottavio, and daughter (natural, not legitimate daughter) of the Emperor, who had been the wife of Duke Lessandro, Duke of Florence,<sup>1</sup> for I knew most certainly that in the house of this great princess there were many of my friends, who had come with her from Florence; for besides I had through the medium of the Castellan done her a service; for desiring to help me he had told the Pope, that when the Duchess made her entry into Rome,<sup>2</sup> I was the cause of saving (the city) from more

<sup>1</sup> Margaret of Austria, natural daughter of the Emperor Charles V (Cf. Chap. XVI, Vol. I, p. 303, n. 2), and widow of Duke Alessandro de' Medici. Though sought in marriage by Cosimo de' Medici, her father preferred to give her to Ottavio Farnese, nephew to Pope Paul III. This alliance had been agreed upon at the meeting which took place between the Emperor and the Pope at Nice in 1538 to arrange the terms of the treaty with Francis I. The bridegroom, although but fifteen years of age, was already appointed Prefect of Rome.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess made her state entry into Rome on November 3rd 1538, when Cellini had been already eighteen days in prison. (Cf. VARCHI, *ed. cit.*, Lib. XIV and XV.)



than a thousand *scudi* of damage, which a heavy rain was doing them; on which account he said that he was in despair, and that I put heart into him; and he said that I had aimed several heavy pieces of artillery in that direction where the clouds were thickest, and already a very heavy rain had begun to fall; whereupon when I began to fire off this artillery, the rain ceased, and at the fourth discharge the sun showed itself,<sup>1</sup> wherefore I was the sole cause that that festivity had passed off so very well. Therefore when the Duchess heard it, she had said: "That Benvenuto is one of those brilliant men, who stood in high favour (*buona memoria*) with the Duke Lessandro, my (late) husband, and I shall always take care of such men should the occasion occur of doing them a kindness:" and she had besides spoken of me to the Duke Ottavio her (present) husband.<sup>2</sup> For these reasons I was going straight to the house of Her Excellency, which was in the Borgovechio in a very fine palace which is there: and there I should have been very sure that the Pope would not have touched me; but since the thing that I had done up to that point had been too wonderful

<sup>1</sup> It was believed that the firing of guns, like the ringing of bells, could cause the cessation of rain and storms. DANTE mentions this usage as a vain thing in Sonnet XXXVI of the *Canzoniere*, as follows:

*Chi ragione o virtù contro gli spreme  
Fa come quei, che 'n la tempesta suona,  
Credendo far colà dove si tuona  
Esser le guerre de' vapori sceme.*

Modern scientific experiments have, however, in part confirmed this theory.

<sup>2</sup> From the sentence, "wherefore I was the sole cause," down to this point the MS. is once more in Cellini's own handwriting.

for a human body, God not being willing that I should arrive at so much vain-glory, for my own betterment desired to give me a still greater correction, than that which had been passed through; and the cause of this was that whilst I was crawling along thus up upon those stairs, a servant who belonged to Cardinal Cornaro<sup>1</sup> suddenly recognized me; which Cardinal was lodging in the Palace. This servant ran to the Cardinal's chamber, and waking him up said: "My most reverend lord, your Benvenuto is below, who has escaped from the Castello, and is crawling along all covered with blood: from what it appears he has broken a leg, and we don't know whither he is going." The Cardinal said directly: "Run and carry him hither to me into my chamber." When I reached him he told me that I was not to be disturbed at anything; and he immediately sent for the principal doctors of Rome; and I was attended to by them; and there was one, a certain master Jacomo of Perugia,<sup>2</sup> a very excellent surgeon. This man set the bone for me wonderfully, then he bound me up and with his own hand he bled me; as my veins were swollen much more than ordinarily, and because he desired besides to make the wound a somewhat open one, so great a rush of blood issued that it flew into his face and covered him in such abundance that he could not continue his dressing of me; and taking this circumstance for a very bad omen he dressed me with great difficulty; and many times he wished to leave me, remembering that he also ran no little risk of punishment for having attended me or

<sup>1</sup> Francesco. *Cf.* Chap. XV, Vol. I, p. 276, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Giacomo Rastelli. *Cf.* Chap. X, Vol. I, p. 185, n. 1.

rather having completed the cure.<sup>1</sup> The Cardinal caused me to be placed in a secret chamber, and went off immediately with the intention of begging for my release from the Pope.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, because he was attending an escaped prisoner.

## CHAPTER XXIV

(1538-1539)

Cardinal Cornaro and Roberto Pucci implore the Pope to release Cellini.—The Castellan expostulates with the Pope, who remembers how he also escaped from the Castello.—The Governor, Conversini, assures our hero of the Pope's pardon, but desires to know who assisted him in his flight.—New calumnies against Cellini.—Cardinal Cornaro hands him over to the Pope.—He is confined in a garden pavilion belonging to his Holiness, and begs a young Greek friend of his to assist him to escape, but without avail.—He is transported to the Torre di Nona, and believes that he has been condemned to death.—Benedetto da Cagli, ordered to sentence him, has not the courage to do so, but constitutes himself his protector, together with the Duchess Margaret of Austria and Jeronima Orsini, wife of Pier Luigi Farnese.—He is taken back to the Castel Sant' Angelo.

AT this juncture there arose a very great disturbance in Rome; for the strips attached to the great tower of the keep of the Castello had been observed, and all Rome ran to see this remarkable thing. Meanwhile the Castellan had reached the worst delusions of his madness and wanted in spite of all his servants to fly also from that keep himself, saying that no one could retake me except himself by flying after me. Upon this Misser Ruberto Pucci,<sup>1</sup> father of Misser Pandolfo, having heard of this great event, went in person to see it; then he came on

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. XI, Vol. I, p. 218, n. 1.

to the Palace, where he met Cardinal Cornaro, who told him all the circumstances, and how I was already in one of his rooms being nursed. These two worthy men went together to throw themselves on their knees before the Pope; who, before he would allow them to say anything, himself observed: "I know all that you want of me." Misser Ruberto Pucci said: "Most blessed Father, we are asking for pardon for that poor man, who for his talents deserves to have some consideration, and in addition to them has shown so great a spirit together with so much ingenuity, as does not seem human. We do not know for what crimes Your Holiness has kept him so long in prison; nevertheless, if those crimes were ever so monstrous, Your Holiness is holy and wise, and raises or abases according to your will; but if they are matters in your power to grant, we pray that you will do us this favour." The Pope, feeling ashamed at this, said that he had kept me in prison at the desire of certain friends of his,<sup>1</sup> for being a trifle too bold; but "since We recognize his talents, and desire to keep him near Ourselves, We have given orders that he be treated very well, so that he should have no reason to return to France: We are very much grieved at his great injury; tell him to attend to getting cured; and from his troubles, when he shall be cured, We will relieve him." These two great men came to me, and gave me this good news on behalf of the Pope. At this juncture there came to visit me the nobility of Rome, both young and old, and of every sort. The Castellan, thus out of his mind, had himself carried to the Pope; and when he was in His Holiness' presence,

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* Pier Luigi Farnese, his worthless but idolized son.

he began to complain saying, that if he did not give me back to him as prisoner, he would be doing him a great wrong, for he said: "He has escaped from me under the pledge that he had given me. Alas! He has flown away, and he promised me not to fly away." The Pope laughing, said: "Go! go! for I will by all means give him back to you." The Castellan rejoined, saying to the Pope: "Send the Governor to him, to find out who has helped him to escape, for if it is one of my men, I will hang him by the neck to that battlement whence Benvenuto escaped." When the Castellan had departed, the Pope smiling summoned the Governor, and said: "He is a brave man, and it is a wondrous thing; although when I was young I also descended from that very spot." In this the Pope was speaking the truth, for he had been imprisoned in the Castello for having forged a Brief, since he was the abbreviator of the *Parco maioris*.<sup>1</sup> Pope Lessandro had kept him a long time in prison; then because the matter was too scandalous a one, he had resolved to cut off his head, but, desirous of letting the feast days of Corpus Domini pass over, when Farnese got to know it all, he made Pietro Chiavelluzzi come with several horses, and he corrupted certain of those guards in the Castello with money; to such purpose that on the day of Corpus Domini, whilst the Pope was in procession, Farnese was put into a basket, and with a rope was dropped to the ground. The rampart of (outer) walls had not then been

<sup>1</sup> The College of the Abbreviators of the *Parco Maggiore* and *Minore* was instituted by Pope Pius II, and was composed of seventy-two of the most able and learned personages in the Papal Court. Cf. CIAMPINI, *Dissert. histor. de Collegiis Abbreviatorum de Parco majori erectione*, Romae, 1691, and MORONI, *Diz. Eccles.*

added to the Castello, but there was only the great tower, so that he had not those great difficulties in escaping that I had: besides he had been justly arrested and I wrongfully.<sup>1</sup> It is enough that he wished to boast to the Governor that he had also in his youth been courageous and brave, and he did not perceive that he was betraying his own great rogueries. He said: "Go, and tell him to speak out freely who has assisted him: be it who it may, it is sufficient that I have pardoned him, and I promise that to you freely." This Governor, who had two days before been appointed Bishop of Jesi<sup>2</sup> came to me: and when he arrived, he said to me: "Benvenuto mine, although my duty is one that terrifies men, I am come to reassure you, and so I have authority to promise you by the express commission of His Holiness, who has told me that he also escaped, but that he had many helpers and many companions, for otherwise he would not have been able to do it. I swear to you by the sacraments, which I am carrying upon me, for I was consecrated Bishop but two days ago, that the Pope has freed and pardoned you, and

<sup>1</sup> It was Innocent VIII, and not Alexander VI, who imprisoned Alexander Farnese, and his escape is thus described by ONOFRIO PANVINIO in his *Continuazione* to PLATINA'S *Vite dei Pontefici; Vita di Paolo III*. "But not long after he was put in prison by Innocent VIII, whence by the assistance of *Pietro Marganio*" (not *Pietro Chiavelluzzi*, as CELLINI says), "his relative, whilst every one was occupied in solemnizing the feast of Corpus Domini, he was let down with ropes from a balcony outside the Castello."

<sup>2</sup> As we have already remarked in Chap. XXII, Vol. II, p. 2, n. 1, Conversini was not appointed to the bishopric of Jesi until 1540; wherefore CELLINI has made a mistake as to the See, which should be that of Forlimpopoli, to which he had been nominated in 1537. TASSI suggests that his consecration may perhaps have been postponed on account of his various other offices.

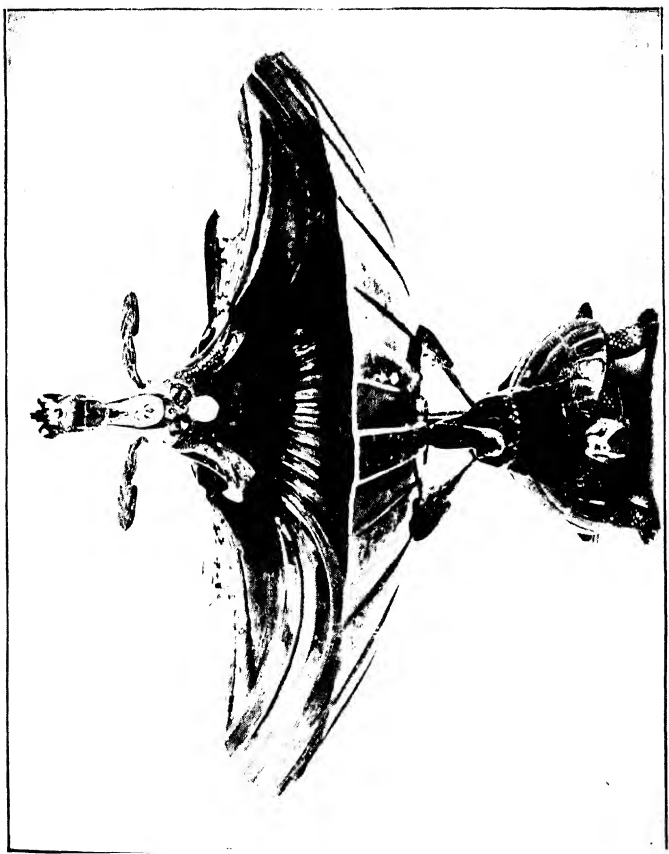
he is very grieved at your serious injury; but attend to your cure and take everything for the best, for this imprisonment, which you have certainly endured in entire innocence, will be always to your advantage; for you will stamp down poverty, and there will be no need for you to return to France, going thither to wear out your life in this place and in that. Therefore tell me freely the circumstance as it took place, and who has given you assistance; then take comfort and repose yourself and get well." I began at the beginning and related all the whole matter, exactly as it had taken place, and gave him the most particular details, down to that of the water-carrier who had carried me upon his back. When the Governor had heard it all, he said: "These are indeed too great things for one man to have done alone; they are not credible of any other man but you." So having made me stretch out my hand, he said: "Be of good cheer and take comfort to yourself, for by this hand that I am holding you are free, and, if you live, you shall be happy." When he departed from me, for he had been inconveniencing (*tenuto a disagio*) a crowd of important nobles and lords who had come to visit me, saying amongst themselves: "Let us go and see that man who works miracles;" these people remained with me; and some of them made me offers of help and others presents. Meantime the Governor having reached the Pope, began to relate to him the story that I had told him; and it exactly chanced that the lord Pier Luigi, his son, was present; and every one expressed very great astonishment. The Pope said: "Surely this is too great a thing." The lord Pier Luigi thereupon rejoined, saying: "Most blessed Father, if you set him free, he will



do much greater things, for this is the spirit of a man who is very over-bold. I want to tell you another (story) about him, which you do not know. This Benvenuto of yours, before he was imprisoned, was having some words with a nobleman (in the service) of the Cardinal Santafigiore,<sup>1</sup> which words arose from a trifling expression that this nobleman had uttered to Benvenuto; to such an extent that he replied most bullyingly and with so much heat, even to the point that he began to show signs of quarrelling. The said nobleman reported (the matter) to the Cardinal Santa Fiore, who said that if he could lay his hands upon him, he would relieve the madman of his head. Benvenuto hearing of this kept a fowling-piece of his in readiness, with which he used to fire continually at a farthing (*quattrino*); and one day when the Cardinal was looking out of the window—for the shop of the said Benvenuto was beneath the Cardinal's palace—he, seizing his fowling-piece, got himself in readiness to fire upon the Cardinal. And since the Cardinal was warned of it he withdrew immediately. Benvenuto in order that such a (murderous) intention should not transpire, fired at a wood-pigeon (*colombo terraiuolo*<sup>2</sup>) that was brooding in a nook high up on the palace, and struck the said pigeon in the head; a thing impossible of belief. Now Your Holiness may do all that you wish with him; I do not want to omit

<sup>1</sup> Guido Ascanio Sforza, son of Bosio, Count of Santa Fiora, and Costanza Farnese, the Pope's natural daughter. He had been made (created) Cardinal in 1534, at the age of sixteen. He died in 1564. Cf. CIACCONIO *cit.* Vols. II, III, p. 566, and RATTI, *Della famiglia Sforza*.

<sup>2</sup> *Terraiuolo* for *torraiuolo*.



CRYSTAL CUP SET IN GOLD AND ENAMEL



having told you of it. And the desire could also come to him, since he considers that he has been wrongfully imprisoned, to fire one day upon Your Holiness. His is a spirit too fierce and too assured. When he slew Pompeo, he gave him two stabs in the throat in the midst of ten men who were protecting him, and then escaped, to their no little shame, for they were worthy men and of ability." There was present at these statements that nobleman (in the suite) of Santa Fiore with whom I had had words, and he confirmed to the Pope all that his son had told him. The Pope became swollen (with passion), and said nothing. I do not wish to omit giving my explanation justly and straightforwardly (*santamente*). This nobleman (in the service) of Santa Fiore came to me one day, and brought me a small gold ring, which was all discoloured by quick-silver, saying: "Polish up<sup>1</sup> this old ring for me and do it quickly." I since I had in hand many very important commissions in gold and precious stones, and moreover hearing myself commanded so confidently by one to whom I had never spoken, nor had even seen, told him that I had not a polisher by me at that moment and that he must go to some one else. He without any sort of provocation told me that I was an ass. To which words I replied, that he was not saying the truth, and that I was a man in every respect better than himself;

<sup>1</sup> The speaker uses the expression *isvivami* in mistake for *avvivami*, i.e., "take off the quicksilver." CELLINI jokingly continues the mistake with the word *isvivatoio* instead of *avvivatoio*; an instrument that he describes elaborately in Chapter XXVI of his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* as a little rod of copper of about the thickness and length of a table fork, fitted into a wooden handle, which, he tells us, was used to apply the mixture of gold and quicksilver in the process of gilding.

but that if he roused me I would give him heavier kicks than an ass. He reported this to the Cardinal and depicted (my conduct as worthy of) a Hell. Two days later, I was behind the palace shooting into a very high-up nook at a wild pigeon which was brooding in that nook; and I had many times seen firing at that same pigeon a goldsmith, who was called Giovanfranco della Tacca,<sup>1</sup> a Milanese, and he had never hit it. This (particular) day that I was shooting, the pigeon was just showing its head, being suspicious on account of the other times upon which it had been fired at; and since this Giovanfranco and I were rivals in the matter of shooting with fowling-pieces, whilst certain noblemen and friends of mine were in my shop, they pointed it (the pigeon) out to me, saying: "Look up there at Giovanfrancesco della Tacca's pigeon, at which he has fired so many times; now, see how the poor creature remains on the watch so that it scarcely shows its head."

<sup>1</sup> This Giovan Francesco della Tacca may have been a relative—perhaps even a brother—of the Giovampietro della Tacca, mentioned in Chap. IV, Vol. I, p. 73, n. 1. GUASTI believes the following record extracted by BERTOLOTI from the *Registro de' Mandati* (*Art. lomb. cit.* Vol. I, p. 205) refers to this goldsmith: *Solvatis mag<sup>o</sup>. Jo. Franc<sup>o</sup> Mediolanen. aurifici in urbe, ducat. centum auri de Camera de Jul. X ad computum auri et argenti et aliorum necessariorum, pro ense in festo nativitat<sup>is</sup> S. D. N. proxime futuro p. Smo. D. N. more solito benedicendo et tradendo.—Datum Rome, etc., die XIX octob. 1530.* According to this theory Giovan Francesco would also bear the surname of *de' Carpanis*, but GNOLI (*Arch. Stor. dell' Arte*, 1891, p. 240 *e seg.*) puts forward another proposition; namely, that this Giovan Francesco della Tacca was Giovan Francesco Crivelli, a relative of the goldsmith Crivelli, who certainly did own a house (which is still to be seen) in the "*Banchi*," almost opposite to the Palazzo Sforza; a circumstance which undoubtedly does give some probability to the suggestion.

Raising my eyes, I said: "That little bit of head would be quite sufficient for me to kill it, if it will only wait till I can sight my fowling-piece." Those noblemen said that even the man who invented the fowling-piece could not do that. At which I replied: "I wager a jug of that good Greek wine of mine host Palonbo, that if it waits for me to sight my wondrous 'Broccardo' (for so I called my fowling-piece), I will knock it over in that small portion of its noddle (*capolino*) that it is showing." Taking aim immediately, at arm's length, without any other rest, I did what I had promised, not thinking of the Cardinal nor of any one else; rather I reckoned the Cardinal as very much my patron. Let the world therefore take notice, when fortune wishes to deprive a man for the purpose of destroying him, how many different ways she employs. The Pope, swelling and growling (with passion), remained thinking over what his son had told him. Two days afterwards, Cardinal Cornaro went to ask the Pope for a bishopric for one of his nobles, who was called Misser Andrea Centano.<sup>1</sup> The Pope, it is true, had promised him a bishopric: it being thus vacant, when the Cardinal reminded the Pope how he had promised him such a thing, the Pope agreed that it was the truth, and was therefore willing to give it to him; but he wished for a favour from his most reverend lordship, and this was, that he would be willing to give Benvenuto into his hands. Thereupon the Cardinal said: "Oh, if Your Holiness has pardoned him and given me his

<sup>1</sup> Of this Andrea Centano, to whom CELLINI alludes again later on, no definite information is known. He could have held no bishopric in Italy, because his name is not to be found in UGHELLI (*Italia sacra cit.*).

freedom, what will the world say both of Your Holiness and of me?" The Pope retorted: "I want Benvenuto, and let any one say what they like, since you want the bishopric." The good Cardinal replied, that His Holiness might give him the bishopric, and that he should think over the rest for himself, and then do all that His Holiness both liked and was able to do. The Pope, though somewhat ashamed of the wicked (breach) of his already pledged word, said: "I will send for Benvenuto and, as a small satisfaction to myself, I will put him down in those rooms in my private garden, where he can attend to getting well, and it shall not be forbidden for all his friends to go and see him; and I will also arrange to provide his expenses, until this little whim of mine passes." The Cardinal returned home, and sent immediately by the man who was expecting the bishopric to tell me that the Pope wished to get me back into his hands; but that he would keep me in a lower room in the private garden; where I might be visited by everyone, just as if I were in his house. Thereupon I besought this Misser Andrea that he would be so good as to tell the Cardinal, that he must not give me up to the Pope and must let me act for myself; for I would get myself rolled up in a mattress, and make them carry me out of Rome to a safe spot; for if he gave me up to the Pope, he was most certainly giving me up to death. The Cardinal, when he heard this, it is believed would have liked to do it; but that Misser Andrea, who was concerned for his bishopric, betrayed the matter. So that the Pope sent for me immediately, and had me placed, as he said, in a lower chamber in his private garden. The Cardinal sent to say that I must not eat any of those victuals which

the Pope sent me, and that he would send me food; and that he had not been able to act otherwise than he had done, and that I must keep of good courage, for he would assist me so much that I should be set free. Matters standing thus, I was visited every day, and offered many fine things by many great nobles. From the Pope came the victuals, which I did not touch, rather I ate what came from Cardinal Cornaro, and thus I remained. I had amongst my other friends a young Greek of the age of twenty-five years. This man was most exceedingly vigorous, and wielded the sword better than any man that was in Rome; he was small of spirit, but was a most faithful honest fellow and very ready to believe (what he was told). He had heard it said that the Pope had stated that he wished to recompense me for my misfortunes. This was the truth, for the Pope had said such things at the beginning, but latterly he afterwards spoke otherwise. Wherefore I confided in this young Greek, and I said to him: "Dearest brother! these people want to slay me, so that now is the time to help me: for they think that I do not perceive, through their showing me these extraordinary favours, that they are all done for treachery." This worthy young man said: "Benvenuto mine! Throughout Rome it is said that the Pope has bestowed upon you an appointment worth five hundred *scudi* of revenue, therefore I beseech you of your kindness not to let this suspicion of yours rob you of so great a benefit." And although I besought him with my arms crossed (upon my breast) that he would remove me from thence, for I knew well that a Pope like that one could do me great benefit, but that I knew for very certain that he was studying, secretly for his own credit's sake, to do me



great injury; therefore he must act quickly and try to save my life from him; for if he would take me from thence, in the manner that I would tell him, I should always owe my life to him; and when need arose would spend it (in his behalf). This poor young man weeping said to me: "Oh! My dear brother. You want indeed to ruin yourself, but I cannot fail you in whatsoever you command me; therefore tell me the way and I will do all that you tell me, although it be contrary to my wishes." We were therefore agreed, and I had given him all my instructions, which would most easily have succeeded. When I thought that he would come to put in operation all that I had directed, he came to me to say that for my welfare he wished to disobey me, and that he understood thoroughly that which he had heard from men who were near the Pope, and that they knew all the truth regarding my affairs. I, since I was unable to help myself in any other way, remained unhappy and despairing. This occurred on the day of Corpus Domini in (the year) one thousand five hundred and thirty-nine. The time having passed for me after this dispute all that day until night-fall, there came from the Pope's kitchen an abundant supply of viands: also from the kitchen of Cardinal Cornaro there came most excellent provision; and several friends of mine chancing to be present at this (moment) I made them remain to supper with me: whereat I, keeping my leg in splints, in bed, feasted merrily (*feci lieta cera*) with them: so they remained with me. Then when it had passed one hour of the night they departed; and my two servants settled me for sleep, and then lay down in the antechamber. I had a dog, black as a mulberry, (one) of those hairy ones,

and he served me admirably out shooting (*alla caccia dello stioppo*), and never stayed more than a step away from me. That night, being under my bed, three times I summoned my servant that he should take him away from under the bed, because he was howling fearfully. When the servants came this dog threw himself upon them to bite them. They were terrified and were afraid that the dog was mad, because he kept barking continually. So we passed on until the fourth hour of the night. On the stroke of the fourth hour of the night the Bargello with a strong guard entered into my chamber. Thereupon the dog issued forth, and sprang upon these men with so much fury, tearing at their cloaks and their hose, and put them into such terror that they thought that he was mad. Wherefore the Bargello, like a practical person, said: "The natural instinct of good dogs is this, that they always divine and foretell the evil that is about to come upon their masters: let two of you take sticks and beat off the dog, and let the others bind Benvenuto upon this chair and take him to the place you know of." As I have said the day just passed was that of Corpus Domini, and it was at about the fourth hour of the night. These men carried me shut up and covered over, and four of them went before me, pushing aside those few men who were still about in the streets. Thus they bore me to the Torre di Nona (a place so-called),<sup>1</sup> and put me into the prison for life, setting me down upon a little piece of mattress, and giving me one of those guards, who condoled with me all night upon my evil fortune, saying to me: "Alas! poor Benvenuto! What

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. X, Vol. I, p. 194, n. 2.

have you done to these people?" Whereat I could very well gather what was going to happen to me, from my being in such a place, and also from what he had informed me. I remained a part of that night tormenting myself with the thought of what could be the reason that God was pleased to give me such a penance; and since I could not find it I was greatly discouraged. That guard afterwards set himself the best he knew to comfort me; whereat I conjured him for the love of God that he would say nothing to me, and would not talk to me, because of my own self I should quicker and better arrive at some resolution. So he promised me. Thereupon I turned all my heart toward God, and I prayed to him most devoutly, that he would be pleased to receive me into his kingdom; and that although I had lamented (my fate), since it seemed to me that as far as the commands of the laws went, my departure (*i.e.* death) in this way was most undeserved; and that although I had committed homicides, His Own Vicar had summoned me from my native land, and had pardoned me by the authority of the (human) laws and of His Own; and that whatever I had done had all been done in defence of this body that His (Divine) Majesty had lent to me; so that I did not understand, according to the rules under which one lives in the world, how I merited that death; but that it seemed to me that that would happen to me which happens to certain unlucky people upon whom when walking along the street a stone falls from some great height upon their heads, and kills them; an event which is seen clearly to be the influence of the stars;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Even the most enlightened personages of those days believed in the influence of the planets and celestial bodies upon human

not indeed that those stars conspire against us to do us good or evil, but the event takes place during their conjunction, beneath which we are placed; although know that I have free will; and that if my faith were exercised in a saint-like manner, I am very certain that the angels of heaven would bear me out of this prison, and would assuredly save me from every one of my afflictions; but because it does not seem to me that I have been made worthy by God of such a thing, it is therefore of necessity that these celestial influences should pour their malignity upon me. Somewhat cast down by this thought, I presently calmed myself, and immediately applied myself to sleep. When dawn came, my guard awoke me and said: "Oh unfortunate but worthy man! there is no more time now for sleep, for a man has come who has bad news to give you." Thereupon I said: "The sooner I pass out of this earthly prison, the more pleased shall I be, especially since I am secure that my soul is safe, and that I am dying wrongfully. Christ the Glorious and Divine makes me the companion of His Disciples and Friends, who, both He and they, were wrongfully put to death. In the same way am I wrongfully put to death, and I devoutly (*santamente*) thank God for it. Why does not the man come forward who has to pronounce sentence upon me?" Thereupon the guard said: "He is too sorrowful on your account, and he weeps." Then I called to him by name, and he bore the name of Misser Benedetto da Cagli;<sup>1</sup> I said; "Come forward, Misser Benedetto mine! for I am

affairs. Hence Astrology was elevated into a portion of the legal system.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. XII, Vol. I, p. 233, n. 2, and Chap. XXII, Vol. II, p. 2.

now most excellently prepared and calmed; my glory is far greater in that I die wrongfully, than if I were to die rightfully. Come forward, I beg of you, and provide me with a priest, so that I can speak a few words (*quattro parole*) with him; although there is no real necessity, for my devout confession I have made to my Lord God (Himself); but merely to observe what Our Holy Mother Church has commanded us; for although She is doing me this wicked wrong, I freely pardon it.<sup>1</sup> Come therefore, Misser Benedetto mine! and hasten matters for me ere bodily feeling begin to make me offend." When I had said these words, this worthy man told the guard to lock the door, for without him that duty could not be performed. Going to the house of the lord Pierluigi's wife,<sup>2</sup> who happened to be in the company of the Duchess above-mentioned:<sup>3</sup> and coming into their presence this man said: "My most illustrious mistress, I pray you for the love of God, be so kind as to send to tell the Pope that he send some one else to pronounce that sentence upon Benvenuto, and to perform my duty, for I renounce it, and never more will I perform it;" and he departed sighing with deepest grief of heart. The Duchess, who was present, frowning said: "This is fine justice that the Vicar of God administers in Rome! The Duke, my late husband, liked this man very much on account of his goodness, and for his talents, and did not want him to come back to Rome, keeping him with much affection

<sup>1</sup> It is to be observed that CELLINI here confuses the Holy Mother Church with the Pope himself, its visible earthly Head.

<sup>2</sup> Girolama, daughter of Lodovico Orsini, Count of Pitigliano. Cf. SANSOVINO, *Storia della Casa Orsini*, p. 80.

<sup>3</sup> Margaret of Austria.

near to himself:" and she went away muttering many words of displeasure. The wife of the lord Pierluigi, who was called the lady Jerolima, went to the Pope and throwing herself upon her knees—it was in the presence of several cardinals—this woman said so many strong things that she made the Pope blush, and he said: "For love of you We will let him be, although We Ourselves have never had hostility towards him." These words the Pope uttered on account of the presence of those cardinals, who had heard the words that that admirable and intrepid woman had said. I remained in greatest uneasiness, with my heart beating continuously. All those men who were appointed to the execution of so unpleasant an office also remained in uneasiness until the hour for dining was passed; at which hour every man went upon his own business, so that there was brought to me (the wherewithal) to dine; whereat I said in astonishment: "Truth has here prevailed more than the malignity of the celestial influences; I therefore pray God that if it be according to His pleasure, He will save me from this storm." I began to eat, and just as I had at first prepared my resolution for my great misfortune, so I also formed hopes for my great good luck. I dined with good courage; thus I remained without seeing or hearing anything else until the first hour of the night. At that hour came the Bargello with a good portion of his guard, who set me again upon that seat upon which they had the evening before brought me into that place, and (removed me) from thence with many kind words, that I was not to be afraid; and he ordered his constables to have a care as if it were their own eyes,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. XXIII, Vol. II, p. 22, n. 3.

not to jar that leg of mine that I had broken. They did so; they bore me into the Castello, whence I had escaped; and when we were high up inside the keep, where there is a small courtyard, there they shut me up for a little while.

## CHAPTER XXV

(1539)

Cellini studies the Bible and the Chronicles of Giovanni Villani.—

He tries to commit suicide, but swoons and is believed to be dead.—A handsome youth, in the form of an angel, appears to him in a vision and rebukes him for his attempted suicide.—He writes a madrigal, and prays to God in an ecstasy of celestial exaltation.—He is placed by the Castellan's orders in the dungeon, wherein Fra Benedetto da Foiano was starved to death; but is subsequently taken back to his former prison.—The mad Castellan again shows favours towards him.—His prayers.—His visions.—He composes a sonnet and sends it to the Castellan.—He is transported to the large cells occupied by him at the beginning of his imprisonment.—The Castellan dies, and Cellini suspects his enemies of trying to poison him.—His food is supplied to him therefore by Monsignor de' Rossi, Bishop of Pavia.

AT this juncture, the Castellan above-mentioned had himself carried into that place where I was, and sick and ailing as he was, addressed me: "You see that I have caught you again?" "Yes," said I; "but you see that I did escape, as I told you? And if I had not been sold under Papal pledge by a Venetian cardinal for a bishopric, and (that Pope) a Roman of the family of Farnese, both of whom have scratched in the face the holy consecrated laws, you would never have retaken me; but since that this evil act has now been committed by them, do the worst you can, you also, for I have no further care in this world." This poor man



began to shout very loudly, saying: "Ah, me! Ah, me! This man cares neither to live nor to die, and he is more fiery than when he was well; put him down there below the garden, and speak no more to me of him, for he is the cause of my death." I was carried into a very dark chamber below a garden, where there was much water, full of tarantulas and many noxious worms. There was flung on the ground for me a wretched pallet of coarse hemp, and for that evening no supper was given to me; and I was locked in by four doors. Thus I remained until the nineteenth hour of the next day. Then food was brought to me; I asked them (my gaolers) that they would give me some of those books of mine to read: by none of these men was I spoken to, but they reported (my request) to that poor man the Castellan, who had asked what I was saying. The next morning there was brought to me a volume of mine of the Bible in the vernacular, and a certain other book wherein were the Chronicles of Giovan Villani. When I asked for certain others of my books, I was told that I should not have any more, and that I had too many with those. Thus miserably I existed upon that mattress, for in three days everything was wet; whereon I remained continuously without being able to move, since I had a broken leg; and when I desired to get out of my bed for the necessities of relieving myself, I used to crawl with the greatest difficulty, so as not to accumulate filth in that spot where I slept. For one hour and a half of the day I had a little reflection of light, which entered that miserable cavern by a very tiny aperture; and during that short space of time only could I read, and the rest of the day and of the night I remained patiently

always in the dark, never without thoughts of God and of this human frailty of ours; and it seemed to me certain that in a few days I should end there and in that manner my unfortunate existence. Nevertheless, the best way that I could I comforted myself by considering how much greater distress it would have given me in passing from this life of mine to feel that unspeakable torture of the (executioner's) knife; whereas, being in that condition, I should pass away with a sleeping-draught which would be much more agreeable to me than that former means of death; and little by little I felt myself sinking to such a point that my excellent constitution became used to that purgatory. When I felt that it (*i.e.* my constitution) was adapted and accustomed to it, I took courage to endure that indescribable discomfort as long as it lasted for me. I began the Bible from the beginning, and read and pondered over it devoutly, and was so enchanted with it, that if I had been able, I would never have read anything else; but when my light failed me, there immediately sprang upon me all my troubles, and they afforded me so much suffering, that many times I resolved in some way to make away (*spegnermi*) with myself; but since they did not allow me a knife, I had difficulty in the way of being able to accomplish such a thing. Nevertheless, upon one occasion amongst the others I had fixed a great log of wood that was there and propped it up after the manner of a trap;<sup>1</sup> and I wanted to make it dash down upon my head; the which would have crushed me at once, in such fashion, that when I had arranged all

<sup>1</sup> A *stiaccia* or *schiaccia* is a stone or other heavy object balanced so as to fall and trap birds and other animals.

this erection, and was approaching it, resolved to dash it down, when I wanted to pull it down with my hands, I was seized by something invisible and thrown four *braccia* away from that spot, and so terrified that I remained lifeless: and thus I stayed from the dawn of the day until the nineteenth hour, when they brought me my dinner. They must have come many times, when I had not heard them; for when I did hear them, there entered in Captain Sandrino Monaldi,<sup>1</sup> and I heard him say: "Oh, unhappy man! See to what an end has come so rare a genius." Hearing these words, I opened my eyes: whereupon I saw priests wearing long gowns, who said: "Oh, you! You told us that he was dead." Bozza said: "I found him dead, and therefore I said so." They immediately raised me from the spot whereon I was, and having lifted the mattress, which had become wet like maccheroni, they threw it outside that room; and having reported these circumstances to the Castellan, he made them give me another mattress. And so recalling to myself what thing it could have been that had diverted me from such an act, I thought that it must be something Divine and my Defender.<sup>2</sup> The following night there appeared to me in a dream a wondrous Being in the form of a very handsome youth, and in a tone of rebuke he said: "Do you know Who it is that has lent you that body that you wanted to destroy before His appointed time?" I seemed to answer that I recog-

<sup>1</sup> Alessandro Monaldi, called Sandrino, Captain of the Florentine troops during the siege of Florence. He was imprisoned at Piombino in 1530 for his opposition to the Medici. Cf. VARCHI, *Stor. fior.*, ed. cit. Vol. II, 410-413.

<sup>2</sup> *Difensitrice*, a word used nowhere else but by CELLINI, and not to be found in *Dizionario della Crusca*.

nized everything as coming from the God of Nature. Then he said to me: "Do you despise His Works, in desiring to injure them? Allow yourself to be guided by Him and lose not the hope of His Power;" with many other similar admirable words, of which I do not recall the thousandth part. I began to consider that this angel shape had told me the truth; and casting my eyes around the prison, I saw a little piece of rotten brick, I therefore rubbed one (fragment) against another, and made it into the form of a little paste; <sup>1</sup> then crawling thus I approached one of the edges of that door of my prison, and I managed with my teeth, so that I broke off a small splinter: and when I had done this, I waited for that hour of daylight that came into my prison, which was from twenty and a half to twenty-one and a half of the clock. Then I began to write in the best way that I could upon certain scraps of paper that were left over in the volume of my Bible, and I rebuked the despicable spirits of my intellect for not desiring to remain any longer in life; who replied to my body, excusing themselves on account of their misfortunes; and the body gave them hope of well-being: thus I wrote it in dialogue form:

AFFLITTI SPIRITI MIEI, ETC.

*The Body.* Afflicted soul of me,

How cruel, thus to hate this life!

*The Soul.* If against Heav'n you be,

Who shall protect us in the strife?

Nay, let us go to find a better life.

*The Body.* Ah! stay yet, do not go!

A thin paste to serve instead of ink.

For Heav'n doth promise greater joys  
Than ever ye did know.

*The Soul.* Yet stay we for a space,  
Since the Great God doth grant you grace,  
Lest greater be your woe.

Having recovered once more my vigour, after I had by my own exertions comforted myself, I continued to read my Bible, and I had in a way accustomed my eyes to that obscurity, so that whereas at first I was wont to read but one hour and a half, I now read for three whole ones. And I pondered in so great wonder over the strength of God's power over those very simple-hearted men, who would have me believe with so much fervour that God satisfied them in all that they dreamed of; I promising myself likewise the help of God, both on account of His Divine Power and Mercy, and also on account of my own innocence; and turning continually towards God, sometimes in prayer and sometimes in meditation (*ragionamenti*), I remained always in these high thoughts of Him; in such measure that there began to come upon me so great a delight in these thoughts of God, that I remembered no more any misfortune that I had ever had in the past, but rather I kept singing all day psalms and many other compositions of my own all addressed to God. My nails only which had grown gave me great distress; for I could not touch myself without wounding myself with them: I could not dress myself because they turned either inwards or outwards giving me much pain. My teeth also died in my mouth; and of this I became aware, because the dead teeth being expelled by those which were alive, little by little perforated the gums from below, and the ends of the roots came to

piercing the bottom of their sockets. When I perceived this I drew them out, as one draws (a sword) from a scabbard without any more pain or bleeding; thus they were got out very easily for me. Nevertheless I accustomed myself also to these other fresh troubles, sometimes I sang, sometimes I prayed; and sometimes I wrote with that pounded brick above-mentioned; and I began a poem (*capitolo*) in praise of the prison, and in it I related all those chances that had befallen me in it; which poem I will write down presently in its own place. The good Castellan sent often secretly to find out what I was doing; and because on the last day of July I was rejoicing greatly by myself, recalling the great festival that they are accustomed to celebrate in Rome on that first day of August, I was saying to myself: "In all these past years I have celebrated this pleasant feast along with the other frailties of the World; this year I will now celebrate it in company with the Divine Things of God": and I was saying to myself: "Oh! how much more joyful am I on this occasion than on those." Those persons who heard me utter these words, carried them all back to the Castellan; who in angry wonder said: "Oh God! He triumphs and lives in so great affliction. Whilst I in so much comfort am in want, and am dying solely upon his account! Go quickly, and put him in that more subterranean cavern, wherein was done to death of hunger the preacher Foiano.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps when he sees himself

<sup>1</sup> Fra Benedetto Tiezzi da Foiano in Valdichiana; a Dominican from the Convent of Sta. Maria Novella in Florence. A devoted follower of Savonarola, he preached against the Medici during the siege, and therefore, being given up by Malatesta to Pope Clement VII, he was confined in the Castel Sant' Angelo, where

in so evil a plight, it may be possible to take the nonsense out of him" (*uscire il ruzzo del capo*). Captain Sandrino Monaldi came at once to my prison with about twenty of those servants of the Castellan; and they found that I was upon my knees, and that I did not turn towards them, rather I was adoring a *God the Father surrounded by angels*, and a *Christ rising again victorious*, which I had drawn upon the wall with a little charcoal that I had found covered with earth,<sup>1</sup> after the four months that I had lain upon my bed with my broken leg; and so many times had I dreamed that angels came to attend me that after four months I had become strong as if it had never been broken. Nevertheless they (the gaolers) came to me as much armed as if they were afraid that I was a noxious dragon. The said captain said to me: "You observe that there are a great many of us, and that we are come to you with great noise, and (yet) you do not turn toward us." At these words, having imagined very well that greater woe which could befall me, and having become accustomed to and firm in misfortune, I said to them: "Unto this God who supports me, to Him (the Ruler) of the heavens have I turned my soul and my contemplation and all my vital powers, and to you I have turned just that which belongs to you; for you are not worthy to behold that which is good in me nor can you touch it; therefore do to that which belongs to you all that you can do." This said captain, in fear, not knowing what I wanted to do to myself, said to four of the

he died of hunger. Cf. VARCHI, *Stor. fior., ed. cit.* Vols. II and III, pp. 386-7; and BUSINI, *Lettere cit. passim*.

<sup>1</sup> On a wall of one of the two cells occupied by Cellini, there is still shown a fragment of a *Christ*, but it is doubtless apocryphal.

strongest of those men: "Lay all your arms aside." When they had set them down, he said: "Leap very quickly upon him and take him. Even were he the devil, should so many of us be afraid of him? Hold him now firmly, so that he do not escape." I, seized by force and roughly handled by them, imagining much worse things than that which eventually happened to me, raising my eyes to Christ said: "Oh Just God! Thou hast paid upon that lofty Tree all our debts; why then must my innocence pay the debts of some one whom I do not know? Nevertheless Thy will be done." Meanwhile they were carrying me away by the light of a great torch. I thought that they wanted to throw me into the trap of Sammalò;<sup>1</sup> for thus was named a dreadful place, which has swallowed up many persons while still alive, for they happen to fall down into a well in the foundations of the Castello. This did not happen to me: wherefore it seemed to me that I had made a very good bargain; for they put me in that very horrid cavern above-mentioned, wherein Foiano died of hunger, and there they let me stay, doing me no other ill. When they had left me, I began to sing a *De Profundis clamavit (sic)*, a *Miserere* and an *In Te Domine speravi*. All that first day of August I was holding festival with God, and my heart was alway rejoicing in Hope and Faith. The second

<sup>1</sup> A gloomy dungeon, into which unhappy prisoners were lowered from above by a rope; the *Robur Tullianum* of the Renaissance. Within it perished Florido, Archbishop of Cosenza, for forging Letters Apostolic. BURCKHARD calls this dungeon *Sammaracho*; CELLINI *Sammalò*; but it was really styled *San Marocco*, from a representation of the saint, or from a chapel so designated which formerly existed there Cf. BORGATI, *Castel Sant' Angelo in Roma*, 1890, p. 109.



day they drew me out of that hole, and bore me back to where there were my first drawings of those representations of God. To which when I came, I wept before them much for very delight (*dolcezza*) and joy. After that the Castellan wanted every day to know what I did and what I said. The Pope, who had heard the whole circumstances (for the doctors had already given over the said Castellan to death), said: "Before my Castellan dies, I would like him to cause the death of that Benvenuto after his own fashion, for he is the cause of his death, so that he may not die unavenged." The Castellan on hearing these words by the mouth of the Duke Pierluigi, said to the said (duke): "Then the Pope gives Benvenuto to me, and wishes me to wreak my revenge upon him? Think no further about him, and leave him to me." If then the heart of the Pope was cruel towards me, worse and grievous was that of the Castellan in its first appearance; and at this juncture that invisible being, who had diverted me from the desire to kill myself, came to me still invisibly, but with distinct words, and shook me, and raised me from my recumbent position, and said: "Ah me! my Benvenuto! Quickly, quickly betake yourself to God with your accustomed prayers, and cry loudly loudly [*sic*] upon Him." Immediately in terror I fell upon my knees, and repeated many of my prayers in a loud voice: after them all, a *Qui habitat in aiutorium*; after this I discoursed with God awhile; and in an instant the same voice said to me plainly and clearly: "Go to your rest, and have no more fear." And this was so, for the Castellan, having given most cruel orders regarding my death, suddenly recalled them, and said: "Is not he

Benvenuto whom I have defended so much, and who I know for very certainty to be innocent, and that all this evil has been done to him wrongfully? Oh! How will God ever have mercy upon me and my sins if I do not pardon those who have done me the greatest injuries? Oh! why must I injure an honest and innocent man, who has done me service and honour. Go to! For instead of causing his death, I will give him life and liberty; and I bequeath by my Will that no one demand of him any of that debt for the heavy expense that he would have to pay here." This the Pope heard and he took it very ill. I remained meanwhile at my accustomed orisons and I wrote out my poem; and I began to enjoy every night the pleasantest and most agreeable dreams that one can possibly ever imagine; and it seemed to me that I was always visibly in company with that being whom, while invisible, I had heard and still heard so very often; and of whom I asked no other favour, except that I besought him, and that fervently, that he would take me where I could see the sun, telling him how great was the desire that I had therefor; and that if I could see it but one single time, then I should die happy. Of all the disagreeable things that I had experienced in this prison all had become to me friendly and companionable, and naught disturbed me. Although those devoted adherents of the Castellan, who were expecting that the Castellan would hang me from that battlement whence I had descended, as he had said, when they saw afterwards that the said Castellan had come to another resolution quite the opposite of that; they, because they could not endure it, always caused me some variety of fright, whereby I might derive the fear of losing my life. Although as I say, to all these things I had

become so accustomed, that I had no more fear of anything, and nothing more disturbed me, this single desire (remained), that I might dream of seeing the sphere of the sun. Wherefore time passed on, with my fervent prayers at all times (directed) with passion toward Christ, always saying: "Oh True Son of God! I implore Thee by Thy Birth, by Thy Death upon the Cross, and by Thy Glorious Resurrection, that Thou wilt make me worthy that I may see the sun, if not otherwise, at least in a dream; but if Thou shouldst make me worthy that I should see it with these mortal eyes of mine, I promise to come to visit Thee at Thy Holy Sepulchre." This vow and these fervent prayers of mine to God were uttered upon the second day of October in the year one thousand five hundred and thirty-nine. Then when the following morning came, which was the third day of the said October I awoke at daybreak, about an hour before sunrise; and rising from that wretched lair of mine, I put upon me a little rough clothing that I had, for it had begun to be chilly: and being thus risen I made more devout prayers than I had ever made in the past; for in the said prayers I spake with special supplications to Christ, that He would grant me at the least so much grace that I might know by divine inspiration for what sin of mine I was undergoing so great a penance; and since that His Divine Majesty had not been willing to make me worthy of the sight of the sun even in a dream, I implored Him by all His Power and Merit that he would make me worthy that I might know the reason of that penance. When I had uttered these words, after the manner of a whirlwind, I was seized by that invisible being and carried away, and was taken into a chamber,

where that invisible (friend) of mine then visibly showed himself to me in human form, after the fashion of a youth with the down upon his cheek (*giovane di prima barba*); with a most marvellous countenance, handsome, but austere, and not wanton; and he directed me into that chamber, saying: "This so great a concourse of men that you see are all those who up to this time have been born, and since have died."<sup>1</sup> Wherefore I asked him for what reason he had brought me thither: he said to me: "Come forward with me and you shall soon see." I found in my hand a poniard and upon me a coat of mail; and thus he led me through that great chamber pointing out to me, how in infinite thousands they were walking, now in one direction, and now in another. Leading me forward, he went out before me through a little postern into a place resembling a narrow street; and when he drew me after him into the said street, upon my issuing from that chamber I found myself unarmed, and I was in a white shirt with nothing upon my head, and I was upon the right hand of my said companion. When I saw myself after this fashion, I marvelled, because I did not recognize that street; and having raised my eyes I saw that the brightness of the sun was striking upon a portion of the wall, as if upon the façade of a house, above my head. Thereupon I said: "Oh my friend! What must I do, that I may be able to mount up so that I may see the very sphere of the sun? He showed me some great stairs that were there upon my right hand, and he said to me: "Go up there by yourself." Going a

<sup>1</sup> BIANCHI observes that CELLINI would wish himself taken for a new Ezekiel. Perhaps the study of the Bible had affected an already strong and lively imagination.

short distance from him, I mounted backwards (*con le calcagnia allo dietro*) up several of those stairs, and I began little by little to discover the proximity of the sun. I hastened to climb on; and so I went on according to that said manner, until I discovered the whole sphere of the sun. And since the strength of his rays, according to their wont, made me close my eyes, when I saw my mistake, I opened my eyes and gazing fixedly at the sun, I said: "Oh! my sun! That I have longed for so much. I do not want ever to see anything else, even if your rays blind me." Thus I remained with eyes firmly fixed upon him; and as I stayed a little while in this way, I saw of a sudden all that force of those great rays cast itself upon the left side of the said sun: and the sun remaining clear without his rays, I gazed upon him with greatest pleasure; and it seemed to me a marvellous thing that those rays should be taken away in that fashion. I stood considering what a Divine Grace this had been, which I had received that morning from God; and I said in a loud voice: "Oh! wonderful is Thy Power! Oh! glorious Thy Virtue! How much greater favour art Thou showing to me than that which I looked for!" This sun without his rays seemed to me neither more nor less than a bath of purest molten gold. Whilst I was considering this great thing I saw the centre of the said sun begin to swell, and the shape of this swelling to increase, and on a sudden there appeared a *Christ upon the Cross* of the same matter as was the sun; and He was of such fair grace in His most benign aspect, as the human mind could not imagine a thousandth part; and, whilst I was gazing upon such a thing, I cried loudly: "Miracles! Miracles! Oh! God! Oh! Thy clemency! Oh!

Thine infinite Virtue! Of what hast Thou made me worthy this morning!" And whilst I was gazing and was saying these words, this *Christ* moved towards that part (of the sun) whither his rays were gone, and in the midst of the sun there was again a swelling such as occurred before; and the swelling having increased, it immediately converted itself into the form of a most beautiful *Madonna*, who was displayed as it were seated in a very lofty fashion, with her said Son in her arms in a most charming attitude, as though smiling; she was set between two angels, one on either side, more beautiful than the imagination can attain to. I saw besides within the same sun, on the right hand, a figure clad after the fashion of a priest; this (figure) turned its back to me, and kept its countenance turned towards that *Madonna* and that *Christ*. All these things I saw truly, clearly and distinctly, and I continually gave thanks to the glory of God with a very loud voice. When this marvellous sight had been before my eyes for a little more than an eighth of an hour, it departed from me; and I was borne back into that den of mine. I immediately began to cry out loudly, saying in a loud voice: "The Power of God has made me worthy to be shown all His Glory, which has perhaps never been seen by any other mortal eye; whereat by this I know that I am free and happy and in favour with God; and you scoundrels shall remain scoundrels, unhappy and in God's displeasure. Know that I am very sure that the Day of All Saints <sup>1</sup> which was that day upon

<sup>1</sup> It is worth noting how this particular festival affected another celebrated prisoner. CASANOVA, during the last days of October, 1756, in his cell in the Venetian *Piombi*, consulted his favourite author, ARIOSTO, and having recourse to the Cabala selected the

which I came into the world in the year one thousand five hundred precisely,—the first day of November, the night following at four of the clock,—on that day which is approaching you will be compelled to take me out of this gloomy prison; and you will not be able to do any less thing, for I have seen it with my own eyes, and upon that Throne of God (Himself). That priest who was turned toward God and who showed his back to me, was Saint Peter (himself), who was pleading for me; ashamed that in his house they should inflict upon Christians such cruel wrongs. Therefore tell it to whom you like, that no one has the power to do me any more harm; and tell that lord who keeps me here, that if he give me either wax or paper, and the means whereby I can express this Glory of God which He has displayed to me, I will most assuredly make clear to him that thing of which perhaps he stands in doubt."

The Castellan, although the doctors had no hope of his recovery, yet remained with a firm courage in himself, and those delusions of his madness, which were accustomed to distress him every year, left him; and having given himself in all things and through all things to (the care of) his soul, his conscience smote him, and it seemed to him that I had indeed received, and was receiving, a very great wrong; and when he caused the Pope to hear of those wondrous things that I used to relate, the Pope sent to say,—like one who believed nothing, neither in God nor in any other thing,—that I was numbers 9, 7 and 1. In Canto IX, st. 7 and line 1, he finds the words:

*Tra il fin d'ottobre e il capo di novembre.*

And on that very night of November 1st he made his famous escape

crazed, and that he must attend as much as ever he was able to his own health. When the Castellan heard these replies he sent to comfort me, and supplied me with writing-materials and wax and certain small instruments (*fuscelletti*) made for manipulating the wax, with many kindly words which were repeated to me by a certain man amongst those servants of his who liked me very much. This particular man was altogether different from that body of other wretches, who would have liked to see me dead. I took those papers and that wax, and began to work: and whilst I worked I wrote this Sonnet, addressed to the Castellan.

If I, my Lord, the truth to you could show  
 Of light eternal, that by God's own Grace  
 To me is granted in this life so base,  
 Such trust as kings enjoy were mine to know.  
 If the great Pastor of our Church divined  
 All that God in His Glory hath revealed  
 To me alone, from other soul concealed,  
 Until this world of woe it left behind,  
 The gates of Holy Justice then unbarr'd  
 Would ye behold; vile Fury, fetter'd, cow'd,  
 Falling thro' space, to Heav'n should cry aloud.  
 Ah! had I light, alas! more light, that so  
 My art the grief of Heaven might plainly show,  
 And present sorrow vanish as a cloud.

When the next day there came to bring me my food that servant of the Castellan who liked me, I gave him this Sonnet written out; who, concealing it from those other ill-disposed servants who wished me evil, gave it to the Castellan; who would gladly have allowed me to depart, for it appeared to him that that great



wrong which had been done to me was the chief cause of his own death. He took the Sonnet and having read it through more than once, he said: "These are neither the words nor the ideas of a madman, but rather of a good and worthy person"; and he immediately ordered one of his secretaries to carry it to the Pope, and to give it into his own hand, beseeching him that he would let me go. Whilst the said secretary was bearing the Sonnet to the Pope, the Castellan sent me lights for the day and for the night, with all the conveniences that in that place could be desired; wherefore I began to improve from the weakness of my health, which had become very great. The Pope read the Sonnet many times; then he sent to tell the Castellan that he would very soon do the thing that would be pleasing to him. And certainly the Pope would then have willingly let me go; but the said lord Pierluigi, his son, as it were in opposition to the will of the Pope, kept me there by force. The Castellan's death drawing near, I meanwhile had designed and engraved that wondrous miracle: on the morning of All Saints he sent Piero Ugolini, his nephew, to show me certain precious stones; the which, when I saw them, I immediately said: "This is the countersign of my liberty." Thereupon this youth, who was a person of very few words, said: "Do not ever think of that, Benvenuto." Thereupon I replied: "Take away your precious stones, for I am housed in such a way that I see no light except in this dark cavern, in which it is impossible to discern the quality of the stones; but, as for issuing from this prison, this day will not end entirely before you will come to fetch me out: and it is bound to be so, and you can not do

otherwise." He departed and had me locked in again; and, having gone away, he stayed away more than two hours by the clock. After that he came to me without armed (attendants), accompanied by two lads, who helped to hold me up, and thus he transported me into those large chambers that I had at first (this was in 1538<sup>1</sup>), supplying me with all the conveniences that I asked for. A few days later the Castellan (who thought that I was outside and free) through stress of his severe illness, passed out of this present life, and there remained in his stead Misser Antonio Ugolini, his brother,<sup>2</sup> who had given the deceased Castellan, his brother, to understand that he had let me go. This Misser Antonio, from what I heard, had orders from the Pope to allow me to lodge in that spacious prison accommodation, until such time as he should tell him what to do with me. That Misser Durante, from Brescia, already mentioned above,<sup>3</sup> plotted with that soldier, the Prato druggist, to give me some liquor to consume in my food which was deadly, though not immediate; it would act at the end of four or five months. They set about planning to put some pounded diamond into my food; the which is not in itself poisonous in any sort of way, but through its extreme hardness remains with very sharp angles, and does not act like other stones: for in the case of all other stones that very delicate sharpness does not remain when pounded, rather they become as though rounded; and the diamond alone remains with that sharpness (of edge): in such a way that, when entering the stomach

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI is incorrect here, for it was in 1539.

<sup>2</sup> Antonio succeeded his brother on December 1st 1539.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Chap. XVIII, Vol. I, p. 346, n. 1.

along with the other nourishment, during that revolution which food makes in the process of digestion, this diamond clings to the cartilages of the stomach and of the guts, and as the fresh food gradually (*di mano in mano*) pushes it further forward, the diamond (dust) clinging to them in no long space of time perforates them; and from that cause one dies; whereas no other kind of stones or glass mixed in the food has the power to cling, and so disappears with the (digested) food. However, this Misser Durante above-mentioned gave a diamond of some small value to one of these guards. It was said that this duty (of pounding the diamond) had been performed by a certain Lione, a goldsmith of Arezzo,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leone Leoni, whose *Life* has been written by VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VII, pp. 535 *e segg.*), who speaks of him as his compatriot. He styles himself an Aretine, and such from documentary evidence he appears to have been; but some say that he was a native of Menagio, or Menaggio, in the Milanese; and it is possible that his father was an Aretine who had migrated thither, or perhaps as CANTU (*Storia di Como*) suggests, he grew up in Arezzo. The year of his birth is unknown. LOMAZZO (*Il Tempio della pittura*) states that he died in 1590, whilst BERTOLOTTI, who discovered a number of references to him amongst the Archives in Rome, believed that he died in Spain in 1592; but it has now been proved that he died in Milan on July 22nd 1590. (Cf. CASATI, *Leone Leoni d'Arezzo scultore, e Giov. Paolo Lomazzo pittore milanese*, Milano, 1884, and *Les Médailleurs de la Renaiss.* in *Bibl. Internat. de l'Art*). He was a goldsmith and medallist of great brilliance; and somewhat similar in temperament to Cellini. In November 1538 he succeeded Tommaso of Perugia in the position of engraver to the Roman Mint, an office taken from our hero, whose enmity against him probably arose from that cause. He resigned that office in 1540, in which year he was condemned to lose his hand for having struck in the face a certain Pellegrino de Leuti, a German, who was Papal jeweller. Through the intercession of Cardinal Archinto and Monsignor Duranti this punishment was

a great enemy of mine. This Lione had the diamond to pound: and since Lione was very poor, and the diamond must have been worth several tens of *scudi*, he gave the guard to understand, that the powder which he handed to him was that pounded diamond which he had been ordered to administer to me; and that morning when I had it, they put it into all the viands; —that was on a Friday; and I had it in the salad, and in the ragout, and in the soup. I approached my food with good appetite, for the evening before I had fasted. This day was a feast-day. It is very true that I felt the viands scrunch beneath my teeth, but I never thought of such rascality. When I had finished dining there was left a little salad upon the plate, and my eyes chanced to fall upon certain very fine splinters,<sup>1</sup> which were left there. Taking them up immediately and approaching them to the light from the window, where it was very bright, whilst I examined them I remembered that my food that morning had made that scrunching noise more than usual; and having thought the matter well over, for, as much as my eyes could judge, I firmly believed that it must be pounded diamond, imme-

commuted to that of the galleys at the Pope's pleasure, from which he was set at liberty in 1545 through the protection of Andrea Doria. From Rome he went to Genoa, and thence to Venice, where, passing into the service of the Emperor Charles V, he journeyed to Brussels and Mechlin. Subsequently he received from that monarch large sums of money and the cross of a Cavalier. From BERTOLLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 298-301) we learn that, though it is probable he was by no means rich, there is nevertheless reason to believe that CELLINI exaggerates in describing him as "very poor."

<sup>1</sup> *Stiezze* for *scheggie*. GUASTI believes this also to be a word used by CELLINI alone.

diately I reckoned myself most certainly a dead man; and so I sorrowfully addressed myself devoutly to holy prayers; and, thus resolved, it seemed to me certain that I was undone and dead; and for one whole hour I offered the most fervent prayer to God, thanking Him for so easy a death. Since my stars had so destined it for me, I seemed to have gained a fine bargain in passing out by so easy a way; and I was content and had blessed the world, and that time which I had spent upon it. Now I was turning towards a better kingdom by the Grace of God, which I seemed to have most assuredly acquired. And whilst I was thus (immersed) in these thoughts I held in my hand some of the finest particles of that supposed diamond, which I most certainly judged to be such. Now since Hope never dies, I seemed to be lured by a little vain Hope, which was the reason for my taking a small knife; and picking up those said small grains, I put them on to an iron bar of the prison; then pressing upon them gently the knife's point, increasing it greatly, I felt the said stone crumble; and examining it carefully with my eyes, I saw that such was the fact. Immediately I clothed myself with new hope, and said: "This is not my enemy, Misser Durante, but it is a poor kind of stone, which cannot do me any harm in the world." And although I had resolved to stay quiet and to die in peace in that condition, I made a new plan; but in the first place I thanked God and blessed poverty, which, although it is very often the cause of the death of men, that time had become the very cause of my living; since that Misser Durante, my enemy, or whoever it was, having confided to Lione a diamond of the value of more than one hundred *scudi*,

that he should pound it for my (destruction), he on account of his poverty had taken it for himself, and had pounded for me a greenish beryl<sup>1</sup> of the value of two *carlini*, thinking, perhaps, because it also was a stone, that it would produce the same effect as the diamond. At this time the Bishop of Pavia, brother of the Count of Sansicondo, named Monsignor de' Rossi of Parma<sup>2</sup>; this Bishop was a prisoner in the Castello on account of certain disturbances that had previously taken place at Pavia; and since he was a great friend of mine I thrust myself out of the hole of my prison, and called to him in a loud voice, telling him that, in order to slay me, those thieves had administered to me a pounded diamond; and I caused that he should be shown by one of his own servants some of that powder which was left over: but I

<sup>1</sup> *Cetrina* is the botanical name for the plant known to us as *balm* or *balsam*. This stone was probably of pale green colour resembling that plant.

<sup>2</sup> Giovan Girolamo de' Rossi, an ecclesiastic of considerable attainments, appointed Bishop of Pavia by Clement VII in 1530, but deposed and imprisoned in Castel Sant' Angelo on suspicion of having taken part in the murder of Count Alessandro Langasco, surnamed *Fracassa*, an event which occurred in 1538 at Rozzasco in the Pavese. Set at liberty in 1544, but deprived of all ecclesiastical dignity, he went into exile in France and at Milan. In 1550 Julius III restored to him his bishopric and appointed him Governor of Rome. Renouncing his See, however, in favour of a nephew, he retired to Florence and Prato, where he died on April 6th 1564. CELLINI, as we shall see later, alludes to him on several subsequent occasions, and in Chapter XII of the *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (*ed. cit.*, p. 87) he records how he entertained him in the *Château* of Petit Nesle. Among the by no means despicable poems written by this prelate, and published in Venice in 1711, there is a Sonnet (reprinted by TASSI, Vol. III, p. 472) on Cellini's *Perseus*. Cf. also UGHELLI, *Italia Sacra cit.*

did not tell him that I had recognized that it was not a diamond. I told him that they had most assuredly poisoned me after the death of that worthy man, the Castellan; and for the short period that I should live, I besought him that he would give me one of his loaves per day, since I did not want ever to eat anything more that came from them; so he promised to send me of his own viands. That Misser Antonio, who was certainly not cognizant of that business, made a very great disturbance and wanted to see that pounded stone, thinking himself also that it was a diamond; but thinking that such a matter emanated from the Pope, he passed it over lightly, after having considered what the matter was. I carefully ate of the viands that the Bishop sent to me, and continuously wrote that poem of mine about the prison, setting down day by day all those events that from time to time happened to me, point by point. The said Misser Antonio also sent me food by a certain Giovanni above-mentioned (a druggist), him of Prato, who was a soldier there<sup>1</sup> (*i.e.*, of the Castello garrison). This man was most hostile to me, and, since he had been the man that had brought me the powdered diamond, I told him that I never wanted to eat any of that food which he brought me, unless he first made proof of it for me.<sup>2</sup> Whereat he replied to me, that they made proofs for Popes. Upon which I rejoined that as noblemen are obliged to make proof for the Pope; so he, a soldier and a country druggist from Prato, was obliged to make proof for a

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. XXIII, Vol. II, p. 24.

<sup>2</sup> That is to say, to taste the food, as was customary in the houses of great nobles and princes, in order to make sure that it did not contain poison.

Florentine like myself. The man uttered big words and I to him (the same). That Misser Antonio, somewhat ashamed, and also planning to make me pay those expenses that the poor dead Castellan had granted to me, found another of those servants of his, who was a friend of mine, and sent me my viands by him; at which the above-mentioned (servant) made me proof (of the food) without further dispute. This servant told me that the Pope was every day pestered by that Monsignor di Morluc,<sup>1</sup> who was continually demanding me on behalf of the King, and that the Pope had little fancy for giving me up; and that Cardinal Farnese,<sup>2</sup> formerly very much my patron and friend, had been obliged to say that I must not count upon issuing from that prison for some time. To which I replied that I would come out in spite of them all. This worthy young man begged me to stay quiet, and that I should not be heard to say such a thing, for it would injure me very much; and that with that confidence which I had in God, I ought to wait for His Grace, keeping myself quiet. I said to him that the Powers of God have no occasion to fear the malignities of injustice.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. XXII, Vol. II, p. 9, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Alessandro Farnese, son of Pier Luigi, appointed Archbishop of Parma and Cardinal by Pope Paul III in 1534, when he was but scarcely fourteen years of age. In 1540 he was sent as Legate to the Courts of Francis I and Charles V. Ambitious, though learned and noble, he aspired several times to the Papal tiara, but was defeated owing to the violent opposition of the Medici. Giving himself up to the exercises of piety and religion, he died in March 1589, at the age of sixty-nine. Cf. CIACCONIO *cit.* Vol. III, p. 558.



## CHAPTER XXVI

(1539)

The Cardinal of Ferrara procures Cellini's liberty from the Pope.—Antonio Ugolini, brother of the deceased Castellan, demands payment for all his expenses, besides those due to the Bargello.—Cellini loses a sum of money that he had entrusted to a certain Bernardo Galluzzi.—According to his own assertions a halo remains around his head in consequence of his visions.—His Poem written in the Castel Sant' Angelo in praise of his imprisonment.

WHEN a few days had thus passed by, the Cardinal of Ferrara appeared in Rome; and upon his going to pay his respects to the Pope, the Pope entertained him so long that the hour of supper arrived. And since the Pope was very much a man of the world, he wished to have plenty of leisure to chat with the Cardinal on French affairs.<sup>1</sup> And because whilst eating men chance to speak of those things which, apart from such an occasion, they perhaps would not speak of; wherefore since that great King Fran<sup>co</sup> was in all his affairs most liberal, and the Cardinal, who well knew the taste of the King, was besides far more agreeable to the Pope than the Pope imagined: in such measure that the Pope arrived at such a pitch of merriment, both on this account, and also because the Pope was accustomed to make a very lusty debauch

<sup>1</sup> *Francioserie*. CELLINI may mean politics, or he may mean Court-gossip.

once a week, so that he afterwards vomited. When the Cardinal saw the excellent disposition of the Pope, attuned to granting favours, he demanded me on behalf of the King with great earnestness, pointing out that the King had a great desire for such a thing. Thereupon the Pope, feeling that the time for his vomiting was drawing near, and since too great an abundance of wine was also doing its work, said to the Cardinal with a loud laugh: "Now this instant I wish you to take him to your house;"<sup>1</sup> and having given express

<sup>1</sup> On December 5th of this year CARO writes to VARCHI as follows: "You should have heard of Benvenuto, that he is out of the Castello, in the house of the Cardinal of Ferrara. Now matters will arrange themselves at leisure: but he makes as though to abjure the world with that extravagant brain of his. He does not fail to remember his good luck; but it avails him little, for in spite of the great things that he relates, he does not appear to say anything." And under the same date LUIGI ALAMANNI also writes to VARCHI, saying: "Here I have in the room Benvenuto the goldsmith sound and safe, and he scarcely believes it himself; for when his prison door was opened he seemed in a dream, for he never thought to issue from it more; and I assure you that there was no one here in Rome who believed that we should be able to get him. He can really owe his life to the Cardinal of Ferrara and to his friends, amongst whom you are the first, and I have proved that many times; he commends himself to you and will write to you." Subsequently in another letter to VARCHI, dated December 9th, he repeats: "I have nothing further new to tell you; Benvenuto is here in the house, is well, and commends himself to you." All this confirms precisely CELLINI'S own story, who, according to CARO, in giving vent to his feelings after his own fashion, appeared to say nothing. See CARO, *Lettera al Varchi*, 5 dic. 1539 and ALAMANNI, *Versi e Prose*, ed. Le Monnier, 1859, Vol. II, pp. 463-465. The order for Cellini's release is preserved among the *Carte Ugolini* in the *Archivio di Stato* in Florence countersigned by Benedetto Conversini, "*A. Car. Farnesius data securitate.*" Cf. E. CASANOVA, *La liberazione di Benvenuto* in *Misc. fior. di erudizione e storia*, Vol. II, pp. 22-3.

orders, he rose from the table; and the Cardinal immediately sent for me, before the lord Pierluigi should know about it, for he would not have let me on any account whatsoever come out of prison. The Pope's messenger came in company with two important noblemen (of the suite) of the said Cardinal of Ferrara, and when the fourth hour of the night was passed they took me out of the said prison, and brought me into the presence of the Cardinal, who showed me boundless courtesies; and well housed I remained there to enjoy myself. Misser Antonio, brother of the Castellan, and now in his office, wanted me to pay all the expenses, together with all those perquisites that *Bargelli* and similar people are accustomed to want, nor did he wish to observe anything of that which the deceased Castellan had devised should be done for me. This matter cost me many tens of *scudi*, and moreover the Cardinal afterwards told me that I must keep a good look out if I had any regard for my life, and that if he had not extracted me from that prison that evening I should never have come out: for he had already heard it said that the Pope was much regretting having let me go. It is necessary to turn a step backwards, because into my Poem all these things of which I speak are introduced. When I was staying those several days in the Cardinal's apartment,<sup>1</sup> and afterwards in the Pope's private garden, amongst my other dear friends there came to see me a treasurer of Misser Bindo Altoviti,<sup>2</sup> who was called by the

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI alludes here to Cardinal *Cornaro* who befriended him after his escape. Cf. Chapters XXIII and XXIV.

<sup>2</sup> Of Bindo Altoviti we hear more later, when Cellini made his bust.

name of Bernardo Galluzzi,<sup>1</sup> to whom I had entrusted (sums to) the value of several hundreds of *scudi*, and this young man came to see me in the Pope's private garden, and wished to restore it all to me, whereat I told him that I did not know a friend more dear to whom I could entrust my property, nor a place wherein I could have thought of its being safer: this friend of mine seemed to writhe with unwillingness, and I, as it were by force, made him keep it. When at last I came out of the Castello I found that this poor youth, the said Bernardo Galluzzi, was ruined: by which circumstance I lost my property. Besides, during the time that I was in prison a terrible dream was sent to me, as if with a reed there was written upon my forehead words of very great moment: and he who did this to me repeated clearly three times that I should be silent and not reveal them to any one else. When I awoke I found that my forehead had been marked. However, in my Poem about my imprisonment there are introduced very many similar things. There was also foretold to me (not knowing then what I was relating) all that subsequently happened to the lord Pierluigi,<sup>2</sup> so clearly and so exactly, that I myself have thought that a very angel from heaven had dictated it to me. I do not want also to omit one thing, the greatest that could ever happen to any man; a circumstance which is for the justification of the Divine

<sup>1</sup> This Bernardo Galluzzi belonged to a noble Florentine family, and his son, Francesco by name, rented a house from Michelangelo Buonarroti. Cf. M. BUONARROTI, *Lettere*, ed. MILANESI, Firenze, Le Monnier, 1875, p. 465, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> The murder of Pier Luigi Farnese, to which allusion has been made above (Chap. XV, Vol. I, p. 282, n. 2) took place in 1547, eight years after CELLINI'S pretended revelation.

Power of God and of His Secrets, of which He deigned to make me worthy; for from that time when I beheld such visions onwards, there rested upon me a splendour, a wondrous thing above my head,<sup>1</sup> which is visible to every kind of man to whom I have been willing to point it out, who have been very few. This may be seen above my shadow in the morning from sunrise until two hours after sunrise, and can be seen much better when the herbage is soaked in the soft dew; it may be seen also in the evening at sunset. I became aware of it in France in Paris, for the air in that part of the world is so much freer from fogs, that one may perceive it much more clearly than in Italy, because our fogs are much more frequent; but in any case there are no occasions when I do not see it; and I can show it to others, but not so well as in that said part of the world. I want to set forth my Poem (*Capitolo*)<sup>2</sup> made in prison, and in praise of that said prison; afterwards I will continue the fortunes good and ill that befell me from time to time, and those also that will happen to me during my life still to come.

This Poem I address to Luca Martini, calling upon him to listen to it.

HE who would know the measure of God's might  
And in how far doth man resemble Him,  
Should, as I deem, a while in prison dwell,

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI'S imagination appears to have become so exalted that he would have us believe that the Almighty conferred upon him the same honour afforded to Moses on his descent from Mount Sinai. *Exodus*, Chap. XXXIV.

<sup>2</sup> *Capitolo* is the technical name for a copy of verses in *terza rima* on a chosen theme. Poems of this kind, mostly burlesque or satirical, were very popular in Cellini's age. . . . BERNI stamped

Harassed with thoughts of family and home,  
 And suffering pain himself unceasingly,  
 Shut in a jail, a thousand miles away.  
 Or would you seek to show yourself of worth,  
 Then be arrested guiltless, lying there  
 With none to comfort, none to give you aid.  
 The little that is yours then let them steal;  
 Ill-treated, go in peril of your life,  
 Nor ever hope for health or freedom more.  
 Goaded to frenzy, do a desperate deed;  
 Break prison-bars; leap from the dungeon-wall,  
 And in a fouler place be shut once more.  
 Now listen, Luca; this is best of all:  
 To have a broken leg; to be deceived;  
 In a damp cell to lie without a cloak,  
 And not a soul that ever speaks to you,  
 Save when the jailor food brings, and bad news:  
 (Native of Prato; soldier,<sup>1</sup> chemist, lout).  
 Hear, then, how glory puts you to the proof;  
 For never seat is there, save on the stool  
 Set ready for new work to be achieved;  
 Express instructions to th' attendant given  
 Neither to heed, nor give you aught; the door  
 Just opened wide enough to let him through.  
 Ah! this is fine diversion for the brain!  
 No paper, ink, nor pen; no tools, nor fire,  
 Tho' all a life's thoughts for expression yearn.  
 Great pity 'tis, I can so little say:  
 Of ev'ry woe conceive an hundred more,  
 And yet of each could I discourse at length.

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the character of high art upon this species of versification, which had long been in use among the unlettered vulgar. Cf. J. A. SYMONDS, *Renaissance in Italy*, Vol. V, Chap. XIV.

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni, the soldier-druggist of Prato. Cf. Chap. XXIII, Vol. II, p. 24.

Now, to return to our first purpose: praise  
Unto the prison let me give, where due;  
An angel, to do that, would scarce suffice!  
No honest folk are put there, lest it be  
Thro' evil ministers, or state intrigue,  
Envy and malice, scorn, or bitter hate.  
The truth to tell, as now discerned by me,  
Here one knows God, and to Him cries aloud,  
Tortured for ever by the pains of hell.  
However bad a man's repute may be,  
Two years in prison let him but endure,  
He comes out saintly, wise, by all beloved.  
Here spirit, body, garb, are all refined;  
Here, the gross man becomes acute of wit,  
So that he spies afar the seats of Heav'n.  
List, while I tell to you a wondrous thing.  
I, being minded on a day to write,  
Resort to this strange way to court the Muse.  
I pace the room, with furrow'd brow, and bent,  
And when a dent within the door I spy,  
I bite a splinter off to serve as pen.  
A bit of brick is lying on the floor,  
And this I quickly crumble into dust,  
And mix the same with water<sup>1</sup> as my ink.  
Then, then the flame of Poesy is lit,  
And burns within me, entering, belike  
Where bread goes out; what other way in sooth?  
Let me go back to my first fantasy:  
To know what good awaits him, mortal man  
Must first learn all the ill God gave to him.  
In jail, all arts of deed and trust  
Are taught; if you would learn the surgeon's skill  
'Twill sweat the very life-blood from your veins.

<sup>1</sup> *Acqua morta*; i.e., a vulgar expression for "urine."

And then there is a certain natural force  
 That makes you eloquent and bold of speech,  
 Teeming with lofty thoughts for good and ill.  
 Blest is the man who for a long while lies  
 In a dark dungeon, and at length comes forth,  
 For he can speak of battles, truces, peace.  
 All things must needs for him successful prove,  
 And jail has filled his brains with wit so rare  
 That they will never lead him now a dance.  
 Yet you may say: Those years are lost for you;  
 Nor is it true that dungeons teach you wit,  
 And with real wisdom fill your heart and brain.  
 Yet, as regards myself, I praise it much.  
 But I would gladly see one law enforced.  
 He who deserves to pay the penalty  
 Should not go free. He who doth rule the poor,  
 'Tis he should learn these lessons of the jail,  
 And so become a sapient governor,  
 Acting with reason, daring not to swerve  
 From the true path of rectitude, that so  
 Confusion and distrust might ne'er prevail.  
 While in this gloomy prison I abode,  
 Friars I saw, and priests, and soldiers, too,  
 Yet those who most deserved it were not there.  
 Ah! had you known how mighty was my grief  
 When prison-bars let out such rogues once more,  
 It makes one weep that one was ever born.  
 I'll say no more. I am become as gold,  
 Such gold as one not recklessly doth spend  
 But treasures up to serve for splendid work.  
 Another thing has come into my mind:  
 Of this I spake not, Luca, where I wrote  
 Was in a book our kinsman lent to me.  
 And in the margins there did I record  
 The tortures that my maimed body racked:  
 For this my muddy ink ran all too slow.



To make an O three times the stick I dipped  
In the brick-paste; could greater woe than this  
Vex the unhappy Spirits in Hell below?  
I being not the first unjustly kept  
In jail, I hold my peace and praise once more  
My prison-cell, where heart and brain are racked.  
More than the others be my eulogy:  
And let me counsel those who know it not:  
Prison is best, I vow, for workers true.  
Yet oh! if He of whom I read would come  
And say to me as once beside the pool:<sup>1</sup>  
"Take thine apparel, Benvenuto, go!"  
*Salve regina! Credo!* should I sing,  
And *Paternoster!* To the poor give alms,  
And to the blind and lame each morn, as well.  
How oft when lying in this dungeon deep  
These beauteous lilies<sup>2</sup> made my cheek grow pale,  
So that not France nor Florence should I see again.  
If I should view by chance i' the hospital  
The *Annunciation* pictured on the wall,  
Then must I flee as were I brutish beast.  
Not of her noble Sacred Self I speak,  
Nor of her glorious holy lilies white  
That gave a lustre unto heaven and earth;  
At all times now, and eke in every place  
On which I look I ever seem to see  
Those petals curved—too many as I fear!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A reference to the miracle at the Pool of Bethesda. *St. John*, c. V.

<sup>2</sup> A play in words upon the lilies which appear in the arms of Farnese, of France, and of Florence.

<sup>3</sup> His dislike to lilies is such that even the sight of pictures of the *Annunciation* in the hospitals makes him fly in terror.

Ah!<sup>1</sup> what a host of comrades in my grief!  
 Bright, gallant spirits, lofty and divine,  
 Yet of this crest, the servants and the slaves.  
 Yea, I have seen this deadly blazon fall  
 Like bolt from Heav'n upon the people vain.  
 Then shone upon the stone a wondrous light;  
 Yet shattered first must be the castle bell<sup>2</sup>  
 Ere I go free. He told me this, Who all  
 In Earth and Heav'n doth order, and make plain.  
 A gloomy bier beside this I beheld,  
 Deck'd with dead lilies; and all mourning shows  
 Were there, and folk lamenting by the bed;  
 Yea, I saw her who wounds and tortures souls,  
 Dealing out horror here or there; quoth she:  
 "Behold, I slay whoe'er would do thee harm!"  
 Then on my brow the noble seraph traced  
 With Peter's pen the words that thrice concealed  
 Within my heart he bade me ever keep;  
 And him I saw who drives the flaming Sun,  
 Rob'd in its splendour, circled by his court.  
 What mortal eye ne'er saw, did I behold.  
 A solitary sparrow chirruped loud  
 Upon the castle-wall; whereat I cried:  
 "That predicts life for me, and death for you."  
 Of all my troubles dire I sang and wrote,  
 Pleading to God for pardon and for aid,  
 Since now I felt mine eyes grow dim in death.  
 Never was wolf nor lion, tiger, bear  
 With such a thirst for human blood as he,  
 Nor viper with more venomous a sting.

<sup>1</sup> In this and the following lines he alludes to his visions, prophetic and otherwise, in language more or less obscure.

<sup>2</sup> The breaking of the bell is an allusion to the death of the Castellan.

"Twas he the cruel captain of the thieves,  
The greatest villain of a robber-crew.  
Yet softly let me speak, lest all should know.  
If ever famished bailiffs ye have seen  
Storm a poor fellow's house and seize his goods,  
Hurling to earth the Holy Images,  
So on a day in August did they come  
To lead me to a tomb more hideous still;  
Yet in November cursed, scatter'd shall ye be!  
Then in mine ears a trumpet did resound  
That told me all, as all I told to them,  
Mindful of nought save to assuage my woe.  
And, with intent to kill me, they at last  
Pounded a diamond to dust that this,  
Mixed with my food should surely work my death.  
Yet when the villain brought the food to me  
I made him taste the victuals first. Quoth I:  
"My foe, Durante,<sup>1</sup> ne'er intended this."  
But first to God above my thoughts I turned,  
Praying to Him for pardon for my sin,  
And "*Miserere!*" as I wept, exclaimed.  
When my great anguish had been somewhat soothed,  
Unto God's care I freely gave my soul,  
Content to know a better realm, another state.  
An angel out of Heav'n I saw descend,  
With glorious palm in hand, who joyously  
Promised that longer life should yet be mine.  
And said: "First God shall rid thee of all foes  
By waging on them grievous war, yet thou  
Being set free, shalt be most glad of heart,  
Bless'd by our Holy Father in Heav'n and Earth.'

<sup>1</sup> Durante Duranti of Brescia, who, as we have heard in the narrative above, supplied the diamond used for the purpose of poisoning him.

## BOOK II

### CHAPTER I

(1539-1540)

Cellini resides with the Cardinal of Ferrara.—He goes to Tagliacozzo to visit his former pupil, Ascanio.—Returning to Rome, he fashions a silver basin and ewer for the Cardinal; for whom he also executes a pontifical seal.—That prelate gives him a commission for a salt-cellar, the design for which is furnished by Luigi Alamanni and Gabriel Cesano. Cellini, however, makes the model after a design of his own.—He leaves Rome on his way to France.—At Monte Rosi he is joined by Cherubino, a master-watchmaker, and repulses an attack of his enemies.—He goes to Viterbo in company with the Cardinal of Ferrara.—At Siena, near the Porta Camollia, he has a dispute with the postmaster, whom he kills.—His companions, wounded in this struggle, are attended to at Staggia.—Arriving in Florence he is entertained by his sister and brother-in-law.—He next proceeds to Ferrara, where he finds Cardinal Ippolito d'Este.—He labours upon the before-mentioned ewer and basin.—He also goes out peacock-shooting.—For Duke Ercole he fashions a portrait upon a medallion of black stone, with a reverse representing *Peace*.

WHILST I resided in the palace of the above-mentioned Cardinal of Ferrara,<sup>1</sup> I was very universally well-regarded by everyone, and much more visited

<sup>1</sup> The Cardinal of Ferrara (Ippolito d'Este) was at this period residing in the palace of Cardinal Gonzaga, since he was not yet in possession of his own palace upon Monte Cavallo. From the Registers of his private expenses, kept by his treasurer, Tommaso Mosti (which include the whole of the year 1540), we learn many curious details regarding Cellini's sojourn with this munificent

than I had ever been previously, for every one marvelled much that I should have come out and should have lived through so many boundless afflictions; whilst I was recovering my breath, endeavouring to remember my profession, I took the greatest pleasure in re-writing the Poem recorded above. Then, in order that I might the better regain my strength, I took a resolution to go out into the air for some days, with the permission and the horses of my good (friend the) Cardinal, in company with two young Romans, of whom one was a worker in my own profession; the other his comrade was not of the trade but came to keep me company. Having left Rome, I went in the direction of Tagliacozze, thinking to find Ascanio my pupil above-mentioned; and when I reached Tagliacozze I found the said Ascanio, together with his father and brothers and sisters and step-mother. By them for two days I was made much of (in a way) that it

patron; amongst them an entry on January 4th for matting (*dodici stoe di pavierà*) to cover the floor of his workroom; and another on the 12th of the same month of the mason's charges for erecting a goldsmith's furnace in the palace then occupied by the Cardinal. We ascertain further that Benvenuto made for His Eminence at this period four silver candlesticks and a chalice; that he also, on February 6th, sold to him for twenty *scudi* a bronze bust of the Emperor Vitellius, and on March 1st received a gold *scudo* for making some gold wire to set the *Paternoster* of a rosary. "*I gargioni de M. Benvenuto aurifice*," Paolo Romano and Ascanio di Tagliacozzo, are not forgotten either, since a monthly provision of four gold *scudi* for the former and three for the latter, together with a gown and mantle to the value of twenty-four gold *scudi* appear to have been allotted to them from the Cardinal's private purse. Cf. CAMPORI, *Notizie inedite delle relazioni tra il cardinale Ippolito d'Este e Benvenuto Cellini*, Modena, 1862; and VENTURI, *Ricerche di antichità per Monte Giordano, Monte Cavallo e Tivoli nel Secolo XVI*, in *Arch. stor. dell' Arte*, 1890, p. 196.

would be impossible to relate: I departed towards Rome and I took Ascanio with me. On the way we began to discourse about our art, in such measure that I was pining to return to Rome in order to recommence my work. When we arrived in Rome, I immediately prepared myself to work, and retrieved a silver basin, that I had begun for the Cardinal before I was imprisoned. Together with the said basin was begun a most beautiful little ewer. This had been stolen from me with a great quantity of other things of much value.<sup>1</sup> Upon the said basin I made the above-mentioned Pagolo labour. I also recommenced the ewer, which was composed of small figures in high and low relief; and the said basin likewise was composed of figures in full relief and fishes in low relief, so rich and so well arranged, that every one who saw it remained astounded, as much on account of the force of the design, and (the originality) of the invention, as on account of the finish which those young men employed upon the said works. The Cardinal came at least twice every day to be with me, along with Misser Luigi Alamanni<sup>2</sup> and Misser Gabbriel Cesano,<sup>3</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> In the *Inventory* made after Cellini's imprisonment on October 23rd 1538 we find registered, "*Un bacile d'argento con una figura de argento dentro*" and "*Doi bocali d'argento de octo pezzi tutti d'argento.*" Cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Art. lomb.*, Vol. I, p. 267.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Bk. I, Chap. VIII, Vol. I, p. 164, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Gabriello Maria de Cesano, born at Pisa in 1490; a famous lawyer, philosopher, and Greek scholar. VARCHI mentions him in the *Ercolano* and in his *Storia*; UGHELLI (*Italia Sacra*) describes him as *vir litterarum scientia, ac morum probitate conspicuus*; and CLAUDIO TOLOMEI, who speaks of him as "a man very uncommon for courtesy and learning," appended the title of *Cesano* to a Dialogue wherein a number of scholars discuss by what name the Italian language should be designated. BUSINI also alludes to him in that

there for some hours we passed time pleasantly. Notwithstanding that I had a great deal to do, he kept loading me besides with new commissions; and he employed me to make his pontifical seal. It was in size as large as the hand of a lad of twelve years of age; and on the same seal I cut out (*intagliai . . . in cavo*) two small scenes; of which one was when St. John was preaching in the desert, the other when Sant' Ambruogio was discomfiting those Arians,<sup>1</sup> represented mounted upon a horse with a whip in his hand, with so much fire and fine drawing, and so

portion of his *Letters* to VARCHI, wherein reference is made to the part he played in the politics of Florence. Paul IV, out of gratitude for the services rendered by him to the Holy See—especially in his Embassies—and at the request of Queen Catherine de Medicis, appointed him Bishop of Saluzzo in 1556. He died in 1568 at the age of seventy-eight.

<sup>1</sup> It was a popular tradition amongst the people of Milan that Sant' Ambrogio came to their assistance in person at the battle which they gained over Lodovico Visconti at Parabiago on February 21st 1339. From this tradition it was customary to represent the Saint in full pontifical attire, mounted on horseback, and in the act of repulsing the enemy (who, for some unexplained reason, are popularly called *Ariani*), with a whip. There is a fuller description of this seal in Chapter XIII of the *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*; and the author adds that both the scenes were "*copiosissime di figure*." Cf. the illustration given by PLON, *op. cit.*, Pl. X, n. 1, and p. 191. It is oval in form, and beneath the scenes are displayed the arms of the Cardinal and the lilies of France, and around the whole is the following inscription: HIPPOLYTUS ESTEN. S. MARIAE IN AQVIRO DIACONVS CAR. FERRARIEN. It may be worthy of note here that MUNTZ found in a Register of sums of money laid out by Bindo Altoviti's Bank on behalf of the fabric of St. Peter's, entries of two contracts for seals, made with Cellini, to which he himself makes no allusion. They run thus: 1531. 21 marzo. Ducati 10 a Benvenuto orfice per uno sigillo.—13 maggio. Ducati 6 a Benvenuto orfice per due sigilli, portò cont (anti).



SEAL OF CARDINAL IPPOLITO D'ESTE

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cleanly finished, that every one said that I had surpassed the great Lautizio,<sup>1</sup> who made this trade his sole one; and the Cardinal out of personal pride used to compare it with the other seals of the Cardinals of Rome, which were nearly all the workmanship of the above-mentioned Lautizio.

The Cardinal also ordered of me in addition, along with those two works above-mentioned, that I should make a model for a salt-cellar; but he would have liked me to exceed the ordinary run of those who had made salt-cellar. Misser Luigi made many admirable observations regarding this salt-cellar; Misser Gabbriello Cesano also said many very fine things upon this subject. The Cardinal, a most courteous listener and satisfied beyond measure with the designs, which these two great critics had devised in words, turning to me said: "Benvenuto mine, the design of Misser Luigi and that of Misser Gabbriello please me so much, that I do not know which one of the two to select. I therefore refer it to you, for it is you who have to put it into execution." Thereupon I said: "See, my lords, of what importance are the sons of Kings and of Emperors, and what a marvellous splendour and divinity it is that appears in them. Nevertheless if you ask a poor humble shepherd for whom he has the most love and the most affection, for those said sons or for his own children, of a certainty he will

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Bk. I, Chap. V, Vol. I, p. 90, n. 2. It is to be observed that in spite of CELLINI'S remark in that passage, Lautizio did content himself sometimes with less than 100 *scudi*; for MUNTZ has retrieved for us the following entry: 1522. 7 marzo. *Pago a Lautitio per quattro sigilli de lo cardinale, due grandi tondi, e doi picoli, stimati julii cinquanta, sonno duc, 6. 6. 30. (Reg. expensarum cardinalis 1521. 1522. fol. 113.)*

tell you that he has the most love for his own children. Therefore I also have great love for my own offspring which I bring forth in this my profession; therefore that which I will exhibit first to you, Monsignor my Most Reverend Patron, will be my own work and my own invention; for many things are beautiful to describe, which when afterwards in execution do not correspond well in the result." And turning myself to those two great critics, I said: "You have spoken and I will act." Misser Luigi Alamanni thereupon laughing, with greatest amiability added many clever remarks in my favour: and they became him, for he was handsome in appearance and proportion of figure, and possessed a pleasant voice: Misser Gabbriello Cesano was quite the reverse, so ugly and so unpleasant (was he); and so in accordance with his appearance did he speak. Misser Luigi had designed in words that I should make a *Venus with a Cupid* together with many emblems all in keeping: Misser Gabbriello had designed that I should make an *Amphitrite*, wife of Neptune, along with those Tritons of Neptune and many other things, very beautiful in description but not in execution. I made an oval shape of the size of well over half a braccia—almost two thirds—and upon the said shape, as though to display the Sea embracing the Earth, I made two figures considerably more than a palm in height, which were seated with their legs entwined one with another, just as one sees certain long arms of the sea which run into the land; and in the hand of the male figure, the sea, I placed a very richly decorated ship: in this same ship much salt could be well and conveniently placed; beneath the said (figure) I had arranged those four sea-horses; in the right hand of the

said Sea I had placed his trident. The Earth I had made a woman of such beauteous form as I could and knew how, handsome and graceful; and in the hand of the said figure I had placed a temple rich and decorated, placed upon the ground, and she leant upon it with the said hand; this (temple) I had made to hold the pepper. In the other hand I placed a Horn of Plenty, adorned with all the beauties that I possibly knew. Beneath this goddess and in that portion that I showed to be (intended for) the earth, I had arranged all the most beautiful animals that the earth produces. Beneath the portion of the sea I had represented all the handsome kinds of fishes and little snails, that could be included within that small space: in the width of the remainder of the oval I devised many very rich ornaments. Then having waited for the Cardinal, who came with those two critics, I produced this work of mine (executed) in wax: upon which with much noise Misser Gabbriello Cesano was the first (to speak), and he said: "This is a work which could not be completed in the lifetime of ten men; and you, Most Reverend Monsignor, who would desire it, will never have it in your lifetime; therefore Benvenuto has wished to show us his children, but not to give them to us, as we did, for we described those things that can be accomplished, and he has shown to us things that cannot be accomplished." Upon this Misser Luigi Alamanni took my part, though he also did not wish to enter upon so great an undertaking. Thereupon I turned to them and said: "Most Reverend Monsignor, and to you two so full of talent, I say that I hope to complete this work for whosoever should have it, and each of you shall see it completed one hundred times more richly than

the model; and I hope that there may be time enough left besides to make much greater things of that kind than this." The Cardinal said angrily: "Unless you make it for the King, to whom I am taking you, I do not believe that it can be made for anyone else;"<sup>1</sup> and having shown me the letters, wherein the King in one passage wrote that he must return quickly bringing Benvenuto with him I raised my hands to heaven, saying: "Oh! that this may quickly come!" The Cardinal replied that I must give my orders and hasten the commissions that I had to do in Rome, within ten days. When the time came for the departure, he gave me a fine and excellent horse; and it was called *Tornon* because Cardinal Tornon<sup>2</sup> had given it to him. Also Pagolo and Ascanio, my pupils, were provided with the means of riding. The Cardinal divided his train, which was very large: one portion, the most noble, he took along with himself; with it he took the road through the Romagna, in order to visit the Madonna del Loreto, and from thence afterwards to Ferrara his home; the other part he turned in the direction of Florence. This was the larger portion, and it was a vast number of persons, together with the flower of his knights (*la bellezza della sua cavalleria*). He told me that if I wanted to travel in safety, I might go along

<sup>1</sup> As we shall see later this is what actually did occur. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 170 and *postea*.

<sup>2</sup> François de Tournon, one of the most celebrated Ministers of State in France at that period; created a cardinal in 1530. He played a very important part in French politics and at the same time employed his vast wealth in the encouragement of the Liberal Arts and of men of letters. He died in 1562 at the age of seventy-three. Cf. THUANI, *Historiæ*, Vol. II, p. 324, and CIACCONIO, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, pp. 506-511.

with himself; if not that I ran in peril of my life. I expressed the intention to His Most Reverend Lordship of travelling with him; but since that which is ordered by Heaven happens as it must do, it pleased God that there should return to my memory my own poor sister, who had suffered so much severe distresses at my great misfortunes. There also returned to my memory my first cousins (*sorelle cugine*), who were nuns at Viterbo, one an abbess and the other stewardess,<sup>1</sup> (in such fashion that they were comptrollers of that rich convent) and since they had endured upon my account so much grievous distress, and had offered so many prayers upon my behalf, I reckoned it as most certain that the prayers of these poor virgins had obtained the Grace of God for my safety. Therefore, when all these things came into my memory, I turned towards Florence; and whereas I should have travelled free of expense along with the Cardinal and the rest of his train, I wanted to travel on my own account; and I was accompanied by a most excellent master clock-maker who was called master Cherubino,<sup>2</sup> a great friend of mine. Meeting each other by chance, we made that journey very agreeably together. Having left Rome on Monday in Holy

<sup>1</sup> *Camarlinga*: lit., "a female chamberlain"; but perhaps a sort of "house manageress" or "stewardess."

<sup>2</sup> Cherubino Sforzani, a native of Reggio Emilia and a Modenese cleric. He bore the nickname of *Parolaro* (Chatterbox). As master-watchmaker he appears to have been regularly employed both by the Este family and by the Pope, from whom he received a monthly allowance of four ducats. Cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Art. lomb cit* Vol. I, p. 270, and CAMPORI, *Gli orologiai degli Estensi*. BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti in relaz. coi Gonzaga*, Modena, Vincenzi, 1885, p. 95-96) quotes some letters of his.

Week,<sup>1</sup> we three<sup>2</sup> proceeded alone, and at Monteruosi<sup>3</sup> found the said company, and since I had expressed my intention of travelling with the Cardinal, I did not think that any of those enemies of mine would otherwise have gone to watch for me. It is a fact (however) that I came off badly at Monteruosi, for a troop of well-armed men had been sent on ahead of us, to do me mischief; and God willed it that whilst we were at dinner, they,—for they had received notice that I was coming without the Cardinal's train,—had got themselves ready to injure me. At this juncture there arrived the said train of the Cardinal and with it I gladly travelled in safety as far as Viterbo; for from thence onwards I did not then know of any further danger, and especially since I travelled always several miles ahead; and the best of those men who were in that train showed great attention to me. I arrived by God's Grace sound and safe at Viterbo, and there the greatest kindnesses were shown me by those cousins (*sorelle*) of mine and by all the convent. Leaving Viterbo, with the above-mentioned (persons), we proceeded upon our way on horseback, sometimes ahead of and sometimes behind the said train of the Cardinal, in such a way that on Holy Thursday, at twenty-two of the clock, we found ourselves one post from Siena; and seeing that there were several return-mares (*alcune cavalle di ritorno*) there, and that those people belonging to the posts were waiting to give them to such passengers, as for some small reduction would take them back to the post at Siena—seeing this, I dismounted from my

<sup>1</sup> In 1540, Monday in Holy Week fell on March 22nd.

<sup>2</sup> Our hero and his two assistants, Paolo and Ascanio.

<sup>3</sup> A small village between Rome and Viterbo.

horse Tornon, and having set my pillion<sup>1</sup> and stirrups upon that mare, I gave a *julius* to one of those grooms (*garzoni*) of the postal service. Leaving my own horse to my young men that they might bring it after me, I immediately went ahead in order to reach Siena half-an-hour earlier, so as to visit a certain friend of mine, and to do certain other of my business. Although I went quickly, however, I did not race the said mare. When I reached Siena, I engaged good rooms at the inn which would serve the needs of five persons, and by the landlord's groom I sent the said mare to the (office of the) post, which was situated outside the Porta Cammolliia, but I had forgotten that my stirrups and my pillion were still upon the said mare. We passed the evening of Holy Thursday very pleasantly; the morning after, which was Good Friday, I remembered my stirrups and my pillion. When I sent for them, that postmaster said that he would not give them up to me, because I had raced his mare. I sent many times backwards and forwards, and the said man always kept saying with many insulting and insupportable words, that he would not give them up to me; and the landlord where I was lodging said to me: "You will fare well if he does not do something else besides not giving up to you the pillion and the stirrups:" and he added besides: "Know that that man is the most brutal fellow that we have ever had in this city, and that he has there two sons, very brave soldiers, more brutal than himself; therefore pur-

<sup>1</sup> *Cucino*. Mr. J. A. SYMONDS translates this word "*pad*," and explains it as a sort of cushion flung upon the saddle, to which the stirrups were attached. I cannot see myself why it should not correspond to the ordinary pillion used by travellers in those days.



chase again what you need and pass along without saying anything." I bought a pair of stirrups, thinking however with kindly words to recover my excellent pillion: and since I was very well mounted, and well armed with coat (of mail) and gauntlets, and had an admirable arquebuse at my saddlebow, the great brutality, which he (the landlord) told me that that mad beast had, caused me no terror. I had besides accustomed those young men of mine to wear coats (of mail) and gauntlets, and I placed great confidence in that Roman youth, for it seemed to me whilst we were in Rome, that he would never take them off. Ascanio also, though he was but a lad, also wore them; and since it was Good Friday, I thought that even the ravings of the mad<sup>1</sup> ought really to have some little pause (*feria*). We arrived at the said Porta Camollia; whereupon I saw and recognized this postmaster from the indications that had been given me, as being blind of the left eye. Going to meet him, and leaving apart those young men and those companions of mine, I said pleasantly: "Postmaster, if I give you security that I did not race your mare, why will you not be willing to give me up my pillion and my stirrups?" To this he replied truly after the fashion of a madman, a brutal one, as I had been told: wherefore I said to him: "What? Are you not a Christian? Do you want on Good Friday to cause scandal to both yourself and me?" He said that Good Friday or Devil's Friday did not trouble him, and that if I did not take myself off, with a halberd (*spuntone*) that he had caught up, he would throw me to the ground along with the arquebuse that I had in my hand. At

<sup>1</sup> This means "mad people" generically.

these fierce words there drew near an old nobleman, a Sieneſe, dressed in civilian attire, who was returning from the performance of thoſe devotions which are cuſtomary upon ſuch a day; and having heard from a diſtance very clearly all my arguments, he boldly approached to reprove the ſaid poſtmaſter, taking my ſide; and he rebuked his two ſons, becauſe they did not do their duty by the ſtrangers who paſſed by, and (he told them) that in that way they were acting in oppoſition to God, and bringing blame upon the City of Siena. Thoſe two young men, his ſons, ſhook their heads without ſaying anything, and went away inside their houſe. The enraged father, incenſed by the remarks of that honourable nobleman, immediately, with ſhameful blaſphemies, lowered the halberd, ſwearing that he would ſlay me with it anyhow. When I ſaw this villainous intention, in order to keep him ſomewhat back, I made as though to ſhow him the muzzle of my arquebuſe: and when he, more furious ſtill, threw himſelf upon me, the arquebuſe, which I had in my hand—for, although in readineſs for my own defence, I had not lowered it ſo as to be directed at him, but had it with its muzzle (pointed) upwards—of its own accord went off. The ball ſtruck the arch of the gateway, and driven backwards ſtruck into the windpipe of the ſaid man, who fell to the earth dead.<sup>1</sup> His two ſons ran up quickly, and whiſt one of them ſeized his arms from a rack, the other caught up his father's halberd. Throwing themſelves upon thoſe young men of mine,

<sup>1</sup> We have no further confirmatory particulars of this murder from other ſources, ſince the Sieneſe criminal records of this period are loſt.

that son who had the halberd wounded first the Roman Pagolo above the left nipple; the other rushed upon a Milanese who was of our company, who had the appearance of a crazy creature; and it did not avail him that he commended himself by saying that he had nothing to do with me, and defended himself from the point of a partisan with a little cane that he had in his hand. With this he could not ward him off much; so that he was slightly wounded in the mouth. Misser Cherubino was clad like a priest, for although he was a most excellent master clockmaker, as I have said, he held benefices from the Pope with handsome emoluments. Ascanio, since he was very well armed, made no sign of taking to flight, as had that Milanese. Wherefore these two were not injured. I, for I had set spurs to my horse, and, whilst he was galloping, had hastily got in readiness and loaded my arquebuse, was turning furiously back again; for since it seemed to me that whereas I had acted as in jest I now wished to act in real earnest, and I thought that those young men of mine had been slain, I was resolved to die myself also. The horse had not raced many paces back, when I met them coming towards me, and I asked them if they had suffered any hurt. Ascanio answered that Pagolo was wounded to death by a halberd. Thereupon I said: "Oh, Pagolo, my son, then the halberd has pierced your coat of mail?" "No," said he; "for I had put my coat of mail into my saddle-bag this morning." "Then" (said I) "they wear coats of mail about Rome in order to appear handsome before the ladies? and in dangerous situations, where it is one's business to have them, they keep them in the saddle-bag? You well

deserve all the misfortunes that have fallen upon you, and you are the reason that I want also to go and die there also"; and whilst I was saying these words I continued to turn bravely back again. Ascanio and he besought me for the love of God to be content to save myself and save them, for it was certain that I was going to my death. At this moment I met Misser Cherubino, along with that wounded Milanese: he immediately reproved me, saying that he had received no harm, that Pagolo's wound had gone so much to the right that it had not gone in deep,<sup>1</sup> that the old postmaster lay dead upon the ground, and that his sons with many other persons were getting themselves ready, and for certain they would have us all cut to pieces: "Therefore, Benvenuto, since fortune has protected us from that first onslaught of theirs, do not let us tempt her further, lest she should not protect us (again)." Thereupon I said: "Then if you are satisfied, I also am content;" and turning to Pagolo and Ascanio, I said to them: "Give spurs to your horses and let us gallop as far as Staggia<sup>2</sup> without ever stopping, and there we shall be safe." The wounded Milanese said: "May a canker fall upon our sins! For this misfortune that has befallen me is solely the punishment of the sin of a little meat soup that I ate yesterday, not having anything else to dine upon." In spite of all the great disasters that we were enduring, we were compelled to make some small show

*Il colpo di Pagolo era ito tanto ritto, che non era isfondato: a strange construction, but one intended to convey that Pagolo's wound was little more than a grazing of the skin. See *postea*.*

<sup>2</sup> A picturesque little fortified hamlet about fifteen kilometres on the road between Siena and Poggibonsi.

of laughter at that fool (*bestia*), and at those silly words that he had uttered. We set spurs to our horses, and left Misser Cherubino and the Milanese, who came along at their leisure. Meanwhile the dead man's sons hurried to the Duke of Melfi<sup>1</sup> that he might give them some light cavalry to catch us up and arrest us. The said Duke, when he knew that we were men (in the service) of the Cardinal of Ferrara, would give them neither the cavalry nor permission (to go after us). Meantime we arrived at Staggia, where we were in safety. When we reached Istaggia, we sought out a doctor, the best that that place could provide; and having caused him to examine the said Pagolo, the wound had only entered the skin (*andava pelle pelle*), and I knew that it would have no evil consequence. We got ourselves ready to dine. Meantime there appeared Misser Cherubino and that mad Milanese fellow, who was continually calling down plagues upon quarrels, and saying that he was excommunicated because he had not been able to say a single Paternoster upon that holy morning. This man was hideous of feature, and had naturally a huge mouth; subsequently

<sup>1</sup> Alfonso Piccolomini, Duke of Melfi (Malfi, or Amalfi, in the Bay of Salerno), at this time held the Governorship of the Republic of Siena under the Emperor Charles V (according to SEGNÍ, Lib. X, "*like the shadow of his Majesty*"), who had in 1529 created him Captain-General of the Sienese. He was extremely popular, and might even have aimed at sovereign power, had not he in an evil hour, succumbing to the charms of Agnese Salvi, permitted that lady's brothers to indulge in so unbridled a license as to provoke serious disturbances in that City. In 1541, therefore, Granuela, the Emperor's Commissary in Italy, summarily removed Piccolomini from his office and imprisoned the Salvi brothers at Milan. Cf. PECCI, *Memorie storico-critiche della città di Siena*, Part III, pp. 24, 173.

in consequence of the wound which he had received in it, the mouth was increased by more than three fingers;<sup>1</sup> and with his comic Milanese accent, and that same silly tongue of his those remarks that he made gave us so much occasion for laughter, that instead of lamenting our misfortunes, we could do nothing but laugh at every word that the man said. When the doctor was desirous of sewing up the wound in his mouth, and had already set in three stitches, he told the doctor that he must pause a bit, for he would not have him out of some feeling of enmity stitch it all up: and laying hold of a spoon, he said that he wanted it left sufficiently open, that that spoon might enter so that he might return alive to his own family. These words which he uttered with certain head-shakings, gave us so great occasion for laughter, that instead of lamenting our own evil fortune, we could never leave off laughing; and laughing continually in this fashion we proceeded to Florence. We dismounted at the house of my poor sister, where we were very wonderfully welcomed by my brother-in-law and by her. Misser Cherubino and the Milanese went about their own business. We stayed in Florence for four days, during which Pagolo was cured; but it was a very great thing that continually when we talked of that fool of a Milanese, it moved us to as much laughter as our other troubles had disposed us to weep; to such purpose that we continually at the same moment both laughed and wept. Pagolo was easily cured; we then departed towards Ferrara, and we found that our Cardinal had not yet arrived in Ferrara. And he had heard of all our adventures; and condoling

<sup>1</sup> About an inch and a half.

with us he said: "I pray God that He will grant me sufficient grace that I may conduct you alive to that King to whom I have promised you." The said Cardinal assigned to me one of his own palaces in Ferrara, a very beautiful place, called *Bel fiore*, adjoining the city walls; there he caused me to prepare myself for working.<sup>1</sup> Then he made arrangements to set out himself towards France without me; and when he saw that I was very ill-content at remaining, he said to me: "Benvenuto, all that I do is for your advantage; for before I take you out of Italy I want you to know very thoroughly first what you are going to do in France; at this juncture, push on the most you can this basin and small ewer of mine; and I will leave orders with one of my stewards that he give you all that you have need of." And when he had departed I remained very ill-content, and many times had the desire of going away altogether; but I was only kept back by the fact that he had procured my freedom from Pope Pagolo; so that, for the rest, I remained ill-content and at considerable personal loss. Nevertheless having clad myself in that gratitude that the benefit received deserved, I disposed myself to have patience and to see what end might come to this business; and setting myself to work along with those two young men of mine I made very wonderful progress with that ewer and that basin. The air where we were lodged was unwholesome, and as we came towards summer we were all rather ill. During this indisposition of ours we went about to see

<sup>1</sup> This is also confirmed by the Register of Tommaso Mosti, to which we have referred above. We learn thence that Cellini and his assistants were supplied not only with the implements necessary for their trade, but also with commissions (candlesticks and

over the estate upon which we were living, which was very large, and allowed to run wild for about a (square) mile of open ground, in which were so many indigenous peacocks that they nested there like wild birds. When I saw this, I prepared my fowling piece with a certain noiseless (*senza far rumore*) powder. Then I stalked those young peacocks, and every two days I slew one, which fed us very plentifully, and were of such excellence that all our ailments left us. And we continued working for several months most pleasantly, and brought forward that ewer and basin, which were works that involved great (expenditure of) time. At this time the Duke of Ferrara adjusted with Pope Pagolo, the Roman, certain of their ancient differences, which they had regarding Modena and certain other cities; and since the Church had a claim to them, the Duke made this peace with the said Pope by the power of money. The amount of this was great; I believe that it exceeded more than three hundred thousand ducats of the Camera.<sup>1</sup> The Duke had at this time an aged treasurer of his, a pupil of the Duke Alfonso his father, who was called Misser Girolamo Giliolo. This old man could not endure the injury of so great a sum going to the Pope, and he went about the streets crying out, and saying, "Duke Alfonso, his father, with this money would much sooner have taken pos- coins) to carry out, and the raw material therefor. Cf. CAMPORI, *op. cit.*

<sup>1</sup> After long discussions and disputes a treaty was concluded in 1539 between Ercole II and Paul III; and on payment of one hundred and eighty thousand gold ducats the Duke acquired from the Pope the reinvestiture of the provinces and towns that had formerly been granted to his family by Alexander VI. Cf. MURATORI, *Antich. Est.*, p. 11, c. 12.



session of Rome than have shown it to her;" and no orders would make him pay it. Then at last when the Duke obliged him to cause it to be paid, there came upon this old man so violent an attack of dysentery that it brought him almost to his death. At this juncture, when he was ill the said Duke summoned me, and wanted me to make his portrait, which I did upon a round tablet of black stone, as large as a small table trencher. Those labours of mine pleased the Duke together with my many agreeable discourses; which two things were frequently the reason that for four or five hours at least he remained still, so as to allow me to draw his portrait, and sometimes made me sup at his own table. In the space of eight days I completed this portrait of his head. Then he commanded that I should make the reverse: whereon was figured a woman as Peace with a torch in her hand, with which she was setting light to a trophy of arms. I made this said woman of most beauteous grace in an attitude of joy, and clad in very thin garments; and beneath her feet I represented Fury in despair and mourning, bound with many chains.<sup>1</sup> This work I executed with much care, and the same did me very much credit. The Duke could not cease from expressing his satisfaction, and provided me

<sup>1</sup> The description of this reverse recalls that of the medal made for Clement VII, to which allusion is made in Book I, Chap. XIV, Vol. I, p. 266. It is probable that it was never executed in bronze, and till recently all trace of it was thought to be lost. Recently, however, a plaster cast from the wax model has been found by Prof. Cornelius von Fabriczy in the Goethe Museum at Weimar. Cf. C. VON FABRICZY, *Italian Medals* (trans. by MRS. GUSTAVUS W. HAMILTON). London, Duckworth and Co., 1904, pp. 144-5, and PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 202.

with the inscriptions for the Head of His Excellency and for the reverse. That upon the reverse ran: *Pretiosa in conspectu domini* ("Right dear in the sight of the Lord"). It symbolized that that Peace had been sold for a (large) sum of money.

## CHAPTER II

(1540)

Cellini is summoned to France by the Cardinal of Ferrara.—He quarrels with Messer Alberto Benedio.—He refuses to accept a ring of inferior value presented to him in the name of Duke Ercole, and is given a more costly one.—A model of a silver vase, executed by him for Berengario da Carpi is shown to him as an antique.—By his orders his workmen exhibit the basin and ewer to Alfonso de' Trotti.—Discontented with his treatment at Ferrara he starts upon his way to Paris, and reaches Lyons.—Arrived at Fontainebleau, Cellini exhibits his basin and ewer to the King.—He travels in the train of the King.—The Cardinal of Ferrara is of opinion that Benvenuto ought to be satisfied with an allowance from the King of three hundred *scudi* per annum.—The artist wrathfully provides Paolo and Ascanio with money, and orders them to return home to Italy.—He departs himself with the intention of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; but, being overtaken by a messenger from the King, is persuaded to turn back.

**D**URING the time that I set myself to the fashioning of this said reverse, the Cardinal had written to me, telling me to get myself in readiness, for the King had asked for me; and that in his next letters there would be directions for all that he had promised me. I had my basin put into a case and my ewer carefully packed up; for I had already shown them to the Duke. A Ferrarese nobleman transacted the Cardinal's business, who was called by the name of Misser Alberto Ben

de dio.<sup>1</sup> This man had been confined to his house twelve years, without ever going out, on account of an ailment from which he suffered. One day he sent for me in greatest haste, to tell me that I must take the post at once to go to join the King, who had asked for me with great importunity, thinking that I was (already) in France. The Cardinal as an excuse had stated that I was stopping at one of his abbeys in Lyons because I was rather unwell, but that he would arrange that I should be quickly with His Majesty; whence he was making this speed in order that I should hurry by the post. This Misser Alberto was a very worthy man, but he was a proud one, and by reason of his ailment insupportably haughty; and, as I said, he told me to get myself ready quickly, so that I might hasten by the post. To which I replied that my profession was not practised by the post, and that if I had to go, I wished to go by agreeable stages and to take with me my workmen Ascanio and Pagolo, whom I had brought from Rome; and I wanted besides a servant on horseback with us, for my service, and as much money as would suffice to convey me thither. This sick old man replied to me with very haughty words, that in the fashion that I described, and not otherwise, travelled the Duke's own sons. I immediately replied to him that the sons of my profession travelled after that fashion which I had described, and since I had never been the son of a duke I did not know how such persons travelled; but that if he employed such extraordinary expressions within my hearing I would not go on any account; for since the Cardinal had broken his pledge to me,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. V, Vol. I, p. 98, n. 3.

and then these disgraceful words had been sharpened upon me, I would assuredly make up my mind not to be willing to worry myself with the people of Ferrara. And turning my back upon him, I grumbling and he threatening, I went away. I went to see the Duke above-mentioned with his medal completed; who showed me the most honourable courtesies that were ever performed by any man in the world; and he had directed that Misser Girolamo Giliolo of his, that for those labours of mine he should find a ring containing a diamond of the value of two hundred *scudi*, and that he should give it to Fiaschino his chamberlain, who would pass it on to me. So was it done. The said Fiaschino on the evening of the day when I had presented the medal, at the first hour of the night offered me a ring, in which was a diamond which made a great display, and uttered these words on behalf of his Duke: "That that unique talented hand, which had laboured so brilliantly, should in memory of His Excellency adorn that said hand with that diamond." When day came I examined the said ring, which was a poor thin diamond, of the value of about ten *scudi*; and since I did not like (to think) that such magnificent words, as the Duke had directed to be conveyed to me, clothed so small a reward, for the Duke thought he had well satisfied me; and since I imagined that it came about through that knave of a treasurer of his, I gave the ring to a friend of mine that he might restore it to the chamberlain Fiaschino in any way that he could. This man was Bernardo Saliti, who carried out this commission admirably. The said Fiaschino immediately came to see me with very loud exclamations informing me, that if the Duke knew that I had sent

back a present which he had so graciously bestowed upon me after that fashion, he would take it very ill, and perhaps I should have to repent of it. I replied to the said man, that the ring which His Excellency had bestowed upon me was of the value of about ten *scudi*, and that the work that I had done for His Excellency was worth more than two hundred. But in order to demonstrate to His Excellency, that I esteemed his act of courtesy, and that if he would but send me a ring for the cramp—one of those that come from England which are worth about one carlino<sup>1</sup>—I would preserve it in memory of His Excellency as long as I lived, together with those honourable words that His Excellency had directed to be addressed to me; for I reckoned that the munificence of His Excellency had largely paid me for my labours, where that base trinket had insulted me. These words caused so much annoyance to the Duke, that he summoned to him that said treasurer of his; and administered to him the severest scolding that he had ever given him in the past; and he directed that I should be commanded under pain of his displeasure, not to leave Ferrara without causing him to be informed; and he commanded his treasurer to give me a diamond which amounted in value to three hundred *scudi*. The miserly treasurer found one that came to a little over sixty *scudi*, and gave it to be understood that the said diamond was worth more than two hundred. Meanwhile the above-mentioned Misser Alberto had recovered a sensible course, and had provided me with everything that I had

<sup>1</sup> By this is probably intended one of those rings that were supposed to be efficacious against contractions of the muscles. Similar rings with attributed healing properties are still not uncommon.

asked for. I was prepared to leave Ferrara at all costs that very day; but that busy chamberlain of the Duke's had combined with the said Misser Alberto that for that day I should have no horses. I had loaded a mule with a great deal of my baggage, and with it I had packed up that basin and that ewer which I had made for the Cardinal. At this juncture there came in a Ferrarese nobleman, who was called by the name of Misser Alfonso de Trotti.<sup>1</sup> This nobleman was very old, and was a very affected person, and he greatly loved the Arts; but he was one of those persons who are most difficult to content; and if by chance they ever happen to see anything that pleases them they picture it in their brain as so excellent, that they never more expect to see any other thing that may please them. This Misser Alfonso arrived: whereupon Misser Alberto said to him: "I am sorry that you are come too late: for that ewer and that basin which we are sending to the Cardinal in France is already packed and closed up." This Misser Alfonso said that he did not mind that; and beckoning to one of his servants sent him to his house: who brought him a ewer of white clay, of the pottery of Faenza,<sup>2</sup> very delicately decorated. Whilst the servant

<sup>1</sup> A faithful and much trusted minister of Duke Alfonso I, and in his quality of Ducal agent the adversary of the author of the *Orlando* in the celebrated case of the *Arioste*. Amongst the letters addressed to Pietro Aretino is to be found one from him (by no means the least flattering) in which he relieves that writer from the payment of certain taxes. From CELLINI's *Memorandum* (dated February 18th 1568) we learn that Conte Alfonso Trotti di Ferrara was our artist's tenant in the upper part of his house *dell' Arme* in Piazza S. Maria Novella in Florence, "*dirimpetto allo Spedale di San Pagolo*." Cf. TASSI, Vol. III, p. 162.

<sup>2</sup> *Majolica*, as we know, was called *Faïence* from the name of

was going and returning Misser Alfonso said to the said Misser Alberto: "I want to tell you why I never wish to see any more vases: the reason is, that once I saw one of silver, an antique, so beautiful and so marvellous, that human imagination would not reach the conception of such excellence; and therefore I do not care to see any other such things, lest I spoil the wonderful memory of that one. It was to an important and accomplished nobleman, who went to Rome on certain business of his own, that this antique vase was shown and that privately; who by the power of a great quantity of *scudi* corrupted the man who owned it, and brought it with him into our district, but he keeps the matter so well concealed, that the Duke does not know of it, because he would be afraid of losing it entirely." This Misser Alfonso, whilst he was telling these long tales of his, paid no attention to me, although I was present, because he was not acquainted with me. Meanwhile this blessed earthen-ware model,<sup>1</sup> having appeared, was uncovered with so much vain-glory, officiousness and pomp, that when I had looked at it I turned to Misser Alberto and said: "I am indeed fortunate to have seen it." Misser Alfonso enraged said, with some insolent words: "Oh! Who are you, who do not know what you are talking about?" To this I replied: "Now listen to me, and then you will see which of us knows best what he is talking about?" Turning myself to

that city in Italy whence the finest pottery of this kind is produced.

<sup>1</sup> Presumably, though it is not very clear, this "*benedetto modello di terra*" is the same "*boccale do terra bianca*" to which allusion is made above.



Misser Alberto, a very grave and talented personage, I said: "This is a little silver drinking-vessel, weighing so much, that I made at such and such a period for that quack of a Maestro Jacopo, the surgeon from Carpi, who came to Rome and stayed there six months, and with an ointment of his, smeared many tens of unfortunate lords and nobles, from whom he extracted many thousands of ducats. At that period I made this vase, and another differing from it; and he paid me very shabbily for both of them,<sup>1</sup> and now all those unhappy beings in Rome whom he anointed are crippled and in evil case. It is a very great glory for me that my works should be held in so much honour by you wealthy lords; but I tell you plainly, that during those many years since that time I have applied myself as much as ever I could to learning; in such measure that I think that that vase which I am carrying into France is much more worthy of the Cardinal and of the King than was that belonging to that bit of a doctor of yours." When I had uttered these words of mine, Misser Alfonso appeared to be really consumed with desire to see that basin and ewer, which I continually denied him. When we had been some little time at this pass, he said that he would go to the Duke and he would see them by means of His Excellency's authority. Thereupon Misser Alberto Ben di Dio, who was, as I have said, very proud, said: "Before you leave here, Misser Alfonso, you shall see them, without invoking favours from the Duke." At these words I departed, and I left Ascanio and Pagolo, to exhibit

<sup>1</sup> This is a contradiction of his own remark (Book I, Chap. V, Vol. I, p. 97) that Jacopo da Carpi paid him "*molto bene*" for these vases.

them; who told me subsequently that they had said the finest things in my praise. Misser Alfonso afterwards wished that I would be more intimate with him, whereat it seemed to me a thousand years ere I could get away from Ferrara, and take myself away from them. The most that I had in the way of advantage had been the acquaintance of the Cardinal Salviati<sup>1</sup> and that of the Cardinal of Ravenna,<sup>2</sup> and of some of those clever musicians,<sup>3</sup> and no one else; for the Ferrarese are a very miserly race, and covet the goods of others in every fashion that they can possibly acquire them; thus are they all. At twenty-two of the clock there appeared the above-mentioned Fiaschino, and he offered me the said diamond of the value of about sixty *scudi*; saying with a melancholy expression and in a few words, that I must take that out of affection for His Excellency. To whom I replied—"and I will do so." Setting my feet in the stirrups in his presence, I began my journey of departure; he noted the act and the words; and when he reported them to the Duke, he in a rage conceived a very great desire to make me turn back again. That evening I proceeded more than ten miles, trotting continuously; and when next day I was outside the Ferrarese territory I was very greatly pleased; for except those young peacocks that I had eaten for the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. IV, Vol. I, p. 85, n. 2. He was at that time Archbishop of Ferrara.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. VII, Vol. I, p. 138, n. 1. MAZZUCHELLI, contrary to UGHELLI, proves that this Cardinal resided in Ferrara, and not at Ravenna.

<sup>3</sup> From very early times music flourished in Ferrara, and at that particular period there resided in the City several celebrated executants and composers.

sake of my health, I knew of no other good thing in it. We took our way by Monsanese,<sup>1</sup> not touching the city of Milan on account of the above-mentioned suspicion; in such a way that we arrived sound and safe at Lyons. Together with Pagolo and Ascanio and a servant we were four, with four very good horses. When we reached Lyons we stopped several days to await the muleteer who had that silver basin and ewer, together with our other baggage; we were lodged in an abbey which belonged to the Cardinal.<sup>2</sup> When the muleteer arrived we put all our belongings into a cart, and proceeded towards Paris. Thus we journeyed towards Paris, and we had some trouble upon the way, but it was not very remarkable. We found the King's Court at Fontana Beleo;<sup>3</sup> we managed to see the Cardinal, who immediately caused us to be provided with lodgings, and for that evening we did very well. The next day the cart appeared; and having got possession of our property, when the Cardinal heard of it he told the King, who immediately desired to see me. I went to His Majesty with the said basin and ewer, and when I arrived in his presence, I kissed

<sup>1</sup> Mont Cenis. What it was that Cellini feared we do not know; but it is possible that he anticipated that the Duke of Ferrara might send to overtake him and carry him back.

<sup>2</sup> The Abbey of Esnay.

<sup>3</sup> CELLINI'S usual name for the Royal Château of Fontainebleau. From the already quoted *Register* of the Cardinal's treasurer, Tommaso Mosti, we ascertain that Cellini arrived at Fontainebleau in the middle of September, 1540. The principal Italian artists also employed there were Rosso and Primaticcio. Cf. L. PALUSTRE, *La Renaissance en France—I, Fontainebleau*; E. MOLINIER, *Les Architectes du château de Fontainebleau*, Paris, 1881; L. DIMIER, *Recherches sur la grotte du Jardin des pins à Fontainebleau*, Fontainebleau, 1897.

his knee, and he received me most graciously. Whilst I thanked His Majesty for having procured my freedom from prison, telling him that every good and unique prince in the world, as was His Majesty, was bound to procure the freedom of men who were talented in any way, and especially those who were innocent as I was; that those benefits were inscribed first upon the Books of God, rather than anything else that could be done in the world; this good King waited to listen to me until I had spoken with so much gratitude and a few words suitable to him alone. When I had finished he took the vase and the basin, and then said: "Truly I do not believe that by the craftsmen of antiquity was ever seen so fine a method of work; for I well remember to have seen all the finest works, and those made by the greatest masters in all Italy, but I never saw anything that moved my admiration more forcibly than this." These words the said King remarked to the Cardinal of Ferrara in French, with many others more flattering than they. Then turning to me he spoke in Italian, and said: "Benvenuto! Pass your time pleasantly for some days, and comfort your heart, and attend to making good cheer, and meantime we will think about giving you excellent conveniences to enable you to execute some fine work." The Cardinal of Ferrara above-mentioned saw that the King had derived very great pleasure from my arrival; and he said besides that from that small specimen of my work the King had promised himself to be able to accomplish his desire of making certain very fine works of art that he had in his mind. Nevertheless at this period we were following in the train of the Court: it can be said with discomfort, the reason being

that the King's train drags along continually behind it twelve thousand horsemen; and this is the least number; for when the Court in time of peace is complete, they are eighteen thousand; in such fashion that they always come to be more than twelve thousand. Wherefore we went following the said Court into such places where there were sometimes scarcely two houses (available); and, as gipsies do, they made tents of linen, and many times suffered great discomfort. I therefore urged the Cardinal that he would induce the King to send me (away) to work. The Cardinal told me that it was better in this case to wait until the King remembered it of himself, and that I must let myself be seen by His Majesty sometimes whilst he was eating. When I was doing this one morning at his dinner the King summoned me: he began to talk to me in Italian, and told me that he had a mind to execute many fine works, and that he would soon give me directions (as to the place) where I should have to work, with provision of all that might be needful for me; together with many other speeches regarding divers pleasant things. The Cardinal of Ferrara was present, for he almost continuously ate in the morning at the King's board; and having heard all these speeches, when the King rose from the table, the Cardinal of Ferrara spoke on my behalf, as I was afterwards informed: "Sacred Majesty, this Benvenuto has a very great desire (to get) to work; for it might almost be said to be a sin for a genius like him to lose time." The King rejoined that he had well spoken and that he would arrange with me for my allowance all that I wished for. The Cardinal upon the evening following the morning wherein he had received this commission, had me sent for after supper

and told me on behalf of His Majesty, that His Majesty was resolved that I should set my hand to work again; but first he wished me to know what was to be my allowance. Upon this head the Cardinal said: "It seems to me that if His Majesty gives you three hundred *scudi* per annum of allowance, you can keep yourself very well; I tell you in addition, that you must leave the care of yourself in my hands, for any day there may arise an occasion of being able to do you some good office in this great kingdom, and I will always assist you vigorously." Thereupon I said: "Without my asking Your Most Reverend Lordship, when Your Lordship left me in Ferrara, you promised me never to take me out of Italy, until I knew first the whole position in which I should stand with His Majesty. Your Most Reverend Lordship, instead of sending to tell me the position in which I should stand, sent an express direction that I should come post haste, as if such an art as mine could be performed post haste. But if you had sent to tell me of the three hundred *scudi*, as you tell me now, I would not have moved for six. All the same I thank God and Your Most Reverend Lordship also; for God has employed you as an instrument for so great a benefit as was my release from prison. Wherefore I tell Your Lordship that all the great evils that I now experience at Your Lordship's hands, cannot approach to the thousandth part of the great benefit that I have received from you; and with all my heart I thank you, and I take my good leave, and wherever I may be, I shall always as long as I live pray to God for you." The Cardinal, enraged, said wrathfully: "Go where you like, for one cannot do good to people by force." Certain

of those worthless<sup>1</sup> courtiers of his said: "This man appears to himself to be some great personage, since he refuses three hundred ducats of income." Others of those men of talent said: "The King will never find a man equal to this man; and this Cardinal of ours wants to beat him down as if he were a load of wood." It was Misser Luigi Alamanni, for so I was informed, who said this. This occurred in Dauphiné, in a fortress, the name of which I do not remember; and it was the last day of October.<sup>2</sup> When I left the Cardinal I went to my lodging, three miles distant thence, in company with a secretary of the Cardinal's, who also came to the same lodging. During the whole of that journey that secretary never left off asking me what I wanted done for me, and what it had been my fancy to wish for in the way of allowance. I never answered him but one word, saying: "I knew all about it." Then when I reached the lodging I found Pagolo and Ascanio, who were stopping

<sup>1</sup> *Scanna pagniotte*, a variation of *scannapane*. See note 1 on page 141.

<sup>2</sup> DIMIER in an article in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1898, entitled *Benvenuto Cellini à la cour de France*, points out a very striking inaccuracy in our hero's account at this point. The French Court, to begin with, was not in Dauphiné at all during the year 1540, nor in any of the years immediately following. As we have already shown, the date of Cellini's arrival in France is fixed by the Register of Tommaso Mosti as having occurred about September-October 1540, and a further Record made by the artist himself (published by PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 387) which runs as follows: "*A dì 12 di Marzo 1547 il serenissimo cardinale di Ravenna de' dare per insino dal 1540 del mese di settembre in Ferrara per queste opere fattegli,*" etc., proves that Cellini was certainly still in Ferrara in September of that year. Is it possible that the flight here related is altogether imaginary—a fiction of the narrator's over-fertile brain?

there; and when they saw me very upset, they constrained me to tell them what had happened to me; and when I saw the poor young men dismayed, I said to them: "To-morrow morning I will give you sufficient money for you to return comfortably to your homes; and I will go without you on a most important piece of business of my own that for a long time I have had in my mind to carry out." Our room was wall to wall next to that of the said Secretary, and it is perhaps possible that he wrote to the Cardinal all that I had in my mind to do, although I never knew anything about it. The night passed without my ever sleeping: to me it seemed a thousand years ere day broke, so that I might carry out the resolution that I had made. When the dawn came, I gave orders for my horses, and having quickly got myself in readiness, I presented those two young men with all that I had brought with me, and fifty gold ducats besides; and I kept as much for myself, besides that diamond which the Duke had bestowed upon me; I carried only two shirts, and certain not-too-good riding garments, which I had upon my back. I could not get away from the two young men, who wanted to come with me at any cost; wherefore I abused them severely, saying to them: "One of you has his first beard, and the other is hand over hand beginning to acquire one, and you have learnt from me as much of this poor talent of mine as I have been able to teach you, so that you are to-day the foremost youths (in this trade) in Italy; and are you not ashamed that you have not sufficient courage to get out your daddy's go-cart<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A *carruccio* is a little contrivance on four small wheels, supported by which infants take their first lessons in walking.



which has carried you continually so far? This is indeed a disgraceful thing. If I were to let you go without money, what would you say? Now get you out of my sight. May God bless you a thousand times.—Good-bye!" I turned my horse and left them weeping. I followed a most beautiful road through a wood in order to cover that day forty miles at least through the least known country that I could think of; and I had already covered about two miles. And in that little bit of journey I had resolved never more to visit any part of the world where I was known; nor did I ever wish to execute any other work except a Christ three *braccia* in height, approaching as far as I was able to that infinite loveliness that had been shown to me by Himself.<sup>1</sup> Being already thoroughly resolved about this, I went my way towards the (Holy) Sepulchre. When I was just thinking that I had got so far that no one could find me any more, at this (very moment) I heard horses galloping behind me. And they caused me some suspicion, because in those parts there is a certain kind of bands of men, whom they call "adventurers," who cheerfully assassinate folks upon the highway. And although they every day hang many of them, it seems as if they did not care for that. When these (riders) came up to me, I recognized that it was a messenger from the King, along with that youth of mine, Ascanio. And when he came up to me he said: "On behalf of the King I tell you that you must quickly come to him." To that man I replied: "You come on behalf of the Cardinal; wherefore I will

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the visions in the Castel Sant' Angelo, and CELLINI'S vow to visit the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Cf. Book I, Chapter XXV.

not come." The man replied that, since I would not come by kindly treatment, he had authority to command the populace, that they should put me in bonds like a prisoner. Ascanio also implored me as much as he could, reminding me that when the King put anyone in prison, it was five years at least ere he resolved to take him out again. This mention of prison, recalling to my mind that of Rome, produced in me so much terror, that I quickly turned my horse in the direction wherein the King's messenger told me. He, murmuring continually in French, never stopped all through that journey, until he brought me to the court: sometimes he bullied me, and sometimes he said one thing and sometimes another, (sufficient) to make me deny the world

## CHAPTER III<sup>1</sup>

(1540)

An allowance of six hundred *scudi* is assigned to Cellini.—He is ordered to fashion twelve silver statues and he receives a donation of five hundred *scudi*.—He presents to the King the models for *Jove*, *Juno*, *Apollo* and *Vulcan*; and obtains for Paolo and Ascanio an allowance of one hundred *scudi* apiece.—The Château de Petit Nesle is allotted to Benvenuto as residence and workshop, in which he places a staff of servants and ammunition sufficient to protect himself against the Provost of Paris and his other enemies.—He resists violent attacks from Villeroy and Marmaignes, who try to drive him out of Petit Nesle, and he is given into the charge of the Vicomte d'Orbec.—He constructs large-sized models of *Jove*, *Vulcan* and *Mars*.—He carries his basin and ewer to the Cardinal.—It is greatly admired, and the King, Madame d'Estampes, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the entire Royal Family visit Cellini in his workshop.—He receives a commission from the King to make a salt-cellar; and upon showing the wax-model already prepared for the Cardinal of Ferrara, receives orders to carry it out in gold.—Whilst carrying home the gold for this purpose he is attacked by four robbers from whom he defends himself.

WHEN we reached the King's apartments, we passed before those of the Cardinal of Ferrara. The Cardinal, chancing to be at the door, called me to him and said: "Our most Christian King has of his own accord

<sup>1</sup> This chapter, especially the latter part, is almost the despair of the translator. It is to be supposed that CELLINI, carried away by

ordered you the same allowance that His Majesty gave to Leonardo da Vinci, the painter, which amounts to seven hundred *scudi* per annum;<sup>1</sup> and besides that he pays for all the works of art that you shall execute for him: for your journey hither he also bestows upon you five hundred gold *scudi*, which he wishes paid to you before you leave this place." When the Cardinal had finished speaking I replied that these were indeed the gifts of such a King as he was. That King's messenger, not being aware who I was, when he saw those great offerings on the part of the King, demanded my pardon many times. Pagolo and Ascanio remarked: "God has helped us to return into so honourable a go-cart."<sup>2</sup> Then the next day I went to thank the King, who directed me to make the models for twelve silver statues, which he wanted to serve as twelve candlesticks about his table; and he desired them to represent six gods and six goddesses, of exactly the same size as His Majesty himself, which was a little less than four *braccia* in height. When he had given me this commission he

the excitement in dictating to his amanuensis, raced along in his narrative too fast for that unfortunate youth to write down a really coherent story. The meaning is not so difficult, but the task of keeping anywhere near the original Italian in reproducing it is well-nigh impossible; and it is to be observed that our best-known and ablest translator of CELLINI'S text makes little or no attempt to do more than paraphrase. If my translation therefore at times reads like nonsense I must throw myself upon my readers' indulgence.

<sup>1</sup> BALDINUCCI, *Notizie dei professori del disegno*, and AMORETTI, *Mem. stor. di Leonardo da Vinci*, confirm the statement that Francis I gave Leonardo da Vinci a stipend of seven hundred *scudi* per annum. See also GAYE, *Carteggio inedito d'artisti, etc.*, Vol. II.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. p. 123.

turned to his comptroller (*tesauriere de risparmi*)<sup>1</sup> and asked him if he had paid me the five hundred *scudi*. He said that he had not been told anything about it. The King took it very ill, for he had commissioned the Cardinal to tell him of it. He also told me that I must go to Paris, and look out for an apartment that might be suitable to carry out such work, for he would cause it to be allotted to me. I took the five hundred gold *scudi*, and went to Paris into an apartment belonging to the Cardinal of Ferrara; and there I began, in the Name of God, to work, and I made four small models in wax two-thirds of a *braccio* apiece—*Jove*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, *Vulcan*. At this juncture the King came to Paris; wherefore I immediately went to see him, and I carried the said models with me, along with those two youths of mine, that is to say, Ascanio and Pagolo. When I saw that the King was satisfied with the said models, and he directed me to make *Jove* as the first in silver of the stated height, I presented to His Majesty those two said young men whom I had brought with me from Italy for His Majesty's service, and (I said) that since I had trained them myself, I should derive much greater assistance from them on account of this early training, than from those (assistants to be found in) the city of Paris. Upon this the King said, that I must arrange for the said two youths a salary such as it might seem to

<sup>1</sup> The Royal Treasury was anciently styled *Epargne*; and in 1540 the Comptroller was a certain Guillaume Prudhomme, Seigneur de Fontenay-en-Brie, who in 1532 had married his daughter to Nicholas de Neufville, Seigneur de Villeroy, of whom we shall hear more presently. Cf. SAUVAL, *Hist. et recherches des Antiquités de la Ville de Paris*, Paris, 1724, Vol. II, p. 320.



APOLLO

(RED CHALK DRAWING)

Royal Collection, Munich



me that by receiving it they would be able to keep themselves. I said that one hundred gold *scudi* for each of them would do well, and that I would take very good care that they earned such a salary. Thus we concluded the agreement. I also told him that I had found a place that appeared to me very suitable for the execution of such works of art; the said place was His Majesty's own particular property, called Le Petit Nesle<sup>1</sup> (*il piccol Nello*), and that it was at that time held by the Provost of Paris, upon whom His Majesty had bestowed it;<sup>2</sup> but since this Provost made no use of it, His Majesty could

<sup>1</sup> Le Petit Nesle was a part of the larger Château de Nesle, and was situated upon the left bank of the river Seine in the space subsequently occupied by the Palais de Nevers and the Palais de Guénégaud, and at present by the Institut de France (once the Collège Mazarin) and the Mint. Originally it belonged to Amaury, Seigneur de Nesle in Picardy, who sold it in 1308 to Philippe IV (*le Bel*), and its tower was the scene of the wanton debaucheries (described by BRANTÔME) of Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe V (*le Long*). A full account of the entire domain, including the gardens and other appurtenances, and the tennis court, from which our hero drew a revenue, is to be found in the *Description historique de la ville de Paris* of PIGANOL DE LA FORCE (Paris, 1765, Vol. VIII: *Notice sur le Collège Mazarin*).

<sup>2</sup> In 1522 Francis I had granted the property of Nesle to the judge who was appointed to maintain the privileges and adjudicate the causes connected with the University of Paris. This office was, however, suppressed four years later, and in part united to that of the Grand Prévôt, an official who in Cellini's time administered justice in both civil and criminal cases. This Grand Prévôt, although residing in the Châtelet, considered that he had succeeded to the rights and enjoyments of Nesle. The noble who occupied the position at this date was Jean d'Estouteville, Seigneur de Villebon, who was subsequently created Chevalier de S. Michel, Conseiller du Roi, and Royal Lieutenant in Normandy and Picardy. An important personage, indeed, for Cellini to pit himself against.



bestow it upon me, so that I might use it in his service. The King immediately said: "That place is a house of my own; and I know well that he to whom I gave it neither lives there nor uses it: do you therefore employ it for our business: and he immediately commanded his lieutenant that he should lodge me in the said Nesle. He made some (show) of resistance, telling the King that he could not do it. To this the King replied angrily, that he wished to give his own property to whosoever he pleased, and to a man who would serve him, for this other was not serving him at all; therefore he must say no more upon the matter. The lieutenant added besides that it would be necessary to use some small amount of force. Upon which the King said: "Go now, and if small force is not sufficient, try great." He immediately took me to the place; and he had to use force to put me in possession; then he told me that I must take very great care of myself that I were not murdered. I entered into (the place), and I immediately engaged servants and purchased several big pikes (*pezzi d'arme in aste*), and for several days I lived in greatest discomfort: for this man (the Provost) was an important nobleman of Paris, and the other nobility were all my enemies, in such measure that they showed me many insults such as I was unable to resist. I do not wish to leave unrecorded that this period in which I entered into agreement with His Majesty was exactly in the year of Grace<sup>1</sup> 1540, which was exactly the fortieth year of my own age. On account of these great insults I had recourse to the King, begging His Majesty that he would accommodate me elsewhere: to which request the

<sup>1</sup> *Il millesimo del 1540.*

King said to me: "Who are you and what is your name?" I remained greatly taken aback, and did not know what it was that the King meant; and as I stood thus silent, the King repeated a second time the same words as if in a rage. Thereupon I replied that I bore the name of Benvenuto. The King said: "Then if you are that Benvenuto whom I understand, act according to your wont, for I give you full licence." I told His Majesty that it sufficed for me only to keep myself in his favour, and for the rest I knew nothing that could injure me. The King, smiling a little, said: "Go, then, and my favour will never be wanting to you." He immediately ordered one of his first secretaries, who was called Monsignor di Villurois,<sup>1</sup> to give instructions to provide for me and to arrange for all my necessities. This Villurois was a very great friend of that nobleman called the Provost, to whom the said property of the Nesle belonged. The place was of triangular form, and adjoined the city walls,<sup>2</sup> and it was an ancient fortress, but did not contain a garrison; it was of considerable size. This said Monsignor di Villurois advised me that I should look for some thing else, and that at all hazards I should leave the place; for he to whom it belonged was a man of very great power,

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas de Neufville, the third of that name, Seigneur de Villeroy. See above, p. 128, n. 1. In 1539 he was, by cession of his father, appointed to the secretaryship of the royal finances. He held the most distinguished offices in the kingdom, being also Councillor and Secretary of State, and he died at a very advanced age in 1598.

<sup>2</sup> We learn from PIGANIOU DE LA FORCE (*op. cit.*, Vol. VIII, p. 187) that the gardens and other premises belonging to the Château extended on one side as far as the Porte de Bussy.

and he would most certainly have me slain. I answered him that I had come out of Italy into France merely to serve that glorious King, and that as for dying, I knew for certain that I had to die (some day); that a little earlier or a little later gave me no anxiety in the world. This Villurois was a man of very great spirit, and admirable in every way, (a man of) very great wealth: there is nothing in the world that he would not have done to cause me trouble, but he exhibited nothing of this: he was a grave personage, of handsome appearance, and he spoke slowly. He committed (my affairs)<sup>1</sup> to another nobleman, who was called Monsignor di Marmagnia,<sup>2</sup> and who was treasurer of Languedoc (*Lingua d'ocha*). The first thing that this man did, having selected the best apartments in that place was to have them arranged for his own use; whom I informed that the King had bestowed the place upon me, in order that I might work for him, and that I would not let any one else reside there except myself and my servants. This man was haughty, bold, and spirited; and he told me that he wished to do exactly as he liked, and that I was running my head against a wall in wishing to contend against him, and that for everything that he did he had had a commission from Villurois to enable him to do it. Thereupon I told him that I had had my commission from the King, and that neither he nor Villurois could do such things. When I uttered this remark this

<sup>1</sup> The duty of annoying me.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Lallemand, Seigneur de Marmaignes, also a Royal secretary in 1551. CELLINI in his *Treatises* (*ed. cit.*, p. 98) speaks of him as "a very strange and talented old man." His name is confirmed for us by the document published by PLON (*op. cit.*, p. 64) to which we shall have occasion to refer presently.

haughty man retorted with many ugly words in his own French language, to which I replied in my own tongue that he lied. Moved to fury he made as though he would draw one of his small daggers (*daghetta*); wherefore I clapped my hand upon a large dagger of my own, that I constantly wore at my side for purposes of defence, and I said to him: "If you are so foolhardy as to unsheath that weapon, I will slay you upon the spot." He had two servants with him and I had my two young men; and whilst the said Marmagnia stood thus beside himself, not knowing what to do—more nearly inclined to the evil course—he said, mutteringly: "I will never put up with such a thing." I saw that the matter was taking a bad turn, and I immediately took a resolution, and I said to Pagolo and Ascanio: "When you see me unsheath my dagger, throw yourselves upon the two servants and kill them, if you can; for I shall kill him with my first blow. Then we will hasten away together immediately." When Marmagnia heard this resolution of mine it seemed to him that he had done well enough to get out of that place alive. All these things I wrote a trifle more modestly to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who immediately told the King. The King, being provoked, put me under the charge of another of those personal attendants<sup>1</sup> of his own, who was called Monsignor lo Iscontro d'Orbech.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ribaldo* in ancient times had a variety of significations. The term was applied to certain selected soldiers attached to the Royal Body Guard, and this name was particularly applied to the soldier whose duty it was to make the rounds of the Palace every evening. Hence we may suppose that CELLINI is using the word here in the wholly French sense to indicate one of those persons who were attached to the King's own service.

<sup>2</sup> *Iscontro* is a corruption for *Visconte*. Later on we have *risconte*

This man, with as much amiability as it is possible to imagine, provided me with all my requirements. When I had made all the arrangements of the house and workshop most convenient for my use and most honourably for the service of my establishment, I immediately set to work to make three models of the exact size that they had to be in silver: these were *Jove*, *Vulcan*, and *Mars*. I made them of clay, well mounted upon an iron (framework); then I went to the King, who directed to be given to me, if I remember right, three hundred pounds weight of silver, so that I might begin work. Whilst I was giving directions about these things the small vase and oval basin, which had occupied several months, were completed. When I had finished them I had them very thoroughly gilded. This seemed the most beautiful piece of work that had ever been seen in France. I immediately carried them to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who thanked me very much, and then without me carried them to the King and made him a present of them.<sup>1</sup> The King was very delighted,

in the same way. The Viscounty of Orbec in Normandy, conferred in 1470 by Louis XI upon Baldwin, natural son of Philip the Good of Burgundy, passed in 1508 to his son Jean Baldwin; but we have no proof that this personage was living during this period at the French Court. No record of any other Vicomtes d'Orbec is to be found up to 1615. Cf. ANSELME, *Hist. genealog. et Chronol. de la maison royale de France*, Paris, 1726-33, Vol. III, p. 477.

<sup>1</sup> In the above-quoted Register of Tommaso Mosti, we find recorded a payment to Cellini at Fontainebleau on the 12th of December 1540 of a sum of seventy-four gold *scudi* "for gilding a basin and an oval ewer in chased silver, adorned with figures, which he made for the aforesaid our Most Reverend Cardinal, which His Most Reverend Lordship wished to present to His Majesty the Most Christian King." From this we may ascertain

and praised me more immeasurably than any man such as me had ever been praised; and for this present he bestowed upon the Cardinal of Ferrara an abbey producing seven thousand *scudi* of revenue; and he wanted to make me a present. Whereat the Cardinal stopped him, telling His Majesty that he was going too rapidly, since I had not provided him with any work yet. The King, who was most generous, said: "Therefore I want to inspire him with courage that he may be able to provide it for me." The Cardinal, put to shame by this, said: "Sire, I pray you to leave the doing of this to me; for I will make him an allowance of at least three hundred *scudi* directly I have obtained possession of the abbey." I never had it, and it would take too long to attempt to relate the devilry of this Cardinal; but I want to reserve myself for matters of greater importance. I returned to Paris. Along with such favour as was shown to me by the King I was admired by every one. I received the silver and began the said statue of *Jove*. I employed many workmen, and with greatest application day and night I never rested from my labours; in such fashion that having completed in clay *Jove*, *Vulcan*, and *Mars*, when I had already commenced to proceed a good way with *Jove* in silver, the workshop soon

that these works of art were completed by the 24th of the same month. We learn further from a document published in full by A. VENTURI in *Archivio Storico dell' Arte*, Vol. II (Agosto-Settembre, 1889)—being a dispatch from the "Sre Cavaliero Sacrato" to Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara—that upon the evening of March 16th 1541 the Cardinal of Ferrara "made a present to the King His Majesty of a most beautiful basin and ewer, by the hand of master Benvenuto, which he valued very much, etc." *Archivio di Stato in Modena, Cancelleria Ducale, Dispacci dalla Francia.*

showed a very rich appearance. At this juncture the King appeared in Paris: I went to visit him; and directly His Majesty saw me, he gladly summoned me to him, and asked me if there was anything beautiful in my dwelling to show him, for he would come thither. Upon which I recounted to him all that I had done. There immediately came to him a very great desire to come thither; and after his dinner, he made arrangements with Madama de Tampes,<sup>1</sup> with the Cardinal of Lorraine,<sup>2</sup> and with certain other of those nobles, who were the King of Navarre,<sup>3</sup> the brother-in-law of

<sup>1</sup> Anne de Pisseleu, who became mistress to Francis I whilst she was still maid of honour to his mother, Louise of Savoy. She married in 1536 Jean de Brosse, who was created Duc d'Estampes. She was styled the most beauteous amongst the learned and most learned among the beauteous, of all the Court ladies. She long held the affections of her Royal lover, and as quasi-ruler of France protected learned studies and the Arts of Literature. Having embraced Calvinism, which she greatly supported by her wealth, she died in obscurity and contempt about 1576.

<sup>2</sup> Jean de Lorraine, son of Renée II, Duke of Lorraine, and titular King of Naples and Jerusalem. He was created a Cardinal by Leo X in 1518, and was a liberal patron of all persons of talent. He was highly esteemed by King Francis and received from him many honours, amongst them the Archbishopric of Lyons. He died in 1550. Cf. CIACCONIO, Vol. III, p. 420; ANQUETIL, *Hist. de France*, Vol. IV, and MASLATRIE, *Trésor de Chronologie*, Paris, 1889, c. 1214. There exists a medal of this Cardinal, which FRIEDLÄNDER, supported by ARMAND (*op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 149, No. 17) attributes to Cellini; but this attribution is now generally doubted, the principal argument in its favour being drawn merely from a figure of *Peace* on the reverse, which resembles that on the medal made by Benvenuto for Clement VII. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, Pl. LXI n. 3; and HEISS, *Les Médailleurs, etc.*, Vol. I, p. 116.

<sup>3</sup> Henry II d'Albret, King of Navarre and Sovereign Count of Bearn and Foix in France, lived almost wholly at the Court of Francis I. He followed that monarch into Italy and was taken

King Fran<sup>co</sup> and the Queen,<sup>1</sup> the sister of the said King Francescho; the Dauphin<sup>2</sup> and the Dauphiness came (also); so that upon that day there came all the nobility of the Court. I had gone ahead to my house; and had set myself to work. When the King appeared at the door of my *Château*, upon hearing the blows of several prisoner with him after the rout at Pavia, but managed to escape. He died in 1555 at the age of fifty-two, leaving an only daughter who, by her marriage with Antoine de Bourbon, became the mother of Henry IV. Cf. DE THOU, *Histoire universelle*, Vol. VII.

<sup>1</sup> Marguerite de Valois, who, left widowed by the death of her first husband, the Duc d'Alençon, had married in 1526 the above-mentioned King of Navarre. Handsome, amiable and learned, she was styled the Fourth Grace and the Tenth Muse. Many of her writings, amongst which the most celebrated is the *Heptameron*, were published and achieved considerable vogue. She lived frequently at her brother's Court, and she showed strong leanings towards the teaching and doctrines of Calvin. Nevertheless she died a devout Catholic in 1549 at the age of fifty-seven.

<sup>2</sup> This was Henry, second son of Francis I, who succeeded to the Dauphinate upon the death of his elder brother, Francis. He succeeded his father upon the throne of France under the name of Henry II, and reigned from 1546 to 1559. He married in 1533 the celebrated Catherine de Medicis (born in Florence in 1519), daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, by his wife Madeleine de la Tour de Boulogne et d'Auvergne. This famous lady was variously styled by historians the ornament and the scourge of France, and she bears a sinister memory in connection with the infamous Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572. Cf. VARILLAS, *Hist. de Henry II*, and ANQUETIL, *Hist. de France*, Vol. IV. There is in the Cabinet of Gems in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence a rock-crystal cup with cover and mountings of enamelled gold, upon which are intertwined monograms, long supposed to be those of Henry II and his mistress Diane de Poitiers; but later critics have discovered that the supposed D is in reality a C, wherefore they connect this work of art with Queen Catherine. This cup was at one time attributed to Cellini, but the best opinions at the present time doubt its being even Italian work at all. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*



hammers, he commanded everyone to stay quiet. In my house every one was at work; in such a way that I found myself taken by surprise by the King, whom I had not expected. He entered my saloon; and the first thing that he saw, was myself with a great plate of silver in my hand which I was using for the body of *Jove*: another piece formed the head, another the legs, in such a way that the noise (of the work) was very great. Whilst I was working, I had a little French lad of mine assisting me, who had committed I don't know what trifling offence, for the which reason I had launched a kick at him, and by my good fate my foot entering the fork of his legs, I had driven him forward (a distance of) more than four *braccia*, in such a way that at the King's entrance this child was precipitated against the King: at which the King laughed loudly, and I remained much embarrassed. The King began to question me as to what I was doing, and wished me to go on working; then he told me that I would cause him much greater pleasure if I never laboured myself, but that I should rather employ as many men as I wanted, and make them do the (hard) work; for he wanted me to keep myself in good health so as to be able to serve him the longer. I answered His Majesty that I should at once fall ill if I did not work; neither would my works be of that quality that I desired to make them for His Majesty. The King thinking that what I was saying was said for braggadocio, and not because it was the truth, made me repeat it to the Cardinal of Lorraine, to whom I explained my reasons so fully and clearly that he remained quite convinced. Therefore he advised the King to let me work little or much according to my own will. The King being satis-

fied with my work, returned to his Palace, and left me loaded with so many favours as it would take a long time to relate. The next day at dinner-time he sent to summon me. The Cardinal of Ferrara was present who was dining with him. When I came in the King was still at the second course. Upon my approaching His Majesty, he immediately began to chat with me, saying that since he had so fine a basin and so beautiful an ewer of my workmanship, as company for these things he demanded a fine salt-cellar,<sup>1</sup> and that he wished that I would make a design for it; but that he would like to see it soon. Thereupon I rejoined, saying: "Your Majesty shall very quickly indeed see such a design as You ask of me; for whilst I was making the basin I thought that as a match for it one ought to make the salt-cellar, and such a thing has already been made, and if it pleases You I will exhibit it to You immediately." The King roused himself with much spirit, and turning to those lords (present), who were the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Cardinal of Ferrara, he said: "This truly is a man to make himself liked and desired by everyone who knows him." Then he told me that he would very gladly see the design which I had made for such an object. Setting off, I hastily went and returned, for I had merely to cross the river, that is to say the Seine.<sup>2</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> DIMIER (*op. cit.*) tells us that at the time at which CELLINI asserts that this salt-cellar was ordered, the King was not even in Paris.

<sup>2</sup> In 1540 the King was living in the Palace of the Louvre: and at the time when Cellini was in occupation of Petit Nesle the Pont Neuf was not in existence. This bridge was begun in 1578 by Andronet du Cerceau during the reign of Henry III, as an approach to the Louvre. Cellini therefore in order to reach his own dwelling

brought (back) with me a wax model which I had made already in Rome at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara. When I reached the King, I uncovered the model and the King, in astonishment, said: "This is a thing one hundred times more divine than I could ever have imagined. This man is indeed a great genius! (*questa è gran cosa di quest' uomo*); he ought never to leave off his working." Then he turned to me with a very joyful expression, and told me that that was a work which pleased him very much, and that he desired that I would execute it in gold. The Cardinal of Ferrara, who was present, looked me in the face, and reminded me that he recognized that this was the model which I had made for him in Rome. At this I said that I had already told him that I would execute that work for whoever was to have it. The Cardinal recalling those same words, as if insulted, for it seemed to him that I wanted to revenge myself, said to the King: "Sire, this is a very great work; however I would not be suspicious of anything except that I do not believe that we shall ever see it finished; for these brilliant men who have these great inspirations in this art, cheerfully commence them, but never consider carefully when they will have them completed. Therefore, were I ordering so great a work as this to be carried out, I would wish to know when I should be able to have it." To this the King replied saying, that whoever looked so narrowly after the end of

would have had to cross the Pont au Change, after skirting the wall of the Convent of the Grands-Augustins, which was then at the extreme edge of Paris on that side, and stood on the bank of the Seine, upon the spot where the Poultry-Market now stands. Cf. DE LAMARTINE, *Benvenuto Cellini*, Paris, 1866, p. 174.



THE SALT-CELLAR OF FRANCIS I

Imperial Treasury, Vienna

*[To face page 149, vol. II]*



a work would never begin anything; and he said this in a special manner, indicating that such works as these were not suited to men of small enterprise. Thereupon I said: "All princes who encourage their servants after that fashion in which Your Majesty acts and speaks, succeed in facilitating<sup>1</sup> great undertakings; and since God has granted me so splendid a patron, I hope to succeed in completing many great and splendid works. "And I believe it," said the King, and rose from the table. He summoned me into his chamber, and asked me how much gold would be necessary for that salt-cellar: "One thousand *scudi*," said I. The King immediately summoned one of his treasurers, who was called Monsignor lo risconte di Orbeche,<sup>2</sup> and commanded him that he should then and there provide me with one thousand old *scudi* of full weight in gold. Leaving His Majesty, I sent to summon those two notaries who had provided me with the silver for the *Jove* and many other things, and crossing the Seine (to my house) I took a very small basket (*sportellina*), that one of my first cousins (*sorella cugina*), a nun, had given me on my passage through Florence; and (it was) by my good fortune<sup>3</sup> that I took that basket and not a small bag: and thinking that I could hasten the business by daylight, for it was still full early,<sup>4</sup> and I did not wish to disturb my workmen, still less did I want to take a servant with me. When I reached the treasurer's house, he already had the coins laid out

<sup>1</sup> *Facificare* for *facilitare*.

<sup>2</sup> Another reference to the same Vicomte d'Orbec. See above.

<sup>3</sup> *Auria* and *uria* correspond to the Latin, *Augurium*

<sup>4</sup> *Buon'otta*. In country places even at the present day this expression is used for *buon' ora*, *presto*.

before him, and was selecting them as the King had told him. From what I seemed to observe that thief of a treasurer skilfully contrived to delay the counting of the said money for me until the third hour of the night. I, for I was not lacking in diligence, sent to summon certain of those workmen of mine, to come to accompany me, because it was a matter of considerable importance. When I saw that these said men did not come, I demanded of that messenger, if he had delivered my message. A certain thievish servant said that he had done so, and that they had said that they could not come; but that he would willingly carry that money for me; to whom I replied that I wished to carry the money myself. Meantime the contract was completed, the money counted out and everything. I put it into the said basket, and then thrust my arm through the two handles; and since it passed through them with some considerable effort it (the money) was well closed in, and I carried it more conveniently than if it had been a small bag. I was well armed with coat and gauntlets of mail, and with my small sword and dagger at my side I hastily set out upon my way on my own legs. At that moment I saw certain servants, who whispering together also hastily left the house, appearing to be going by another route to that upon which I was going. I, as I was walking along steadily, having passed the Exchange Bridge,<sup>1</sup> came out upon the embankment of the river, which led me to my house at Nesle. When I had come exactly to (the Convent of) the Augustines (*Austini*), a very dangerous spot—for although but five hundred paces distant from my own house, the residential portion

<sup>1</sup> The Pont au Change.

of the Chateau was so far away again that my voice would not have been heard inside if I had begun to call out; but making up my mind in an instant, when I saw four men appear behind me with four swords, I hastily covered that basket with my cloak, and clapping my hand upon my sword, when I saw that they were pressing upon me with determination, I said: "From soldiers one can gain nothing but a cloak and a sword; and before I give up this one to you, I hope you will have but little gain of your own." And encountering them boldly I spread myself out many times, so that if they had been set on<sup>1</sup> by those servants who had seen me take the money, they might suppose with some reason that I had not such a sum of money upon me. The skirmish lasted but a short time, for little by little they retreated; and they said to themselves in their own tongue: "This is a brave Italian, and he is surely not the man that we are looking for; or more truthfully, if it be him, he has nothing upon him." I addressed them in Italian, and continually with blows of cut and thrust I sometimes came near aiming at their bodies; and since I was very well skilled in arms, they concluded that I was a soldier rather than anything else; and closing up together little by little they withdrew from me, always murmuring in a low voice in their own tongue; and I kept on saying continually (quietly however) that whoever wanted my arms and my cloak, should not have it without some trouble. I began to hasten my steps, and they always came at a slow pace behind me; whereat there grew up in me a fear, thinking that I might fall into some ambuscade of several more (fellows) like them, who would have

<sup>1</sup> *Indettati*, i.e., *avvertiti* = "warned," "informed beforehand."



set me between them; so that when I was one hundred paces off, I set off at full speed, and cried out with a loud voice: "To arms! To arms! Out! Out! For I am being murdered." There immediately ran up four young men with four halberds (*pezzi d'arme in aste*); and when they wanted to follow after those men, whom they could still see, I stopped them, saying very loudly: "Those four cowards have not known how to plunder one man alone of one thousand gold *scudi* in gold, which have almost broken his arm (by their weight); therefore let us first go and put it away, and afterwards I will, with my great two-handed sword, accompany you wherever you like." We went to deposit the money; and those young men of mine, lamenting much the great peril that I had run, chiding me at the same time, said: "You put too much trust in yourself, and one of these days you will give us all cause to weep." I made many remarks (upon the point), and they also replied. My adversaries fled; and we all supped gaily and cheerfully, laughing at those great chances that fortune creates, as much for good as for bad; and which when they do not come off are as if nothing had occurred. It is very true that one says to oneself: "You will learn for another time." But this goes for nothing, for things always fall out in some different fashion, and not as one ever expects,

## CHAPTER IV

(1540-1543)

Cellini commences a salt-cellar and a large silver vase.—The King confers upon him Letters of Naturalization and the gift of the Château, known as *Le Petit Nesle*.—He casts in bronze the base for a figure of *Jove*, adorned with bas-reliefs.—Whilst waiting for the silver for the construction of a figure of *Juno*, he executes a number of other minor works.—The King by the advice of Madame d'Estampes orders from him Works of Art to adorn the Château of Fontainebleau.—He presents to the King the models for the entrance-door to that Château and for a fountain there.—Madame d'Estampes declares herself Cellini's enemy.—He goes to Saint Germain with the object of presenting to her a silver vase, but being unable to see her gives it the Cardinal of Lorraine.—He entertains the physician Guido Guidi, Monsignor Girolamo de' Rossi, Bishop of Pavia, and Messer Luigi Alamanni with his sons.—He keeps a tennis-court in his *Château*, from which he draws a substantial income.—Becoming in danger of falling into disgrace with the King, he is favoured by the Dauphin and the Queen of Navarre.

THE following morning I immediately began upon the great salt-cellar, and with application I made it proceed along with the other works. I had already taken (into my service) many workmen, as much for the Art of Sculpture as for the Art of the Goldsmith. These workmen were Italians, French, Germans; and sometimes I employed a great number, according as I found good ones; for I changed them from day to

day, selecting from those who knew the most; but I endeavoured to secure those of a kind whose health, seeing that they were working for me, would serve me rather better in continuous labour, than those who, unable to endure great fatigue, thought to restore it by drinking and eating a great deal; some of those Germans who had more (practical) knowledge than the others, when I wished them to imitate me (*i.e.*, my energy) their constitution would not support such a strain, for it killed them. Whilst I was proceeding with the silver *Jove*, when I saw that there was a good deal of silver left over, I set to work without the King's knowledge to fashion a large silver vase with two handles of the height of about a *braccio* and a half. A desire also came to me to cast in bronze that large model that I had made for the silver *Jove*. Setting my hand to this new experiment, which I had never tried before, and consulting with certain of those old Parisian master-workmen, I described to them all those methods by which we in Italy are accustomed to carry out such a job. They told me that they had never proceeded in that way, but that if I would let it be done according to their methods, they would hand it over to me made and cast as sharp and beautiful as was that (figure) in clay. I wanted to make a bargain with them, laying (the responsibility) of this work upon them: and beyond the price which they demanded from me I promised them several *scudi* in addition. They set to work upon this job: and when I saw that they were not going the right way to work, I hastily commenced a head of *Julius Caesar*, with his bust, in armour, much larger than life, which I copied from a small model that

I had brought from Rome, a reproduction of a very wonderful antique head. I also set to work upon another head of the same size, which I copied from a very beauteous girl, whom I was keeping with me for my sexual satisfaction.<sup>1</sup> Upon this bust I conferred the name of *Fontana Belio*, which was the name of that place which the King had chosen for his own special enjoyment. Having constructed a most beautiful little furnace (*fornacetta*) for melting the bronze, and having prepared and baked our moulds, they (*i.e.* the Parisian master-workmen) the *Jove*, and I my two heads, I said to them: "I do not believe that your *Jove* will come out (successfully), because you have not given enough draught<sup>2</sup> from below to enable the air to circulate: wherefore you are losing time." They said to me that if their work did not succeed, they would give me back in full all the money that I had given them, and would make good to me all the lost expenditure; but that I must keep a good lookout, for those fine heads of mine, which I wanted to cast after my Italian method, would never succeed for me. At this discussion there were present those treasurers and other nobles who, by the directions of the King, had come to watch me: and everything that I did or said they reported it all to the King. Those two old master-workmen who wanted to cast the *Jove* made some delay in giving directions for the casting, because they said

<sup>1</sup> Of these two works of art no trace can now be found. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 280. The girl here alluded to—Caterina by name—was, as we learn later, the model for the *Nymph of Fontaine-bleau*.

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI uses the word *spiriti* here for *sfiatatoi*—"air-passages." Cf. his own description of these processes in his *Treatises on the Work of the Goldsmith, and on Sculpture*.

that they would have liked to prepare those two moulds of my heads: for according to that method by which I was making them it was impossible that they should come to anything, and it was a great pity to lose such fine works. When they let the King hear of this, His Majesty answered that they must wait to learn, and not seek to try to teach the master. With a loud laugh they set up their piece of work in the furnace (*fossa*): and I steadily, without any exhibition either of laughter or of passion (though I felt it), set my two moulds on either side of the *Jove*: and when our metal was thoroughly well melted, with very great satisfaction we made a passage for the said metal, and it completely filled the mould of the *Jove*: at the same time it filled the mould of my two heads: to such purpose that they were overjoyed and I content: for I was glad to have given the lie to their work, and they showed that they were very glad to have given the lie to mine. They demanded, however, after the French fashion with great rejoicing, something to drink: I very willingly had a handsome breakfast prepared for them. Then they claimed from me the money that they had bargained to have, and that extra sum which I had promised them. Upon which I said: "You are laughing over a matter regarding which I have great fear lest you may yet have occasion to weep: for I consider that much more material has run into that mould of yours than should have done: wherefore I do not want to give you more money of that which is due to you until to-morrow." These poor men began to think over what I had told them, and without saying anything they went home. When morning came they began gently to dig out the furnace-pit: and since they could not uncover their own

large mould without first digging out those two heads of mine, which they dug out and they were very excellent: and they set them up so that they could be very well seen. Then beginning to uncover the *Jove* they had not got two *braccia* down, when together with their four workmen they uttered so loud a cry that I heard it. Thinking that it was a shout of joy, I set to running, for I was in my chamber more than five hundred paces away. When I reached them I found them in that attitude wherein are represented those who guarded the Sepulchre of Christ, despairing and terrified. Casting my eyes over my own two heads, and seeing that they were all right, I combined my pleasure with regret: and they excused themselves by saying: "It is our ill luck!" At which remark I said: "Your luck has been most excellent, but your small amount of knowledge has been very bad indeed. If I had seen you put the soul<sup>1</sup> into the mould I could have shown you in one single word that the figure would have come out most excellently, by which means that thing would have resulted to my very great credit, and would have been very useful to you: but (now) owing to my credit I shall be able to find excuse for myself, whilst you have no escape either in credit or profit. Another time therefore learn to work, and do not learn to jeer." They besought me however, saying that I was right, and that I if I did not help them, by having to defray that great expense and that loss,

<sup>1</sup> Whether CELLINI intends to make a play upon words here it is impossible to say; but "*anima*" in the language of the metal-founder means "the internal block placed inside a statue or other work of art before casting, in order to keep the interior more or less hollow." Cf. *postea*, Chap. XI, p. 318, n. 3.

they along with their families would have to go begging. Upon this I said that when the King's treasurers wanted to make them pay that (sum) for which they were bound, I would promise them to pay it out of my own pocket, for I had seen clearly that they had in good faith done all that they knew. These acts acquired for me such good will from those treasurers, and from those ministers of the King, as was unbounded. Everything was communicated in writing to the King, who unique in his great liberality, commanded that I should carry out all that I said (I would). At this time there arrived that most marvellously brave Piero Strozzi:<sup>1</sup> and when he reminded the King of his own Letters of Naturalization, the King immediately commanded that they should be made out: and at the same time with them, said he, make out also those for *mon ami* Benvenuto, and carry them immediately on my behalf to his dwelling, and present them to him free of all expense. Those of the great Piero Strozzi cost him many hundreds of ducats: one of those principal secretaries of his (the King's) who

<sup>1</sup> Eldest son of Filippo Strozzi (see Book I, Chap. VII, Vol. I, p. 147, n. 2). His father wished him to be created a Cardinal, but he devoted himself to the service of arms, and was a leader of considerable ability. Having fought at the head of the Florentine exiles at the disastrous rout at Montemurlo, he subsequently enrolled himself in the French army under King Francis I, from whom he obtained high reward and honours. Amongst these were the Lordships of Belleville and Epernay, the Order of Saint Michel, and a Marshalship of France. He was also a man of culture, and published, under the pseudonym of *Sciarra Fiorentino*, certain burlesque stanzas entitled *La Rabbia di Macone* ("The Madness of Maçon"). VARCHI (*Stor. fior.*, ed. cit., Vol. III, Lib. XIII) says that his was a noble spirit, venturesome and thirsting for glory, but haughty, headstrong, and proud beyond measure. He died at the age of fifty during the siege of Thionville.

was named Misser Antonio Massone,<sup>1</sup> brought me mine. This nobleman handed me the Letters, on behalf of His Majesty, with extraordinary ceremony, saying: "The King makes you a present of these, in order that you may be able to serve him with greater courage. These are Letters of Naturalization:" and he related to me how they had been bestowed upon Piero Istrozi at his own request after a long delay,<sup>2</sup> and as a great favour; but that these had been sent to me as a present by (the King) himself of his own accord: that such a favour had never before been conferred in that Realm. At these words I thanked the King with much feeling: then I begged the said secretary that he would of his kindness tell me what these Letters of Naturalization meant. This secretary was very accomplished and agreeable, and spoke Italian very well: giving vent first to a loud laugh, he then, recovering his gravity, told me in my own language (that is to say in Italian), what the Letters of Naturalization meant, which (letters) were one of the highest dignities that could be conferred upon a foreigner, and he said: "This is a far greater matter than to be made a Venetian noble." On leaving me, and returning to the King, he reported the whole matter to His Majesty, who laughed awhile and then said: "Now I want him to know why I sent him Letters of Naturalization. Go and make him lord of the Château of *Petit Nesle*, in which

<sup>1</sup> Antoine le Maçon, Secretary to Queen Marguerite of Navarre was the author of a romance printed at Lyons in 1550, and the first translator into French of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio: a translation made at the suggestion of his Royal mistress, and published in Paris in 1545. Cf. DESSESSARTS, *Les siècles littéraires de la France*, Paris, 1800-1803, Vol. IV.

<sup>2</sup> *Come molto tempo* for "*dopo molto tempo*."



he dwells, which belongs to my private estate. He will comprehend what this means much more easily than he understood what my Letters of Naturalization were." A messenger came to me with this said gift, whereat I wished to show him some hospitality: he would accept nothing, saying that such was His Majesty's command. The said Letters of Naturalization, together with those (documents) concerning the gift of the *Château*, I brought with me when I came to Italy: and wherever I go, and wherever I may end my life, there I will endeavour to keep them.<sup>1</sup> I now continue the tale of my life already begun. Having on my hands the above-mentioned works,

<sup>1</sup> These two documents were, in fact, preserved by Cellini to the end of his life, and they are to be found mentioned in the *Inventory* made after his death by Ser Lodovico di Messer Piero di Lodovico Gennari (February 16th 1571) under the heading, *Dua privilegi del re di Francia concessi a Benvenuto*. On the margin of this *Inventory* are written (perhaps in the handwriting of Andrea Cavalcanti) the following words: "*Sono ancora in casa gli credi suoi figli.*" It was not, however, until 1829 that FRANCESCO TASSI traced the original documents in the Archivio della Congregazione dei Buonomini di San Martino, who in 1662 had succeeded to the estate of the last heir of the line of our hero. The entire Archives of this Congregation having been transferred to the Biblioteca Nazionale, the two Deeds of Gift are now to be found there: the *Letters of Naturalization* bearing date July 1542, and the *Confirmation of the Gift of Petit Nesle* that of July 15th 1544. This latter, however, appears to be the *second* deed, of which CELLINI speaks later, for of the first nothing is known. PLON (*op. cit.*, p. 53) has made researches among the Archives in Paris for the duplicates of these deeds, but has only succeeded in finding the *first* of them which, except for some slight verbal discrepancies, tallies with the version published by TASSI. From these documents we have also corroborative evidence of the difficulties undergone by Cellini in obtaining possession of the *Château*, of the existence of the tennis-court, and of the modelling of the colossal statue of *Mars*.

that is to say the silver *Jove* already begun, the said gold salt-cellar, the said great silver vase, and the two bronze heads, I laboured assiduously upon these works of art. I gave orders besides to cast the base of the said *Jove*, which I fashioned most richly in bronze, overlaid with decorations, amid which ornaments I sculptured in low relief the *Rape of Ganymede*: and then upon the other side *Leda and the Swan*: I cast this (base) in bronze and the result was most excellent. I made moreover another similar one, upon which to place the statue of *Juno*, waiting to begin this also, until the King should give me the silver to enable me to carry out such a work. By working assiduously I had put together the silver *Jove*: I had besides put together the gold salt-cellar: the vase was very advanced: the two bronze heads were already finished. I had also executed several small jobs for the Cardinal of Ferrara: besides a small silver vase richly decorated. I had made this to present to Madama de Tampes. For many Italian nobles, that is to say, for the lord Piero Strozzi, the Conte dell' Anguillara,<sup>1</sup> the Conte di Pitigliano,<sup>2</sup> the Conte della Mirandola,<sup>3</sup> and many others, I had carried

<sup>1</sup> This was perhaps Flaminio Anguillara di Stabbia, who was at that period in the service of France under the command of Piero and Leone Strozzi. After taking part in the war with Siena (1555), he died in the Island of Gerbes, near Tunis. Cf. SANSOVINO, *Uomini illustri della Casa Orsina*, Venezia, 1565, Lib. 2.

<sup>2</sup> This may have been either Giovan Francesco Orsini, who was probably then in the service of France, or his son Niccolò, who in 1544 joined arms with the French under the command of the Strozzi, and who having in 1547 violently deprived his father of his feud, lived in continual warfare with his relatives and princely neighbours. Anguillara and Pitigliano were both fiefs of the House of Orsini, but were held by two separate branches.

<sup>3</sup> Galeotto Pico, son of Luigi, who in 1533 made himself master

out many commissions. Returning to my great King, as I have said, when I was very well forward with these commissions of his, at this time he returned to Paris, and the third day (after his return) he came to my house with a great number of the principal nobility of his Court, and he marvelled greatly at the vast number of works that I had in hand and had brought to so excellent a result: and since his Madama di Tampes was with him they began to talk about Fontana Belio. Madama di Tampes told His Majesty that he ought to direct me to make something fine as a decoration for his Fontana Belio. The King immediately said: "It is a good idea that you put forward, and here and now (*adesso adesso*) I want to make up my mind as to what fine thing he shall make." And turning to me he began to ask me what it seemed to me should be done for that beauteous fountain.<sup>1</sup> Upon this I proposed some fanciful ideas of my own: His Majesty also gave his opinion: then he told me that he wanted to go for an excursion of fifteen or twenty days to San Germano dell Aia,<sup>2</sup> which was

by force of the feud of Mirandola, murdering his uncle Giovan Francesco and the elder of his sons. To escape the wrath of the Emperor Charles V, he betook himself to King Francis I, whose faithful servant he became. Though appointed by him General in Italy, he was constantly in Paris, and was most certainly there in January 1541 (see his *Life* written by POZZETTI in *Lettere Mirandolesi*), so that it is quite possible for him to have given commissions to Cellini. He died in France in 1550. Mirandola was lost to the house of Pico when Galeotto and his sons in 1536 took refuge in France. His descendants, however, renewed their hold upon that fief, and in 1619 it was advanced to the dignity of a Duchy.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI here confuses the place and the spring, which gave the place its name.

<sup>2</sup> Saint Germain-en-Laye, a small but very pleasant town on the

twelve leagues distant from Paris, and that during this time I must make a model for this beautiful fountain of his with the richest devices that I knew of, for that spot was the (place of) greatest refreshment that he possessed in all his kingdom: therefore he commanded and besought me that I would make an effort to create something handsome: and this I promised him I would do. When the King saw so many things in hand he said to Madama de Tampes: "I have never had a man of this profession who pleased me more, nor one who more deserves to be rewarded than this one: therefore it is necessary to think how to secure him. Since he spends a great deal and is a good comrade, and yet labours a great deal, it is necessary that we should keep him in our mind: for, consider, Madama, how many times he has come to me, and how many times I have come here, and he has never asked anything of me: his heart it may be seen is entirely centred upon his work: and we must needs do something very quickly, in order that we may not lose him." Madama de Tampes said: "I will remind you of him." They departed: I set myself with great assiduity to the works that I had begun, and turned my hand besides to the model of the fountain, and I urged it forward with close interest. At the end of a month and a half the King returned to Paris: and, since I had laboured day and night, I went to see him, and I carried with me my model sketched out so well that it could be clearly understood. At that date there had begun to revive the devilries of the war between the

banks of the Seine, with a Royal *Château* twelve miles (not *twelve leagues*) from Paris.

Emperor and him,<sup>1</sup> in such fashion that I found him much disturbed. Wherefore I spoke with the Cardinal of Ferrara, telling him that I had with me certain models, which His Majesty had commissioned of me: I therefore begged him if he saw an opportunity to put in some word whereby these models might be exhibited to him, for I believed that the King would derive much pleasure from them. Such the Cardinal did. He suggested the said models to the King: and the King immediately came to the place where I had the models. First of all I had fashioned the gateway of the Palace of Fontana Belio. In order to alter as little as possible the arrangement of the doorway which had been erected to the said palace, which was wide and dwarfed after that ugly French style of theirs: the opening of it was little more than a square,<sup>2</sup> and above that same square was a half-circle crushed down after the manner of a basket handle:<sup>3</sup> in this half-circle the King desired to have a figure which should represent Fontana Belio; I gave a very fine proportion to the said opening. Then above the said opening I placed a correct half-circle: and for the sides I made certain charming excrescences,<sup>4</sup> beneath which in the lower section, so as to come into correspondence with the part above, I placed a bracket, and a similar

<sup>1</sup> In spite of the Treaty of Nice, concluded for *twelve* years in 1537, hostilities between the contracting parties began again in May 1542, at the end of barely *four*. They were brought to an end again, however, after the French victory at Ceresole, by a new truce signed at Crespy in 1544.

<sup>2</sup> The opening of the doorway was not a perfect square.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, "a lunette."

<sup>4</sup> Apparently some sort of projecting base, supported below by a *zoccolo* or "bracket."



THE NYMPH OF FONTAINEBLEAU

PL. 3

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one above: and instead of the two columns which it clearly required, according to the fashioning employed above and below, I had constructed a satyr in each of the sites for the columns. The one was in more than half-relief, and with one of his arms appeared to support that portion (of the doorway) which rests upon the columns: in the other arm he held a thick staff, and with his bold and fierce expression he struck terror into the beholder. The other figure was similar in attitude, but was different and varying in expression and in some other such respects: it had in its hand a scourge with three balls attached by certain chains. Although I say "satyrs," these figures had nothing about them of the satyr, except certain small horns and a goatish head: all the rest was in human form. In the half-circle I had fashioned a woman in a beautiful recumbent attitude; this figure held her left arm upon the neck of a stag, which was one of the King's devices<sup>1</sup>: On one side I had fashioned in half-relief little wild goats and some wild boars and other woodland creatures in lower relief. On the other side hunting-dogs and hounds of many kinds for thus teems that most beauteous wood, wherein rises the fountain. I had then confined the whole of this work into a rectangular oblong, and in the angles of the composition above, in each I had fashioned a *Victory* in low relief, with a torch in its hand as the ancients are accustomed to (represent them). Above the said

<sup>1</sup> This badge was also borne by Charles, Count of Angoulême, the father of Francis I, who placed it upon the buildings erected by him, and upon some of his coins; which also bear the *Salamander*, with the words *Nutrisco et extinguo*. Cf. CL. PARADIN, *Devises heroïques*, Lyon, Jean de Tournes et G. Gazeau, 1557.



composition I had placed the *Salamander*, the personal device of the King,<sup>1</sup> with many other most charming adornments appropriate to the said work, which was expressed in the Ionic order (of architecture).<sup>2</sup> When

<sup>1</sup> It is not unreasonable to suggest that CELLINI'S imagination may have been excited into devising the story of the *Salamander*, which he says he saw in his childhood (cf. Book I, Chap. I, Vol. I, p. 13), as *quasi*-prophetic of his relations with Francis I.

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI describes this doorway again in his *Treatise on Sculpture*, ed. cit., Chaps. I and IV. It is generally believed—and with reason—that the figure of the Nymph was the only figure by Cellini that was actually cast before his departure from France in 1545. At the time of the death of Francis I this figure, not having been placed in position, was presented by Henry II to Diane de Poitiers, and placed by her above the principal doorway of her Château at Anet, where it certainly still was in 1780. (Cf. J. RIGAUD, *Palais, châteaux et maisons royales*.) During the Revolution it was removed to Paris, and is now in one of the Renaissance Galleries in the Louvre. At the commencement of the last century it was attributed to Jean Goujon, but was restored to Cellini by CICOGNARA (*Storia della Scultura*, Venezia, 1816, p. 140). It is 2.5 mètres in height, by 4.9 mètres in length, and is finely designed and modelled, though, owing to its present position, the limbs, intended to be seen from below only, have an appearance of undue length. PROF. DIMIER (*Un ouvrage perdu de Benvenuto Cellini*. Extract from *La Revue de l'Art ancienne et moderne*, June 10th 1898) has also contrived by diligent research to trace the history of the *Victories*, which, however, as we have said above, were probably not cast until after their creator's departure from France. They appear to have accompanied the *Nymph* to Anet, whence, on the 17th of the month Messidor, in the year VI of the First Republic, they were carried to Paris and placed in the Musée des Petits Augustins. There they were seen by GOETHE who makes a note of the fact in the Appendix to Chapter XIV of his translation of the *Autobiography*. Under the Restoration this Museum of French Monuments was dispersed, and these works were transferred to Neuilly as the property of King Louis Philippe, where they remained until after the destruction of the Château there in 1848. From that time,

the King saw this model, it immediately caused him to recover his spirits, and it diverted him from those weary discussions in which he had been involved for more than two hours. When I saw him cheerful to my satisfaction, I uncovered the other model, which he had by no means expected; for it seemed to him that he had seen enough work in the first one. This model was more than two *braccia* in height, and in it I had fashioned a fountain in the form of a perfect square, with most beautiful flights of steps around it, which intersected one another, a thing that had never been seen in those parts (France), and very rarely in these (Italy). In the centre of the said fountain I had set a base, which rose a little higher than the said basin of the fountain: upon this base I had placed a nude figure of very charming grace, of a size to correspond. This (figure) held a broken lance raised aloft in its right hand, and the left hand was placed upon the hilt of a scimitar fashioned in a most beautiful shape: it was poised upon its left foot, and the right rested upon the crest of a helmet as richly decorated as it is possible to imagine: and at the four corners of the fountain, I had placed upon each a seated figure raised up (from the base), each bearing many charming emblems of their own. The King began asking me to tell him what that fine conception which I had executed meant, telling me that all that I had prepared for the doorway he had understood without asking for any explanation, but with regard to this (model

however, all trace of these *Victories* has vanished. Casts, however, of them remain in the possession of the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, and have been reproduced by DIMIER (*op. cit.*). Cf. also PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 208, 211, and MOLINIER, *op. cit.*, pp. 53 *e segg.*

of the) fountain, although it seemed to him most beautiful, he understood nothing whatsoever: and he knew well enough that I had not made it like those other fools, who if they succeed in making things with some small amount of charm, make them without any sort of meaning. To this end I prepared myself: for since he was pleased with the work itself, I wanted very much that he should be pleased as much by my account of it. "Know then, Sacred Majesty, that the whole of this small work is very carefully measured out in small dimensions (*piccoli piedi*) so that on subsequently putting it into execution it will result with the same beauty that you see it now. That figure in the middle is to be fifty-four feet high. At this remark the King gave signs of very great astonishment: next it is made to represent the God *Mars*: these other four figures are designed for the *Talents* in which Your Majesty delights and favours so much. This one on the right hand is intended for the Science of all *Literature*: you see that it holds its own distinguishing attributes, which display Philosophy with all its accompanying merits. This second (figure) expresses the whole Art of *Design*; that is to say Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. This next is intended for *Music*, which it is right should accompany all these Sciences. This last figure which looks so charming and benign is intended for *Liberality*, for without her none of these splendid Virtues which God Himself displays to us can be demonstrated. This huge statue in the middle is intended for Your Majesty's self, who art a God *Mars*; for you alone in the world are brave, and this bravery you employ in a just and pious fashion in the defence of your own glory." He had scarcely enough patience to

let me finish speaking, before, raising his voice loudly he said: "Truly I have found a man after my own heart:" and he summoned the treasurers appointed to supply me, and told them that they should provide me with all that I had need of, let the expense be as much as it would. Then he tapped me upon my shoulder, saying to me: "*Mon ami*" (that is to say "my friend") "I do not know which is the greater pleasure, whether that of a prince who has found a man after his own heart, or that of the man of talent who has found a prince who provides him with so much support that he can express his great and brilliant conceptions." I replied that if I were that man of whom His Majesty spoke, by far the greater good luck were mine. He answered laughing: "We will say that it is equal." We separated with great good spirits, and I returned to my labours.

My evil fortune willed that I was not warned to make a similar comedy with Madama de Tanpes, for on hearing that evening, from the King's own mouth, all these things that had occurred, it begot in her breast so much poisonous rage that she said with indignation: "If Benvenuto had shown his fine works to me, he would have given me cause to remember him at the proper time." The King wanted to make excuse for me, but secured nothing from her. When I heard of this circumstance, at the end of their fifteen days' tour through Normandy to Rouen, and to Dieppe,<sup>1</sup> after

<sup>1</sup> DIMIER points out that at that date the Court was not at Saint Germain, nor at Rouen or Dieppe. It was, in fact, not there until two and a half years later, from October 28th until November 4th 1544. This account therefore does not refer to his first quarrels

that they had returned to the above-mentioned San Germano del' Aia, I took that handsome little vase which I had made at the request of the said Madama di Tanpes, thinking that by presenting it to her I should regain her favour. I therefore took it with me: and having made myself known to a certain nurse of hers, and shown to that said person the handsome vase that I had fashioned for her mistress, and (told her) that I wished to present it to her, the said nurse showed me unbounded civilities, and said that she would speak a word to Madama, who was not yet dressed; and that directly she had told her I should be admitted. The nurse told Madama everything, who angrily answered: "Tell him to wait." When I heard this I clothed myself with patience, the which thing is very difficult for me: however, I kept my patience until after her dinner hour. And when I saw then the lateness of the hour, hunger aroused in me so much wrath that, being unable to stand it any longer, devoutly invoking plagues upon her in my heart, I departed thence, and going to find the Cardinal of Lorraine, I made him a present of the said vase, begging him only to keep me in the King's good graces. He said that it was not necessary, but that when there was need for it he would do so gladly. Then summoning a treasurer of his he spoke in his ear. The said treasurer waited until I had left the presence of the Cardinal: then he said to me: "Benvenuto! Come with me, for I will give you a glass of good wine to drink." I replied to him, not knowing what he meant:

with Madame d'Estampes, and his gift therefore was not an impertinence, but a sort of peace-offering. It is, in fact, a denial of that bitterness that CELLINI professes to affect.

"Thanks! My Lord Treasurer! let them give me a single glass of wine and good mouthful of bread, for truly I am fainting, since I have been from this morning at an early hour up to this time of day that you see, fasting at Madama di Tanpes' door in order to present to her that handsome little silver-gilt vase. And I let her know the whole matter, but she, in order to continually mock me, caused me to be told to wait. Hunger has now supervened and I feel faint. And since, as God has willed it, I have presented the object and the result of my labours to one who is much more deserving of it, I ask nothing more than a little something to drink,<sup>1</sup> for, since I am somewhat over choleric by nature, fasting upsets me in such a way as to make me fall fainting to the ground." Whilst I was struggling to utter these words, there appeared some wonderful wine and other agreeable materials to form a meal, so that I refreshed myself excellently: and having recovered my vital spirits my anger departed from me. The kind treasurer handed to me one hundred gold *scudi*: to which I offered resistance, as not wishing by any means to accept them. He went to report the matter to the Cardinal, who, showering upon him a great deal of abuse, commanded him to make me take it by force, or otherwise he must not come again into his presence. The treasurer came to me in wrath telling that he had never before been so scolded by the Cardinal: and when, upon his wishing to give me (the money), I made some slight resistance, he told me very angrily that he would force me to take it. I took the money. When I wanted to go and thank the

<sup>1</sup> In Tuscany, as BIANCHI observes, the expression *da bere* ("to drink") connotes the idea of a light refreshment in both kinds.

Cardinal, he let me know by one of his secretaries that he would always heartily do whatever he could to give me pleasure. I returned to Paris the same evening. The King was made cognizant of everything. They laughed at Madama de Tanpes, which was the cause of making her still more poisoned (in her desire) to injure me, wherefore I ran great peril of my life, a circumstance which shall be related in its own place.

I ought to have recorded some time earlier the friendship that I acquired of the most talented, the most loveable and the most companionable man of worth that I have ever known in this world: this was Misser Guido Guidi, an excellent physician and doctor, and a noble Florentine citizen,<sup>1</sup> who, on account of the infinite troubles brought upon me by a perverse destiny, I have had to leave somewhat in the background. Although this is not of great importance, for I thought that it would suffice to have him continually in my heart: but

<sup>1</sup> This famous physician was born in Florence, the son of a certain Giuliano Guidi by Costanza, daughter of the painter Domenico Ghirlandajo. He was summoned to France by Francis I in 1542, and remained in his service until 1548, when he was recalled to Florence by Duke Cosimo. The King gave him honourable welcome, and since he was in Holy Orders conferred upon him high ecclesiastical benefices. (Cf. a *Letter* to him dated May 8th 1542, published among the *Lettere di Carlo Tolomei*, Venezia, Giolito, 1549.) Upon his return to Florence he was appointed to the Chair of Medicine and Philosophy in the University of Pisa, where he died on May 26th 1569. He also held successively the benefices at Leghorn and Pescia. His writings were edited by his nephew Guido Guidi in 1611. Among the *Sonnets* composed by CELLINI, and published by CARLO MILANESI from a *Codex* in the Biblioteca Riccardiana, there is one addressed to this particular friend. Cf. *Trattati ed. cit.*, p. 358.

perceiving afterwards that the story of my life is not complete without him, I have inserted his name here amid these my greatest trials in order that, since he was there a comfort and help to me, I may here record that benefit. The said Misser Guido arrived in Paris: and our acquaintance having begun I took him to my *Château*, and there provided him with an apartment free for his own use: thus we enjoyed several years together. The Bishop of Pavia also arrived, that is to say Monsignor de' Rossi,<sup>1</sup> brother of the Conte di San Sicondo. This lord I took out of the inn and housed in my *Château*, giving to him also a separate apartment, where he was excellently accommodated, together with his servants and horses, for the space of many months. Another time also I took in Misser Luigi Alamanni<sup>2</sup> with his sons for some months: indeed God granted me the grace to be able to give some pleasure also to men both great and talented.<sup>3</sup> With the above-

<sup>1</sup> This prelate is the same personage who was shut up with Cellini in the Castel Sant' Angelo. Cf. Bk. I, Chap. XXV, Vol. II, p. 75, n. 2. He came to France either in 1544 or 1545, for he was received by the King on June 10th in that latter year, and he set out upon his return journey to Italy in the November following. His brother Pier Maria, Conte di San Secondo, had been in the French service from 1542, and the King had appointed him a General and a Knight of the Order of St. Michael.

<sup>2</sup> Alamanni had come to the Court of Francis I to present to the King certain antiquities, medals, and Greek books on behalf of Cardinal Gaddi, and he was probably Cellini's guest at the time when CARO wrote the letter dated August 23rd 1541, which is to be found among his collected *Opere*, printed in Milan in 1808, Vol. III, p. 413.

<sup>3</sup> Of Cellini's hospitality we find record in a letter written by NICCOLO MARTELLI, who had been in Paris in 1543, and wrote from Florence in September of that same year. "And certainly Benvenuto has not so much good fortune but that he deserves still



mentioned Misser Guido I enjoyed a friendship as many years as I stayed up there (*i.e.* in Paris), glorying often together that we were learning each day some fresh talent in our own (respective) professions at the expense of that very great and wondrous prince. I can say with truth that what I am, and whatever of the excellent and of the beautiful I have accomplished, all has been owing to that wondrous King. However I pick up again the thread of my discourse regarding him, and the fine works executed by me for him. I had in this *Château* of mine a court for playing tennis (*un giuoco di palla da giuocare alla corda*),<sup>1</sup> from which I drew much profit whilst I made use of it. There were in that said place some tiny chambers, where dwelt different sorts of people, amongst whom there was a very clever printer of books:<sup>2</sup> this

more, since he is not only a rare goldsmith, in the goldsmith's (art) and wonderful (in powers of) design, but he is also liberal in his conversation, and in sharing his good fortune not only with men of talent and his own friends, but even with those with whom he has never been acquainted, who deign to visit his honoured dwelling in Paris." See MARTELLI, *Letter*, quoted by TASSI.

<sup>1</sup> This tennis-court is mentioned in the *Deed of Gift* above recorded (p. 152). The game was called "*alla corda*," because a cord was stretched along the court to divide it in half, as is done even to this day. In a number of towns in Tuscany there are streets bearing the name of *Via Pallacorda*, from having been used in former times as tennis-courts.

<sup>2</sup> This was Pierre Gauthier, who, as CELLINI tells us presently, printed Guido Guidi's first book, bearing the following title: *Chirurgia e graeco in latinum conversa Vido Vidio florentino interprete, cum nonnullis ejusdem Vidii commentariis. Excudebat Petrus Galterius, Luteciae Parisiorum pridie Kal. Maii 1544*. It was a finely printed translation of works on Surgery by Hippocrates, Galen, and Orobasio, dedicated to the King. TASSI was the first person to point out the existence of this work.

man had almost his entire workshop within my *Château*, and he it was who printed that first fine book on Medicine by Misser Guido. Since I wanted the use of these chambers, I turned him out, but with no little difficulty. There still remained a merchant in saltpetre (*maestro di salnitri*): and when I wanted to use these little chambers for certain of my excellent German workmen, this said merchant of saltpetre would not dislodge. I courteously told him many times that he must give me the use of my apartments, for I wanted to use them for the housing of my workmen in the service of the King. The more gently I addressed him, the more impertinently this beast (of a man) replied to me: then at last I gave him three days' notice. He laughed at me and told me that at the end of three years he would begin to think about it. I did not know that he was the favoured servant of Madama di Tampes: and if it had not been that that trouble with Madama di Tampes caused me to ponder a little more upon these matters than I should have done previously, I would have turned him out then and there: but I wished to wait patiently for those three days. And when they had expired, without saying anything further, I took Germans, Italians and French, with weapons in their hands and many journeymen whom I employed: and in a short time I dismantled the entire house, and cast his goods outside my *Château*. And this action I performed somewhat rigorously, because he had told me that he knew of no Italian who possessed sufficient spirit to remove one ring (of his) from its place. However, after it was over, the man arrived; to whom I remarked: "I am the least of Italians in Italy, and I have done nothing in comparison

to what I have the courage to do to you, and that I will do if you speak a single word;" with other abusive words that I said to him. The man, astonished and terrified, put his goods in order as best he could: then he ran to Madama de Tanpes, and depicted to her a very Hell: and that great enemy of mine, painted to the King one as much the greater as she was the more eloquent and of more weight: who twice I was told, was inclined to be furious with me, and to give cruel orders against me: but since Arrigo the Dauphin his son (now King of France) had received some insults from that too haughty lady, he, together with the Queen of Navarre, the sister of King Francesco, took my part with so much skill that the King turned everything into ridicule: for the which reason, by the true help of God, I survived a great danger.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ANQUETIL (*Histoire de France*, Vol. IV) records the enmity between the Dauphin Henri and Madame d'Estampes on account of Diane de Poitiers, mistress of the one, and rival in beauty of the other.

## CHAPTER V

(1543)

Cellini expels another tenant from his *Château*.—Through the influence of Madame d'Estampes the order for the fountain is transferred to Primaticcio.—He is summoned by the second of the tenants expelled from the *Château* of Petit Nesle, and, appearing before the Court of the King's Judge Lieutenant, he propounds a new interpretation of Dante's expression, "*Pape Satan*."—He puts an end to these vexatious law-suits by attacking and severely wounding his adversaries.—The names of Cellini's principal assistants.—His confidence in Paolo Miccieri, a Florentine.—Returning home from an entertainment he surprises an amorous intrigue between this Paolo Miccieri and his model and mistress, Caterina.—He expels them both from his premises.—In revenge the girl and her mother seek to accuse him of employing unnatural violence towards her.—Cellini at first meditates flight, but taking courage defends himself with much ingenuity from the attacks of his enemies.—He goes to Fontainebleau about the dies for the coins that the King desires to order, where he threatens and terrifies Primaticcio with bitter reproaches, but fails to enter into an agreement with the King regarding the coins.—He compels Miccieri to marry Caterina.—Reconciliation between Cellini and Primaticcio, who relinquishes the order for the fountain.—Cellini takes a gross revenge upon Caterina (now Miccieri's wife), whom he employs as a model, and treats her with savage barbarity.

I HAD to do the same thing to another similar person, but I did not destroy his home: I threw all his property, however, out of doors. For the which reason

Madama de Tampes had so much impudence as to say to the King: "I believe that this devil will one day sack Paris." At these words the King in a rage replied to Madama de Tampes telling her, that I was doing very right in defending myself from that rabble who wanted to prevent me from being in his employ. Rage ever waxed greater in this cruel woman: she summoned to her a painter, who dwelt at Fontana Belìò, where the King resided almost continually. This painter was an Italian and from Bologna, and was known as *Il Bologna*: for his proper name he was called Francesco Primaticcio.<sup>1</sup> Madama di Tanpes told him that he should ask of the King that commission for the fountain, which His Majesty had conferred upon me, and that she would help him in the matter with all her power. Thus they agreed amongst themselves. This Bologna experienced the greatest happiness that he had ever had, and he thought the matter quite sure, although it was not his line of work. But since he had a rather fine skill in design,

<sup>1</sup> Primaticcio, it would seem, was not sent to Paris by the Duke of Mantua before 1533: for it is not until that year that his name appears on the *Registers* of the Royal Office of Works. He was certainly at Fontainebleau in 1540, where, as we are informed by DELABORDE (*La Renaissance des arts en France*), he cleaned and restored Raphael's celebrated paintings: *St. Michael*, *St. Margaret*, *St. Anne*, and the *Portrait of the Vicereine of Naples*. Francis I created him Abbot of Saint Martin de Troyes, and Canon of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. He laboured also in the service of Kings Henry II and Francis II, who appointed him superintendent of the Royal Office of Works with an annual allowance of 2,000 francs. He died at an advanced age in 1570, and was succeeded in his post by Ruggiero Ruggieri, also of Bologna. Cf. A. JAL, *Dictionnaire critique de biographie et d'histoire*, etc., Paris, 1872. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VII, p. 405, *e segg.*

and had contracted with certain workmen, who had been trained under the direction of *Il Rosso*, a Florentine painter of ours, a truly and most wondrously able man, whatever of merit he executed he had acquired from the splendid example of the said Rosso, who was already dead.<sup>1</sup> Those crafty arguments together with the great assistance of Madama di Tampes, and with the continual hammering day and night, now of Madama, and now of Bologna, prevailed in the ears of that great King. And that which was the potent cause of making him yield was that she and Bologna with one accord said: "How is it possible, Sacred Majesty, for Benvenuto, according to your wish, to make twelve silver statues? wherefore he has not yet completed one? And if you employ him in so great an undertaking as this (*i.e.*, the fountain) it is necessary that of these other (objects), which you desire so much, you must certainly be deprived: for one hundred most able men could not complete such vast works as this clever man has planned out. It is very clear that he has a great desire for work: the which very thing will be the cause of Your Majesty's losing both him and the commissions at one blow." These with many other similar words chancing to find the King in the humour he consented to all that they had asked of him; although at that time neither the designs nor models for anything by the said Bologna's own hand had ever been shown to him. At this same time in Paris that second tenant, whom I had driven from my *Château*, had taken action against me, and he had commenced a law-suit against me, saying that I had stolen a great quantity of his goods when I had dislodged him.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. V, Vol. I, p. 88, n. 1.

This law-suit gave me very great annoyance, and took up so much of my time that many times I wanted in despair to prepare to go right away. They have a habit in France of making very great capital out of any law-suit that they commence with a foreigner, or with any other person whom they see may be somewhat careless about litigation: and directly they begin to see any advantage to be gained out of the said suit, they find means of selling it: and some give up the privilege to those who make a regular practice of this trade of buying causes. They have another ugly custom, that the men of Normandy, almost the larger number of them, have for their profession the giving of false evidence: to such purpose that those persons who buy the causes, immediately instruct four of these witnesses, or six, according to their need, and by means of these the man who is not warned to produce as many on the opposite side—one who does not know the custom—immediately has the case given against him. And to me these said chances befell: and since it seemed to me a very dishonourable thing, I appeared at the Great Hall (of Justice) of Paris to defend my rights; where I saw a Judge, the King's Lieutenant, of Civil Causes, raised aloft upon a great tribune. This man was big, gross and fat, and of most austere aspect. He had around him upon the one side and upon the other many proctors and advocates, all set in rank to the right and to the left; others kept coming in, one at a time. And they were stating a case to the said Judge. Those advocates, who were at the side, I noticed sometimes talking all at once; wherefore I stood in astonishment how that marvellous man, the true image of Pluto, bent his ear with evident attention,

now to this one, and now to that, and skilfully replied to them all. And since I have always delighted in observing and testing every kind of skill, this seemed to me so admirable that I would not have liked to have missed seeing it for anything in the world. It chanced that that Hall was very large and was filled with a vast number of people. They also used care that no one should enter in who had no business there, and they kept the door locked and a guard at the said door: which guard sometimes in resisting someone whom he did not want to enter, disturbed with his great noise that wonderful Judge, who angrily poured out abuse upon the said guard. And this occurred in my sight many times, and I noticed the circumstance: and the particular words which I heard were those which the Judge himself spake when he observed two noblemen who came to look on: and this porter offering a very great resistance (to their entry), the Judge scolding him said in a loud voice: "Be quiet! be quiet! Limb of Satan (*Sotanasso*)! Get out of this! Be quiet!" These words in the French language sounded after this fashion: PHE SATAN PHE PHE SATAN ALÈ PHE. To me, who had learnt the French language very well, on hearing this expression, there came in mind what Dante meant to say<sup>1</sup> when he in company

<sup>1</sup> The passage from the *Inferno* to which CELLINI here refers is in the first line of Canto VII, and runs thus:

*Pape Satan, Pape Satan aleppe,  
Cominciò Pluto con la voce chioccia:*

"Papë Satàn, Papë Satàn, Aleppë"  
Thus Plutus with his clucking voice began.

(LONGFELLOW'S translation.)

The interpretations of this strange line are endless, and as



with his master Virgil entered within the portals of the Infernal Regions. For Dante, at the time of the painter Giotto, was together with him in France, and especially in Paris;<sup>1</sup> wherefore for the said reasons one might say that that place where they carry on litigation was an Infernal Region. Dante therefore also, understanding thoroughly the French language, employed this expression: and it seemed to me a remarkable thing that it has never been understood after this fashion. Wherefore I declare and believe that the commentators make him say things of which he never even thought.

Returning to my own affairs, when I saw them pass certain judgements upon me through the medium of these lawyers, not seeing any means of being able to help myself, I had recourse for my assistance to a great dagger that I had, for I always delighted in possessing fine weapons; and the first (man) that I began my attack upon was that principal who had set in motion against me the unjust suit: and one evening I inflicted upon him so many wounds, taking care however not to kill him, in the legs and in the arms, that I deprived

CELLINI says, scarcely reflect much credit on the sense of their inventors.

<sup>1</sup> It is true that Boccaccio, Filelfo, Benvenuto da Imola, and others allude to a visit paid by Dante to Paris, but the fact has yet to be proved historically. That VASARI'S statement regarding work executed by Giotto at Avignon and "at many other places in France" is a fable, has been clearly proved by CROWE and CAVALCASELLE (*Storia della Pittura*, Vol. I, Firenze, Successori Le Monnier, 1886, pp. 457-466). The authors of the work attributed to him were Simone Martini of Siena, and his assistants; an artist whose intimate friendship with the Florentine painter produced a certain superficial resemblance in style, etc.

him of the use of both legs. Then I sought out that other person who had purchased the suit and wounded him also in such a way that he abandoned that suit. Thanking God always for this and every other thing, thinking from that time to remain awhile without being molested, I told the young men of my household, especially the Italians, that for the Love of God everyone of them should attend to his own jobs, and assist me for some time, in order that I might be enabled to finish those works of mine that had been begun; for I should soon complete them. Then I would return to Italy not being able to bear with the rogueries of those French people: and if that good King was once enraged against me, he would have made it bad for me, for I had done in my own defence many things of such a kind.<sup>1</sup> These said Italians<sup>2</sup> were, the first and dearest, Ascanio, from a place called Taglia cozze in the Kingdom of Naples: the second was Pagolo, a Roman, a person born of a very humble origin, and whose father was unknown: these two were the men whom I had brought from Rome, who were with me in that said (city of) Rome. Another Roman had also come from Rome on purpose to find me. This man was also called Pagolo by name, and he was the son of an impoverished Roman noble of the family of the Macharoni.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, acts of violence.

<sup>2</sup> Little is known regarding the pupils here mentioned by CELLINI, except Ascanio and Paolo, of whom record is to be found allusive to their residence in France. GUASTI suggests that this Paolo Macharoni may be a relative of the Cesare Maccheroni (see Book I, Chap. XI, Vol. I, p. 210 above), Roman citizen and die-stamper at the Pontifical Mint, who was imprisoned and hanged for false coining.

This young man did not know much about the profession but he was very handy with his weapon. Another I had who was a Ferrarese, and by name Bartolommeo Chioccia.<sup>1</sup> I had also another man; this man was a Florentine and had the name of Pagolo Miccieri.<sup>2</sup> And his brother, who was called by the nick-name of *Gatta*, was clever at keeping accounts, but had spent too much when managing the property of Tommaso Guadagni a very wealthy merchant.<sup>3</sup> This *Gatta* set in order for me certain books wherein I kept the accounts of the great and most Christian King, and of others. Pagolo Miccieri having acquired from his brother the method (of keeping) these my account-books continued his work for me and I gave him a very hand-

<sup>1</sup> In a *Memorandum* of BENVENUTO'S dated November 16th 1555, mention is made of a certain Bartolommeo Perini, to whom our hero sent to Rome "a diamond of the weight of two and a quarter carats . . . and gave him free commission to sell it for one hundred gold *scudi* to whoever wished for it" (TASSI, Vol. III, p. 65). This diamond he subsequently, we learn from a note upon the margin of the Codex Riccardiana, recovered, and sold to Antonio Landi. Bertolotti (*Artisti lombardi cit.*, Vol. II, p. 314) publishes a Settlement of Account made on June 28th 1554 between the goldsmiths M<sup>o</sup> Bartolommeo Perini of Ferrara, G. B. Bonini of Rome, and Nicolao Santini, a Florentine, to which a certain Paolo Novellini was a witness.

<sup>2</sup> Paolo Miccieri himself tells us below that he was a Florentine and belonged to a noble house.

<sup>3</sup> Among the *Correspondence* of NICCOLO MARTELLI there is to be found a letter addressed to Tommaso Guadagni at Lyons dated May 1st 1541. VASARI also in his *Life of Francesco Salviati* (ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VII, p. 28) speaks of a painting by that master representing the *Incredulity of S. Thomas*, carried by Guadagni into France, and presented by him to the Chapel of the Florentine community in one of the Lyons churches. This painting is now in the Picture Gallery of the Louvre.

some salary. And since he seemed to me a very good sort of youth, for I noticed that he was devout, overhearing him continually, sometimes murmuring Psalms, sometimes with his rosary in his hand, I counted very much upon his feigned piety. Calling him aside alone, I said to him: "Pagolo, my very dear brother, you see that you are well off with me, and you know that you had no other means of livelihood, and besides you are also a Florentine: therefore I trust you above all, since I see you very devout in your religious duties, which is a circumstance that pleases me very much. I pray you to help me, for I have not so much faith in any one of these others: wherefore I pray you to have a care upon these two principal matters, which would give me much anxiety: the one is that you very carefully guard my property in order that it be not taken from me, and also not touch it yourself: and you see also that poor girl of a Caterina, whom I maintain principally for the service of my profession, since I could not do without her: and whom I also, since I am a man, have employed for my carnal satisfaction, and it is possible that she may present me with a child: and since I do not want to provide expenses for other people's children, still less would I endure that such an insult should be shown to myself; if any member of this household were so impudent as to do such a thing, and I were to find it out, I believe for certain that I should slay both her and him. Wherefore I pray you, dear brother, to assist me: and if you see anything, tell me at once, for I will send her and her mother and whoever should do such a thing to the gallows; therefore, take care of your own self first." The rogue made a sign of the cross

which extended from his head to his feet, and said: "Oh Blessed Jesu! God keep me that I should ever think of such a thing; principally because I am not given to such wicked practices: besides do you not believe that I recognize the great benefit that I receive from you?" At these words, which I saw him utter with an appearance of simplicity and affection towards myself, I believed that the matter stood exactly as he said. Two days later, a feast-day occurring, Misser Mattio del Nazaro,<sup>1</sup> also an Italian and a servant of the King, a most able man of the same profession (as my own), invited me with those young men of mine to disport ourselves in a garden. Wherefore I got myself ready and I told Pagolo also that he ought to come out of doors to enjoy himself, for it seemed to me that that tiresome law-suit had somewhat quieted down. The young man replied to me saying: "Truly it would be a great mistake to leave the house so unprotected: you see how much gold, silver and precious stones you have here. Since we are in this respect in a city of thieves, it is necessary to be on our guard by day as by night: I will attend to the repetition of certain of my prayers, and meantime I will guard the house. Go with a calm mind to give yourself pleasure and a good time. Another time someone else will perform this

<sup>1</sup> VASARI (*ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. V, pp. 375-79) in his *Life of Valerio Vicentino* calls this man *del Nassaro*, and says that he was affable and courteous. He was the son of a shoe-maker at Verona, and was principally a gem-cutter and a musician. He came to France at the commencement of the reign of Francis I, and executed many commissions for him in engraving jewelry. He also designed some tapestries. Amongst other works carried out for this monarch was a portable altar-table covered with figures in

duty." Since it appeared to me that I could go with my mind at rest, together with Pagolo Macharoni, Ascanio and Chioccia we went to the said garden to enjoy ourselves, and we passed a great portion of that day happily. When it began to turn towards evening, after midday I became thoughtful, and I began to think of those words which with feigned simplicity that villain had said to me. I mounted my horse and with two of my servants I returned to my *Château*, where I found Pagolo and that wretched Caterina almost in the very act of sin: for when I arrived that French bawd her mother shouted with a loud voice: "Pagolo! Caterina! Here is the master." When I saw them both come to me, terrified, surprised, and all in disorder, not knowing either what they said nor, like idiots, whither they were going, the commission of their offence was clearly evident. Wherefore reason giving place to rage, I drew my sword, resolved to slay them both: the one (the man) fled, the other (the woman) flung herself upon her knees on the ground, and clamoured for all the mercies of heaven. I, since I had wanted to strike the male first, not being able thus to catch him at once, when subsequently I caught him, I came meantime to the conclusion that it were better for me to drive them both away: for, with so many other things that had taken place so close upon this one, I should with difficulty have saved my own life.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless I said to

gold and adorned with many precious stones. He died in Paris not long after his Royal patron (1547?) Cf. DELATOUR, *Matteo del Nazaro*, *Revue numismatique*, 1893.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI means that it would go hard with him to have to explain his reasons for another deed of violence on the top of all the

Pagolo: "If my eyes had seen what you, you scoundrel, make me believe (has occurred) I would run you ten times through the belly with this sword. Now begone from my presence, so that if you ever say a *Pater-noster* again, know that it is that of San Giuliano."<sup>1</sup> Then I drove out the mother and the daughter with violent blows (*colpi di pinte*), both kicks and thumps. They meditated how to revenge themselves for this injury, and having consulted a Norman lawyer, he instructed them that she (Caterina) should assert that I had had intercourse with her after the Italian fashion: by which he meant contrary to nature, that is to say by sodomy, saying: "At least when this Italian hears of this kind of accusation, and understands how great is the danger he runs, he will immediately give you several hundreds of ducats, in order that you may speak no more of it, recollecting the great penalty that they exact in France for this species of crime." Thus they entered into agreement. They laid this information against me, and I was summoned. The more I sought for rest, so much the more did tribulations spring up for me. Injured by fortune every day in varying fashion, I began to think which of the two things I ought to do; whether to go right away and leave France to her own perdition, or

other attacks that his enemies had been, and were still making upon him, and his acts of revenge therefor.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. BOCCACCIO, *Decameron*, *Giornata 2: Novella 2: Rinaldo d'Asti*. San Giuliano was the saint to be addressed by those who sought a good night's lodging. BOCCACCIO's hero attributed his success in amorous adventure to his regular practice of addressing a *Paternoster* to San Giuliano every day on leaving his lodging; both for the benefits of the coming night as well as in gratitude for the night then just past.

truly to fight this battle also, and see for what end God had created me. For a long time I was troubled upon this point. Then at last I took the resolution to go right away, since I did not wish to tempt so far my perverse fortune, till she should cause me to break my neck. When I had arranged matters in all things and for all things, and had taken steps for the hasty disposal of those goods which I could not carry with me, and for packing those other light articles upon my own person and that of my servants in the best way that I could, with much heavy distress I set off on such a departure. I remained alone in a private studio of mine: for to those young men of mine who had advised that I ought to depart right away, I said that it were well that I should take counsel with myself a little while, although I knew well that they were to a great extent speaking the truth: for as long as I should be out of prison, and could allow a little space (of time) for this storm to pass over, I could much better justify myself to the King, telling him by letters how this attack had been made upon me out of envy alone. And as I have said, I had resolved to do this: and in moving (from my seat) I was taken by the shoulder and turned round, and a voice said to me encouragingly: "Benvenuto! be like yourself, and have no fear!" Having immediately taken the contrary opinion to that which I had done, I said to those young Italians of mine: "Take good weapons and come with me, and obey whatever I tell you, and think of nothing else, for I wish to face it. If I were to depart, the next day you would all vanish into smoke. Therefore obey and come with me." All those young fellows said with one accord: "Since we are here, and we live of his substance, we ought to go with him and



help him as long as life lasts, according to whatever he shall propose: for he has uttered more of the truth than we thought of. Directly he had gone out of this place, his enemies would have us all driven away. Let us consider carefully all the great works that are in course of construction here, and of how great an importance they are. We should not have the courage to finish them without him, and his enemies would say that he had gone away himself because he had not the spirit to finish such tasks as these himself." Besides these they uttered many other remarks of weight. That young Roman of the family of the Macharoni was the first to infuse courage into the others. He also summoned several of those Germans and French (workmen), who liked me. We were ten in all: and I took the way I had planned for myself, resolved not to let myself be imprisoned alive. When I arrived in the presence of the criminal (*cherminali*) judges, I found there the said Caterina and her mother. As I came upon them they were laughing with their attorney. I entered within (the Court), and boldly called for the judge, who, swollen out gross and fat, sat raised up above the rest upon a tribune. When this man saw me, shaking his head furiously at me, he said in a subdued voice: "Although you have the name of Well-come (*Benvenuto*) this time you will be Ill-come (*mal venuto*)." I heard him, and called out again, saying: "Despatch me quickly. Tell me what it is that I am come here to do." Then the judge turned to Caterina and said to her: "Caterina! Tell us all that occurred in your relations with Benvenuto." Caterina said, that I had had intercourse with her after the fashion of Italy. The judge turning to me said: "You hear what Caterina says,

Benvenuto?" Thereupon I said: "If I had intercourse with her after the Italian fashion, I should have done so solely with the desire of having a child, just as you (French) all do." Then the judge rejoined, saying: "She means that you have had connection with her by another method than the natural one."<sup>1</sup> To this I replied that that was not the Italian fashion; rather it must be the French fashion, since she knew it and I did not: and that I would like her to describe exactly in what fashion I had had intercourse with her. This shameless whore wickedly stated openly and clearly the disgusting fashion that she meant. I made her repeat it three times in succession: and when she had said it, I cried in a loud voice: "My Lord Judge! Lieutenant of the Most Christian King, I demand justice. For I know that the laws of the Most Christian King ordain the stake for this crime, for both agent and patient. She confesses to the crime: but I know nothing about it in any way whatsoever. Her bawd of a mother is here (also), who for the one crime and the other deserves the stake. I demand justice." And I repeated these words so frequently and in a loud voice, always demanding the stake for her and for her mother: telling the judge that if he did not put her in prison in my presence I would hasten to the King and tell him of the injustice that a lieutenant of his in criminal affairs was exercising towards me. At this great noise of mine they began to lower their voices: thereupon I raised mine the more: the young whore along with her mother (began) to weep, and

<sup>1</sup> *Che tu hai usato seco fuori del vaso dove si fa figliuoli.* The literal translation of this passage must be left to the Italian student to translate for himself. The whole episode is unpleasant enough to render into English as it is.—TRANS.

I kept shouting to the judge: "To the stake, to the stake" (*fuoco, fuoco*). That great coward (of a judge), when he saw that the matter had not come off in the fashion that he had planned, began with many soft words to excuse the weak female sex. At this I thought that it seemed I had won a great battle, and muttering and threatening, I gladly went away: but I certainly would have paid five hundred *scudi* not to have ever appeared there. On issuing from that ocean (of trouble) I thanked God with all my heart, and joyfully returned with my young men to my *Château*. When perverse fortune, or rather we should truthfully say that contrary star of ours, takes to persecuting a man it is never wanting in fresh methods of taking the field against him. Since it seemed to me that I had escaped from an immeasurable ocean, I thought that for some small space of time this perverse star of mine ought to let me rest; but although I had not yet recovered my breath from that extreme danger it set two more in my way at one blow. At the end of three days two events happened to me: in each of the two my life was poised upon the turn of the balance. The one was that I went to Fontana Belio to discuss (a matter) with the King, who had written me a letter, in which (he had said that) he wished me to execute the dies for the money of his entire realm. And along with that same letter he had sent me some sketches, to show me what his wishes were: but nevertheless he gave me permission to make whatsoever thing was pleasing to myself. I had made new designs according to my own opinion and according to the beauties of my art: so when I arrived at Fontana Belio, one of those treasurers who held the King's commission to

provide for me (this man was called Monsignor della Fa<sup>1</sup>) immediately said to me: "Benvenuto! The painter Bologna has received a commission from the King to fashion your great *Colossus*,<sup>2</sup> and all the commissions that our King had given to us for you, he has taken them all away from us, and transferred to him. To us it has seemed very wrong indeed, and it appears to us that this Italian of yours has behaved himself most daringly towards you: for you had already got the commission by virtue of your models and your hard work. He takes it from you solely through the favour of Madama di Tanpes: and it is now many months that he has had this job and yet it has not appeared that he has given directions for anything." I astonished, said: "How is it possible that I have never known anything of this?" Then he told me that he (Bologna) had kept

<sup>1</sup> Jacques, Monseigneur de la Fa, was employed by Francis I to settle the accounts for work executed in the Château de Petit Nesle "*par Bienvenuto Celigny, orfèvre singulier du pais de Florence, et autres personnaiges ses aydes et serviteurs*" from 1541 until his death in 1545. These facts we learn from a document found by the late MARQUIS LEON DELABORDE, and published by the *Société de l'histoire de l'Art français* in Vol. II of his posthumous works: *Les comptes des bâtimens du Roi*, Paris, 1880. (Cf. also PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 64.) Jacques de la Fa was succeeded in this post by his son Pierre, upon whom Henry II confirmed the Office by an Act dated August 16th 1547. Francis always hoped that Cellini would some day return to Paris without being specially summoned; but Benvenuto, hoping all the time for an invitation, was too proud to go thither without it. The King's death cut all this short, and our hero had frequent occasion to repent that he had abandoned all his French business into the hands of his pupils Ascanio and Paolo, who, according to him, let it go to pieces.

<sup>2</sup> The "*Colossus*" is of course the gigantic figure of *Mars* designed for the fountain at Fontainebleau.

it very secret, and that he had got it with very great difficulty, because the King did not wish to give it to him: but the active interest of Madama di Tanpes alone had caused him to get it. Having heard that I had been injured in this fashion and thus greatly wronged; and seeing a work taken away from me which I had earned by my own great exertions: proposing to myself to do something serious, I went with my weapon straight to see Bologna. I found him in his chamber and at his studies: he had me called within, and with certain of his Lombardic expressions of welcome he asked what good business had brought me thither. Thereupon I said, "A very good and important business." The man directed his servants to bring us something to drink, and said: "Before that we discuss anything I desire that we drink together, for thus it is the custom in France." Thereupon I said: "Misser Francescho, you must know that these discussions that we have to enter into together do not call for a drinking first. Perhaps afterwards we shall be able to drink." I began to argue with him, saying: "All men who make a profession of being honest men execute their works in such fashion that by them one may know them to be honest men: and if they do the contrary they have no more the name of honest men. I know that you were aware that the King had commissioned me to make that great *Colossus*, of which we had been talking for eighteen months; and that neither you nor anyone else came forward to say anything upon the subject. Wherefore by my important works I had become known to the great King, who, being pleased with my models, gave this great work to me to carry out: and for many months past I have heard nothing



MEDAL MADE FOR FRANCIS I (1537)



further. This morning only have I heard that you had got it, and had taken it from me: the which work I had earned by my wondrous efforts, and you take it from me merely by your empty words." To this Bolognia answered and said: "Oh! Benvenuto! Everyone seeks to do his business in all the ways that he can. If the King wishes it thus, what would you like to say in opposition? You will throw away your time, for I have hastened it on, and it is mine. Now tell whatever you like and I will listen to you." I spoke thus: "Know, Misser Francesco! That I should have many words to say to you, whereby with admirable reasoning and true I would make you confess that such methods as those which you have said and done are not customary among rational creatures. However I will come with a few words quickly to the point of the matter; but open your ears and listen well to me, for the matter is important." He wanted to rise from his seat, for he saw me flushed in countenance and greatly changed. I said that it was not yet time to rise: wherefore he should remain seated and listen to me. Then I began speaking thus: "Misser Francesco! You know that the job was mine first, and that by common sense the time had passed in which anyone should speak further regarding it. Now I tell you I shall be content if you make a model, and I, besides that which I have (already) made, will make another for it. Then we will quietly carry them to our great King: and whichever of us shall gain by that means the merit of having worked the best, that man will be deservedly worthy of (making) the *Colossus*. And if it shall fall to you to do it, I will set aside all this great injury that you have done me, and will invoke a blessing upon your hands, as more worthy than



mine of so great a triumph. Therefore let us remain thus, and we shall be friends. Otherwise we shall be enemies; and God, who always assists the right, and I, who am making the way for it (the right) would demonstrate to you in how great an error you were." Said Misser Francesco: "The job is mine, and since it has been consigned to me, I do not wish to put my title to it in question." To him I replied: "Misser Francesco! Since you will not take the good line, which is just and reasonable, I will show you the other one, which shall be like your own, that is to say, ugly and disagreeable. I tell you thus, that if I ever hear in any sort of way that you are speaking about this job of mine, I will immediately slay you like a dog: and since we are neither in Rome, nor in Bologna, nor in Florence, for here one lives after another fashion, if I ever learn that you have spoken about it to the King or to any one else, I will slay you at all costs. Think which way you prefer to take; either that first good one which I have told you of, or this latter bad one of which I speak now." The man did not know either what to say nor what to do: and I was prepared to produce more willingly that result then and there, than to put it off to another opportunity (*mettere altro tempo in mezo*). The said Bologna uttered no other words than these: "When I do the things that an honest man ought to do I shall have no reason in the world for fear." To this I replied: "You have well said. But in doing the contrary beware, for the matter concerns you." And I immediately departed from him and went to the King. And I discussed with His Majesty a long time the making of the coins, a subject whereon we were not much in accord. For his Council being there present,

they persuaded him that the coins ought to be made after the fashion of France, according to which they had been made up to that time. To them I replied that His Majesty had caused me to come from Italy, in order that I should carry out commissions that should be good: and if His Majesty ordered me to the contrary, I should never compose my conscience to doing it. The discussion was put off to another occasion:<sup>1</sup> I immediately returned to Paris. I had scarcely dismounted, when a kind person, one of those who take pleasure in spying out evil, came to tell me that Pagolo Miccieri had taken a house for that vile strumpet of a Caterina and for her mother, and that he was continually going thither, and that in speaking of me he always kept saying with disdain: "Benvenuto gave the lettuce

<sup>1</sup> Of these coins, as a matter of fact, we hear no more. No allusion is made here, however, to a fine medal of which PLON (*op. cit.*, Pl. XI, 11, and pp. 202-3) gives a reproduction. This medal bears upon one side the *Bust of King Francis I crowned with laurel*, and the inscription FRANCISCUS I. FRANCORUM . REX, and on the reverse *A Knight on horseback trampling upon Fortune*: with the words FORTUNAM VIRTUTE DEVICIT . BENVENUT. This medal is unquestionably the work of Cellini, and there are several bronze examples of it in existence; one being in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, another in the Imperial Cabinet of Medals in Vienna, and a third in the Museo Nazionale at the Bargello in Florence. PLON suggests that Cellini may have executed this fine medal during his *first* visit to the Court of France in 1537, supporting this theory by an entry in the *Inventory* made after Cellini's arrest in Rome (1538) which runs: "A head of the King of France in lead" (*Una testa de re de Francia de piombo*). This medal is reproduced by FRIEDLÄNDER, ARNETH, ABATE CIABATTI; and *cf.* also I. B. SUPINO, *II medagliere medicco, etc.*, p. 102; HEISS, *Les médailleurs de la Renaissance*, Vol. I, p. 107, and Pl. XVI, and ARMAND, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 147, No. 3.

into the charge of the geese,<sup>1</sup> and thought that I would not eat of it. It is sufficient to say that he is now going about swaggering, and he believes that I am afraid of him. I have girt this sword and this dagger at my side to let him see that my sword also cuts, and that I am a Florentine as well as he, and of the Miccieri family, a much greater house than are his Cellini." The rascal, who brought me such a message, told it to me with such force, that I felt a fever immediately leap upon me—I say a fever not speaking merely for (the purposes of) comparison. And since perhaps so bestial a passion would have slain me, I took a remedy by giving it that outlet which such an opportunity afforded me, according to the mood that I was labouring under. I told that Ferrarese workman of mine, who was called Chioccia, to come with me, and I had my horse brought behind me by the servant. And when I reached the house where this scoundrel was, finding the door half-closed, I entered. I saw that he had his sword and his dagger at his side, and was seated upon a chest, and he had his arm around the neck of Caterina; and I just as I was coming in heard him chatting mockingly with her mother regarding my affairs. Pushing open the door, and at the same time drawing my sword, I placed its point at his throat, without giving him time to remember that he also had a sword; and I said to him at the same moment: "Vile coward! Commend yourself to God, for you are a dead man!" Keeping still, he cried out three times: "Oh mother mine, help me!" Though I had the desire to slay him anyhow, when I heard him utter such silly

<sup>1</sup> This well-known proverbial expression appears in many lands in a variety of forms.

words as those, half my wrath passed away. Meanwhile I had told that workman of mine, Chioccia, not to let either her or her mother escape, for, when I had done with him, I wished also to punish those two whores. Keeping continually the point of my sword at his throat, I sometimes pricked him a little, ever with terrifying words, till I perceived that he made no defence in the world; and since I knew not what more I could do,—it did not seem to me that that threatening of mine had any object,—the fancy came to me as the lesser evil to make them marry, with the design of taking my revenge upon them afterwards. Having thus resolved, I said: "Take off that ring that you have upon your finger, you coward, and marry her, so that then I can take the revenge that you deserve." He immediately said: "So long as you do not slay me, I will do anything." Then I said: "Put the ring upon her (finger)." When I removed the sword a little way from his throat he put the ring on (her finger). Then I said: "This is not enough, for I want two notaries to come here, so that this thing may pass as a contract." Telling Chioccia to go for the notaries, I immediately turned to her (Caterina) and to her mother. Speaking in French I said: "The notaries and other witnesses are coming here: the first of you that I hear speaking anything of this matter, I will immediately slay, and I will slay you all three. Therefore keep your heads." To him (Pagolo) I said in Italian: "If you oppose anything to all that I shall propose, at the smallest word that you say, I will give you so many dagger thrusts as to make you void all that you have in your stomach." To this he replied: "It is sufficient for me that you do not kill me, and I will do whatsoever you

wish." The notaries and the witnesses arrived; they made a binding (*attentico*) contract, and the wrath and fever miraculously passed from me. I paid the notaries and went away. The next day Bologna came to Paris on purpose, and caused Mattio del Nasaro to summon me: I went and saw the said Bologna, who with a cheerful countenance came to meet me, begging me that I would hold him as a good brother, and that he would never more speak of that work: for he recognized very well that I had reason.<sup>1</sup> If I did not say that in some of these adventures of mine I realize that I did wrong, those others wherein I know I did right would not pass for truth: I know, however, that I made a mistake in wishing to revenge myself so extravagantly upon Pagolo Miccieri. Although, if I had thought that he had been a man of such weakness of character, there would never have come into my mind so shameful a revenge as that which I wrought upon him: for it was

<sup>1</sup> This fountain, was, however, eventually completed by Primaticcio. It may be as well to observe, moreover, that DIMIER (*French Painting in the Sixteenth Century*, London: Duckworth and Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904, pp. 110-14) traverses CELLINI'S version of this quarrel with arguments drawn from documentary evidence still existing. From *Les Comptes des bâtiments du Roi* (I, p. 198) the same author has extracted the following: *Audit Primadicis de Boulogne, pour avoir vaqué à la conduite et faits desdits patrons et ouvrages de peinture, pedestal et accoudrement dudit Hercule, et colonnes de grès en façons de termes à mode antique pour le perron de ladite fontaine.* The *perron* in this case does not mean "a flight of steps," but "a block of stone." These payments were made to Primaticcio from 1541 to 1550. It is therefore not easy to discover whether CELLINI wilfully lied, or whether the fountain was allotted to his rival after his departure from France.

not sufficient for me to have made him take to wife so vicious and low a strumpet, but yet further, in my desire to complete the remainder of my revenge, I had her summoned and modelled her likeness. Every day I gave her thirty soldi: and since I made her pose naked she first wanted me to give her her money in advance: secondly, she wanted very much to break her fast: thirdly, out of revenge I had intercourse with her, jeering all the while at her and her husband for the various horns that I was providing him with. The fourth circumstance was that I made her pose to her great discomfort many many hours at a time: and since posing in this discomfort became very irksome to her, so much the more did I delight in it, for she was of most beautiful form and brought me greatest credit. And since it seemed to her that I had not that consideration for her that I had before she was married, becoming greatly annoyed she began to grumble: and in that French fashion of hers she kept boasting in words, quoting her husband, who had gone to live with the Prior of Capua, the brother of Piero Strozzi.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Born in Florence, October 15th 1515, Leone, son of Filippo Strozzi, Knight of Jerusalem and Prior of Capua, fought on behalf of France, and greatly distinguished himself as Commandant of six galleys at the capture of Nice. In 1551, in order to avoid service under the Conte di Tenda (a relative of the Constable de Montmorency), he resigned his position in the French forces, and also refused the offers of the Emperor. When in 1554 the War broke out with Siena, he joined his brother Piero in the hope of restoring to Florence her former liberties, and whilst reconnoitring with other officers in the neighbourhood of Scarlino, he was wounded by a shot from an arquebuse, and died eleven hours later at Castiglione della Pescaia: a death which brought great distress to his own party, but unbounded satisfaction to Cosimo de'

As I have said she kept quoting this husband of hers: and when I heard her talking about him there immediately came upon me unmeasured wrath. However I bore it unwillingly in the best way I could, considering that for (the purposes of) my profession I could not find a thing (a model) more suited to that purpose (of mine): and I kept saying to myself: "I am here executing two sorts of vengeance: one through her being a wife: these are no empty horns such as were hers when she played the whore upon me: wherefore if I am taking this revenge upon him, and employing towards her also such extravagance by making her pose here with so much personal discomfort: besides the pleasure that it affords me, it results for me in so much honour and so much profit. What more could I desire?" Whilst I made this calculation for myself, this wretch of a woman redoubled those insulting words of hers, speaking moreover of her husband. And she kept doing and saying so much that she led me beyond the bounds of reason: and giving myself a prey to fury, I took her by her hair and dragged her about the room, administering to her so many kicks and blows that I was tired out. And no one could come in thither to her assistance. Having been very thoroughly pounded, she swore that she would never come back to me again: for the which reason it appeared to me at first that I had done very wrong, for I seemed to be losing an admirable opportunity of

Medici, who had lost hope of retaining Piombino, if Strozzi entered into alliance with it. Cf. *Memorie per la Vita di Fra Leone Strozzi*, published for the first time by P. STROZZI and A. POZZOLINI on the occasion of the Strozzi-Corsini marriage, 1890: and also the *Histories* of SEGNI, AMMIRATO and ADRIANI.

doing myself credit. And seeing her besides all torn, bruised and swollen I thought that, even if she were to return, she must of necessity be treated for fifteen days before I could make any use of her. Returning to her I sent a woman servant of mine to help her dress; which servant was an old woman who was called Ruberta, a most kindly creature. And when she came to this wicked woman she brought her again a drink and food. Then she anointed with a little cooked bacon-fat those severe bruises that I had given her; and the remainder of the fat that was left over they ate together. When clad she went away abusing and cursing all Italians, and the King who harboured them: thus she went weeping and muttering all the way to her home. It is true that this first time it seemed to me that I had done very wrong, and my Ruberta rebuked me, and said to me: "You are very cruel to treat so roughly so handsome a girl." Wishing to excuse myself to this Ruberta of mine, I related to her the wickednesses that she and her mother had practised upon me when they were in my house. At this Ruberta scolded me saying that that was nothing, for it was the custom of France, and that she knew for certain that there was not a husband in France who was without his own small horns (*cornette*). At these words I was provoked to laughter, and then I told Ruberta that she must go and see how Caterina did, for I would have had great pleasure in being enabled to finish that work of mine by making use of her. My Ruberta rebuked me, telling me that I did not know how to live: "for that as soon as it is daylight, she will come here of her own accord: whereas if you should send to ask after her, or to visit her, she



will do the grand, and will not come here." When the following day came, this said Caterina came to my door, and knocked at the said door with great fury; to such purpose that I, who was down below, ran to see if it was some mad-man or (someone) belonging to the house. On my opening the door this animal laughingly flung herself upon my neck, embraced and kissed me, and asked of me if I was angry with her any more. I said: "No!" She said: "Give me then a good breakfast." I gave her a good breakfast (*ben d'asciolvere*), and ate with her in sign of peace. Then I set to work to model from her, and during that operation there happened the (usual) sexual amusements; and then at that same hour as on the past day she incensed me so much that I had to give her the same blows. Thus we went on for several days, doing every day all these same things as a matter of course (*come che a stampa*):<sup>1</sup> it varied little from more to less. Meantime I, having acquired very great credit and having finished my figure, I gave orders to cast it in bronze: in the which operation I experienced some difficulty, so that it would be most valuable for the purposes of my profession to narrate such a matter: but because I should go into too much length over it, I will pass it over. It is sufficient that my figure turned out most beautiful, and was as finely cast as any that has ever been accomplished.

<sup>1</sup> In modern Italian the expression would be *ripetere la stessa cosa in modo stereotipico*: "to do the same thing over and over again after a stereotyped fashion."

## CHAPTER VI

(1543-1544)

Cellini continues his labours upon the doorway of the Château at Fontainebleau, upon the Salt-Cellar and upon the Statue of *Jove*.—He completes the doorway. Having expelled Caterina, he takes as a model a poor girl named *Gianna* (*Jeanne*), by whom he has a daughter.—He is visited by the King, who commands seven thousand *scudi* to be paid to him, but through the evil machinations of the Cardinal of Ferrara, and on account of the need of money for War purposes he does not receive that sum. The King on finding that the *Jove* is almost complete, wishes to pay Cellini two thousand ducats. On seeing subsequently other works and sketch-models he commands that an income of two thousand *scudi* be assigned to him.—Our hero expels from Petit Nesle a distiller installed there by Madame d'Estampes.—He exhibits to the King the statue of *Jove*, which, although shown off at night, produces a very fine effect.—He receives one thousand *scudi* as a recompense for it.—Ascanio, his workman, hides a sweetheart of his inside the head of the colossal *Mars*, causing thereby a rumour that a ghostly spirit had entered into that huge figure.

WHILST this work was proceeding I set aside certain hours of the day, and worked therein upon the Salt-Cellar, and sometimes upon the (statue of) *Jove*. Since the Salt-Cellar was worked upon by many more men than I had sufficient convenience for to work upon the *Jove*, by this time I had already completely finished it. The King had returned to Paris, and I

went to see him, carrying with me the said completed Salt-Cellar:<sup>1</sup> which as I have said above was oval in shape, and was of the size of about two-thirds of a *braccio*, all of gold, chased with the aid of the chisel. And as I said, when I described the model, I had represented the *Sea* and the *Earth*, both seated; and they intertwined their legs, just as certain arms of the *Sea* run up into the *Earth*, and the *Earth* (juts out into) the said *Sea*: I had therefore appropriately given them that charming attitude. And in the right hand of the *Sea* I had fixed a trident, and in his left I had placed a boat, delicately chased, in which was to be placed the salt. There were beneath this said figure his four sea-horses, which as far as the breast and front hoofs were like a horse: all the remaining part from the middle backwards was (like) a fish: the fishes' tails were interlaced together in charm-

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI again describes this Salt-Cellar in Chapter XII of his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*, but owing, no doubt, to the long interval of years between the two descriptions, there are certain discrepancies between them. In 1566, during the reign of Charles IX, this work of art ran a great risk of being broken up, along with other precious objects, to augment the poverty-stricken Royal Exchequer: but escaping such danger it was, on the occasion of that King's marriage on November 26th 1570 to Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II, presented to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, the bride's uncle, who placed it in Schloss Ambras, near Innsbruck, where it long remained; and where, strange to say, its authorship was forgotten. When, however, in 1819, it was transferred from that collection to the Treasure Chamber of the Austrian Imperial and Royal House, it was immediately recognized from the description given in GOETHE'S, then recently published, translation of the *Autobiography*. Cf. PRIMISIER, *Die K. K. Ambraser Sammlung*, Vienna, 1819; PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 168-180, and Plates 2 and 9; MOLINIER, *op. cit.*, p. 56 *et seqq.*

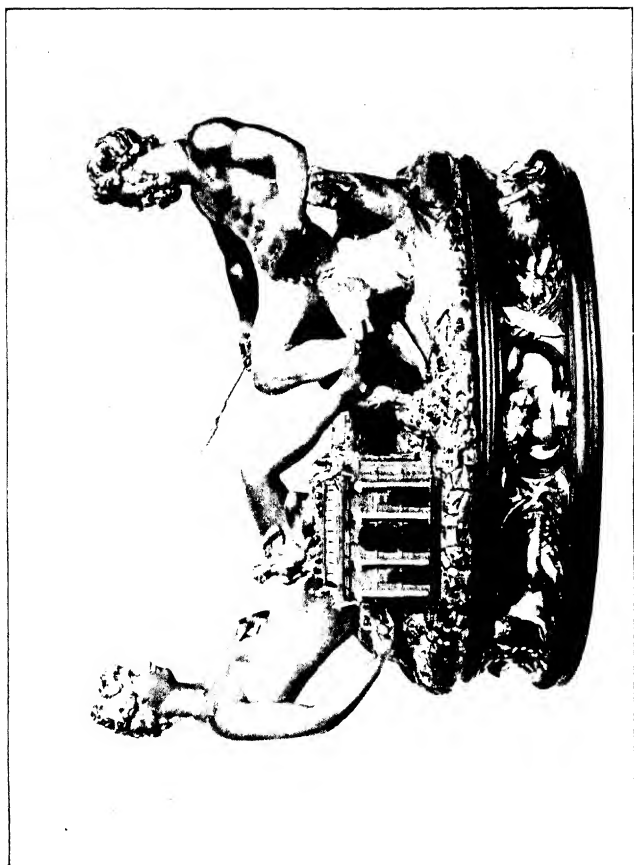
ing fashion: above that group there sat in a very haughty attitude the said *Sea*: he had around him many varieties of fishes and other sea-beasts. The water was represented with its waves: it was moreover most excellently enamelled in its own proper colour. For the *Earth* I had presented a very beauteous woman, with the *Horn of Abundance* in her hand, entirely naked exactly like the male figure: in the other, her left hand, I had made a small temple in the Ionic style, most delicately fashioned: and in this I had arranged the pepper. Beneath this female (figure) I had placed the handsomest animals that the *Earth* produces: and the rocks of *Earth* I had partially enamelled and partially left of gold. I had then posed this work and set it up upon a base of black ebony. This was of a certain suitable thickness and had a small bevel, upon which I had distributed four golden figures, executed in more than half-relief: these represented *Night*, *Day*, *Twilight* (*graprusco*), and *Dawn*. There were also four other figures of the same size, made for the *Four Chief Winds*, contrived with as much finish as it is possible to imagine, and partly enamelled. When I placed this work before the eyes of the King, he uttered an expression of astonishment (*stupure*), and could not sufficiently gaze at it. Then he told me to carry it back to my house, and that he would tell me in due time what I was to do with it. Carrying it back home I immediately invited several of my special friends, and in their company I dined with greatest enjoyment, setting the Salt-Cellar in the middle of the table: and we were the first people to use it. Then I pursued the completion of the silver *Jove*, and of a large vase, already spoken of, worked all over with

many very charming decorations and with a number of figures.

At this period the above-mentioned painter Bologna gave the King to understand that it would be well for His Majesty to let him go to Rome and to give him letters of recommendation, by which he might be enabled to make casts from those fine early antiques; that is to say the *Laocoon* (Leoconte), the *Cleopatra*, the *Venus*, the *Commodus* (Comodo), the *Zingara* and the *Apollo*.<sup>1</sup> These truly are the finest things that there are in Rome. And he told the King that after His

<sup>1</sup> MALVASIA affirms that Primaticcio was sent to Rome at the suggestion of Rosso to seek a rival for Cellini: but VASARI (*ed. MILANESI cit.* Vol. VIII, pp. 407 and 511) states that the King himself sent him: because he was pleased "with the manner and procedure of this painter in all things." But if credence be given to CELLINI'S assertions of the favour bestowed upon him by Madame d'Estampes, it is probable that Bologna was seeking some pretext for escape from the predicament in which that lady had placed him. We learn further from the Aretine biographer that the painter directed casts to be made in Rome "by Jacopo Barozzi da Vignuola and others, of the Horse which is in the Capitol, a great part of the Scenes from the Column (Trajan's), the statue of *Commodus*, the *Venus*, the *Laocoon*, the *Tiber*, the *Nile* and the statue of *Cleopatra*, which are in the Belvedere, for casting in bronze." Neither he nor CELLINI are quite exact in their lists, but the *Laocoon*, the *Ariadne* (then thought to be *Cleopatra*) the *Apollo*, the *Venus* and the *Commodus* may still be seen in one of the ground-floor halls of the Louvre; whilst the five other statues catalogued with them in the *Royal Accounts* of the Château of Fontainebleau; namely, the *Tiber*, two *Satyrs* and two *Sphinxes* were melted down into money at the time of the Revolution. Cf. DE LABORDE, *La Renaissance des Arts à la Cour de France*, Paris, 1850; E. BARBET DE JOUY, Paris, 1860.

The sleeping *Ariadne* (or *Bacchante*) is now in the Vatican: the *Venus* alluded to here (not the *Medicean* or the *Capitoline*) in the



THE SALT-CELLAR OF FRANCIS I



Majesty had seen those wondrous works he would then know how to judge regarding the art of design; for all that he had seen by us modern (artists) was very far removed from the splendid work of those ancient ones. The King was agreeable, and granted him all the recommendations he asked for. So this beast went away with his own ill-luck. Not having the courage to enter with his own handiwork into competition with me he took that other Lombardesque expedient of seeking to belittle my work by becoming a copyist of the antique. And although he executed the casting very well, he produced an effect altogether opposite to that which he had imagined: which thing shall be related later in its own place. Having driven away altogether the said wretch Caterina, and that poor unfortunate youth of a husband of hers having departed right away from Paris, since I wanted to finish completely (*nettare*) my *fontana Belìò* (*sic*), which was already cast in bronze, and also to execute properly those two *Victories*, which were to go in the angles beside the half-circle of the doorway, I took a poor little girl of about the age of fifteen years. She was very beautiful in the shape of her body and was somewhat swarthy: and since she was a little savage and spoke seldom (*di pochissime parole*), quick in her movements, with frowning eyes, all these circumstances caused me to impose upon her the name of "Scorzone":<sup>1</sup>

Museo Pio-Clementino in the same place: the *Commodus* (a statue of *Hercules*, clad in lion's skin, carrying the *Infant Bacchus*), and the *Apollo* (*Belvedere*) are to be found in the same collection: whilst the *Zingara* is perhaps a statue of *Diana*, now in the Borghese Gallery in Rome.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* "the rustic." *Scorzone* is also the name of a little black venomous serpent.



her proper name was Gianna. With (the aid of) this said girl I completed very thoroughly in bronze the said *Fontana Belio*, and those two said *Victories* for the said doorway. This young girl was intact and a virgin, and I got her with child: She brought forth to me a daughter on the seventh day of June at the thirteenth hour of the day 1544, which was exactly the 44th year in the course of my own life.<sup>1</sup> To the said daughter I gave the name of Constanza: and she was godfathered by Misser Guido Guidi, the King's physician, my very great friend, as I have written above. He was the only godfather, for a single godfather is the custom in France, and two godmothers, one of whom was the Signiora Maddalena, wife of Misser Luigi Alamanni, Florentine noble and wondrous poet: the other godmother was the wife of Misser Ricciardo del Bene our Florentine (fellow) citizen and an important merchant there: she was a French gentlewoman of rank. This was the first child that I ever had,

<sup>1</sup> In the *Register of Baptisms* in the Parish of Saint André des Arcs, which parish extends as far as the Château of Petit Nesle, is to be found the following entry: *Le dymence, jour de la Trinité, viije de juin mil vcxliiij, fut baptizée Constance, fille de Bendeuoste Chedeline (sic), florentin ou italien, et de Jehanne (family name omitted) sa chamberiere (sic): le parrain, Maistre Vidus Vidius (Guido Guidi) florentin: le marraines, damoisselles Jehanne Louan, femme de sire Richard Dalbene (sic), banquier, et Magddaine Bauault.* Riccardo del Bene's wife is elsewhere called *Joanne Lovan*: whilst Luigi Alamanni's wife was of the family of *Buonaiuti*: the spelling throughout this curious document is decidedly strange. Cf. JAL, *Dictionnaire critique cit.* The Florentine family of del Bene held high positions at the Court of Catherine de Medicis and her sons. Cf. P. RAJNA, *I Corbinelli e la strage di S. Bartolomeo*, *Arch. stor.*, Serie V, Tomo XXI (1898), p. 4. Costanza probably died in infancy before Cellini's departure from Paris. Cf. Book I, Chap. XXI, Vol. I, p. 378, n. 1.

as far as I remember. I consigned to the said girl as much money for her portion as contented an aunt of hers, to whom I handed her over: and never more afterwards did I know her. I gave my attention to my commissions and progressed much with them: the (statue of) *Jove* was almost at its completion, the vase likewise: the door began to display its beauties. At this time the King arrived in Paris: and, although I have mentioned 1544 in connection with the birth of my daughter, we had not yet passed 1543: but because it occurred to me as opportune to speak of this daughter of mine now, so as not to hinder me in connection with other matters of greater importance, I will say nothing further about her until the proper time. The King came to Paris, as I have said, and immediately came to my house: and finding so many works before him, such as could most excellently satisfy the eyes as (in fact) they did those of the wondrous King, the works satisfied him as much as one who had endured the labour as I had done could desire, and he immediately remembered of his own accord, that the above mentioned Cardinal of Ferrara had given me nothing, neither pension nor anything else of that which he had promised me: and in a whisper to his Admiral he said that the Cardinal of Ferrara had done very ill not to give me anything; and he wished to remedy such an unhandsome act, for he saw that I was a man to say few words but that some day presently (*da vedere a non vedere*) I should be gone right away without saying anything further. On going home, after His Majesty had dined, he told the Cardinal, that he must tell the treasurer of the Exchequer by his orders to pay me as soon as he could seven thousand gold *scudi* in three or four instal-

ments, according as it was convenient to him, so long as he did not fail to do it: and he added moreover saying: "I gave Benvenuto into your charge and you have forgotten him." The Cardinal said that he would willingly do all that His Majesty told him. The said Cardinal of his own evil nature allowed this wish of the King's to be neglected. Meanwhile the Wars increased: and it was at this period that the Emperor with his very great army marched towards Paris.<sup>1</sup> When the Cardinal saw that France was in great need of ready money, having taken one day the opportunity of speaking about me he said: "Sacred Majesty! It is for the best that I have not caused money to be given to Benvenuto. For one reason is that there is now too great need of it. Another reason is that so great a sum of money would very soon have caused us to lose Benvenuto: for imagining himself to be wealthy he would have with it purchased property in Italy, and one day when the fancy took him he would the more readily have departed from you. Wherefore I have thought that it would be best for Your Majesty to confer upon him something within your kingdom, since you have a desire that he remain a longer time in your service." The King agreed to these arguments, since he was in need of money: nevertheless in accordance with his most noble soul, truly worthy of such a King as he was, he thought that the said Cardinal had done this thing more to gratify himself, than from

<sup>1</sup> This was the fourth of the series of wars between Francis I and Charles V. The latter, in June 1544, at the head of 50,000 men occupied the Duchy of Luxemburg and some of the cities in the Low Countries, and, invading Champagne, threatened to march upon Paris. Cf. ANQUETIL, *Hist. de France*, Vol. IV.

necessity, for he would certainly have thought of that long before the needs of so great a kingdom. And although, as I have said, the King showed that he approved of these said reasons, privately he did not interpret it thus: for, as I have said above, he returned to Paris, and the next day, without my going to urge him, he came of himself to my house: where, going forward to meet him, I conducted him through various chambers, wherein there were different kinds of works of art, and beginning with the inferior works, I exhibited to him a vast quantity of works in bronze, of which he had not seen so many for a long time past. Then I took him to see the silver *Jove*, and I exhibited it to him as though complete with all its very beautiful decorations: which appeared to him a much more admirable thing than it would have done to another man, on account of a certain disastrous chance that had happened to him a few years before. For when after the capture of Tunis the Emperor passed through Paris<sup>1</sup> by agreement with his brother-in-law King Francesco, the said King desiring to make him a present worthy of so great an Emperor, caused a silver *Hercules* to be made of precisely the size that I had made the *Jove*:<sup>2</sup> which *Hercules* the

<sup>1</sup> The siege and capture of Tunis by the Emperor Charles V occurred in 1535, and His Imperial Majesty made his State entry into Paris on January 1st 1540. The triumphal arches, columns, and other decorations employed upon this occasion were designed and manufactured by Rosso and Primaticcio. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. V, p. 170.

<sup>2</sup> In a *Register* in the National Archives in Paris, there is a record in barbarous French of a proposal made by Francis I for the making of a *Hercules* clad in a gilded lion's-skin with a column in either hand arranged to support flambeaux: the columns to bear

King admitted to be the ugliest work of art that he had ever seen, and had therefore condemned it as such to those brilliant Parisian craftsmen, who pretended to being the ablest men in the world in that profession, having given the King to understand that that was the best (*tutto*) that could be done in silver, and nevertheless wanted two thousand ducats for that dirty (piece of) work of theirs. For this reason when the King saw that work of mine, he perceived in it such finish as he would never have believed. He therefore made a fair judgement, and wanted my work upon the *Jove* to be valued also at two thousand ducats, saying: "I did not give those men any salary: this man, to whom I give about one thousand *scudi* of salary can certainly make this thing for me for the sum of two thousand gold *scudi*, since he has the said advantage of his salary." I afterwards took him to see the other works in silver and in gold, and many other models for the fashioning of fresh objects of art. Then at the very moment of his departure, I exhibited to him on my *Château* green that huge *Giant*, which caused the King greater astonishment than he had ever experienced

the motto of the Emperor, PLUS ULTRA, whilst a fillet round the statue's head displayed the words ALTERA ALTERIUS ROBOR. (*Cf. Trattati ed. cit.* p. 140-1.) Directions were given to the Seigneur de Boisy to write to Master "*Rousse*," painter at Fontainebleau, to make a design "according to his pleasure" and the moulds for casting the figure. (*Cf. FELIBIEN, Histoire de la ville de Paris*, Tom. V, p. 354.) But Rosso failing, the King handed over the job to a man named Cheurier (*Chevrier*). It is doubtful whether Rosso really had anything to do with the casting of this ugly statue, for if he had CELLINI would surely not have failed to mention the fact; whereas he speaks only of "brilliant Parisian craftsmen." (*Cf. JAL, op. cit.*) The same *Hercules* is also alluded to in *La Chronique du Roi François I* (pub. by GUIFFREY), p. 305.

at any other thing:<sup>1</sup> and turning to the Admiral, who was called Monsignor Aniballe,<sup>2</sup> he said: "Since nothing has been provided for this man by the Cardinal, it is necessary (for us to do it), since he also is slow in asking: without saying anything further I wish him to be provided for; for in the case of men of this sort, since they are not accustomed to ask for anything, their works would seem sufficient to demand their due (recompense). Wherefore look out for the first abbey that falls vacant, which may amount to the value of two thousand *scudi* of revenue. And should it not amount (to that sum) in one benefice alone arrange that it be in two or three; for that will be the same thing to him. Being present, I heard everything, and I immediately thanked him as if I had already had it; telling His Majesty that when this gift came to me I wanted to labour for His Majesty without any other reward, either (in the form of) salary or in any other valuation of my works, until such time as constrained by old age, being unable to work any longer, I could repose my weary life in peace, living honourably upon this same revenue, and recalling how I

<sup>1</sup> The following passage in the *Act of Donation* of the Château of Petit Nesle (*cf.* Book II, Chap. IV, p. 152) probably refers to this visit: *Nous* (Francis I) *estant demeurantes en Notre Ville de Paris, Nous Nous sommes transportés au dit Nesle et ayant Nous mesme veu la statue en forme de Collosse, et autres ouvraiges par le dit Celliny ja dressés*, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Claude d'Annebaut, a French noble much beloved by King Francis I (whose imprisonment at Pavia he shared), not merely for his bravery and intelligence in military matters, but also for the probity and disinterestedness with which he carried out his official duties. He was created Marshal in 1538, and Admiral of France in February 1543. He died in 1552. *Cf. Hist. des Connestables . . . Marechaux*, pp. 18, 48.

had served so great a King as was His Majesty. At these words of mine the King with much merriment (turning very cheerfully towards me), said: "And let it be so!" And satisfied with me His Majesty departed from me, and I remained behind.

Madama di Tampes, on learning of these doings of mine, became more violently poisoned against me, saying to herself: "I rule the world nowadays, and an insignificant man like this values me at naught." She prepared the shop entirely<sup>1</sup> in order to act in opposition to me. And a certain man falling into her hands, who was a clever distiller (he supplied her with certain perfumed liquids which were admirable for improving the skin, a thing never previously employed in France): she presented him to the King: the man proffered some of these distilled preparations, which much delighted the King: and whilst in this state of pleasure she made him ask of His Majesty a tennis court (*un giuoco di palla*) that I had in my *Château*, with certain small chambers adjoining which he said that I was not using. That excellent King, who recognized whence the matter came, gave him no answer. Madama di Tampes set herself to soliciting by those methods that women are able (to employ) with men, in so much that this design of hers was easily successful; for finding the King in an amorous mood, to which he was very prone, he was complacent to Madama to as great an extent as she desired. This said man came in company with the Treasurer Grolier, a very great French noble:<sup>2</sup> and since this Treasurer spoke Italian very well

<sup>1</sup> *Si messe in tutto e per tutto a bottega*. A somewhat vulgar way of saying that "she left no stone unturned to achieve her object."

<sup>2</sup> Jean Grolier, a native of Lyons. He was sent by King

he came to my *Château*, and entering therein into my presence addressed me in Italian in a jesting manner. When he saw the opportunity (*Quand e' vidde il bello*) he said: "On behalf of the King I put this man here in possession of that tennis court together with those small buildings that belong to the said court." To this I replied: "Everything belongs to the sacred King: therefore you could have entered in here more freely. Wherefore a matter done in this fashion by means of notaries and the Law Court, looks more like a way of deceit than an honest commission from so great a King. I protest therefore that before I go to complain to the King, I will defend myself in that fashion that His Majesty the day before yesterday commissioned me to do, and I will fling this man whom you have put here out of the windows unless I see another express warrant under the King's own hand." At these words of mine the said Treasurer went away threatening and murmuring; and doing the like I remained behind, nor did I want at that time to make any other demonstration. Subsequently I went to see those lawyers, who had put that man in possession. These men were very well known to me, and they told me that it was a formal act properly done by the King's commission, but that it was not of much importance: and that if I had made the slightest resistance, he would not have taken possession, as he had done: and that these were acts and customs of the Court, which in no way

Francis I as *Insubriae Quaestor primarius* to Milan in 1515; and on his return to France was nominated Superintendent of Finance, an office which he held until 1565: the year of his death at the age of eighty-six. He left behind him a large and valuable collection of books and medals.



affected the King's obedience. So that when it seemed well to me to oust him from possession in that same way wherein he entered, it would be well done, and there would be no further trouble. It was sufficient for me to be advised of this, for the next day I began to use my weapons: and although I experienced some difficulty in the matter, I took it as a great pleasure. Every day I made all of a sudden an assault with stones, with pikes, with arquebuses, firing however without ball. But I inspired them with so much terror that no one wanted any more to come to his assistance. Wherefore finding one day that his defence was weak I entered the house by force, and drove him out; flinging outside everything (*tutto tutto*) that he had brought with him. Then I repaired to the King, and told him that I had done everything (*tutto tutto*) that His Majesty had commissioned me to do, defending myself from all those persons who wanted to hinder me in the service of His Majesty. At this the King laughed and sent me fresh letters, under which I was not to be molested any more.<sup>1</sup> Meanwhile with great application I completed the fine silver *Jove* together with its gilded base, which I had mounted upon a wooden plinth, which was scarcely visible. And in the said wooden plinth I had embedded four small balls of hard wood, which were more than half hidden in their sockets after the fashion of the nuts of crossbows. These things were

Cf. Book II, Chap. IV, *supra*, p. 152, n. 1. But in the *Act* dated July 15th 1544, by which the King confirmed the gift and possession, this distiller of perfumes is described as a certain "*Jehan le Roux thailleur et faiseur de pavemens de terre cuytes*." We find, however, nothing in the *Deed* about assaults "with stones, pikes, and arquebuses," but only read of "*les oppositions et appellations intentées par le dit Celliny*."

so neatly contrived that a small boy could easily, without any exertion in the world, push backwards and forwards the said statue of *Jove*, and turn it in all directions. Having fixed it up in my own way, I went with it to Fontana belio, where the King was. At this time the above-mentioned Bologna had brought from Rome the above-mentioned statues; and had had them with great care cast in bronze.<sup>1</sup> I knew nothing of this, because he had carried out this business of his very secretly, and since Fontana Belio is more than forty miles distant from Paris, I therefore could not know anything (about it). When I endeavoured to learn from the King where he wished that I should place the *Jove*, Madama di Tampes, who was present, told the King that there was no place more appropriate for placing it than in his handsome gallery. This was, as we should say in Tuscany, a *loggia*, or more accurately a wide corridor (*androne*): more correctly could it be called "a wide corridor," because we call a *loggia* those chambers which are open upon one side. This long room was much more than one hundred ordinary paces (*passi andanti*) in length, and was adorned and very rich with paintings by the hand of that wondrous Rosso, our Florentine (fellow-citizen), and below the paintings were arranged very many pieces of sculpture, some in whole (*tonde*) and some in half relief (*basso rilievo*); it was in width about twelve ordinary paces. The above-mentioned Bologna had transported into this said gallery all the above-men-

<sup>1</sup> The casting of these statues, we learn from the *Royal Accounts*, was carried out at Fontainebleau by Francisque Rybon, Pierre Beauchesne, Benoist le Bouchet and Guillaume Durant, and they acquired the praise of even CELLINI himself.

tioned antique works of art, executed in bronze and very well done; and had set them out after a very fine plan, raised up on their own bases: and as I have remarked above they were most beautiful objects copied from the antiques in Rome. Into this said chamber I conveyed my *Jove*, and when I saw that fine show all arranged with skill, I said to myself: "This is like passing through the pikes.<sup>1</sup> Now may God assist me." Having set it (the statue) in its place, and as far as I was able, arranged it very satisfactorily, I waited till the great King should come. The said *Jove* held his thunder-bolt in his right hand, contrived in an attitude as if desirous of hurling it, and in the left I had placed the World. Amid the flames I had with much skill inserted a piece of a white torch. And Madama di Tapes had entertained the King until nightfall in order to do me one of two evil turns; either that he should not come at all, or that my work on account of its being night would truly show to less advantage: but as God protects those of His creatures who have Faith in Him, it turned out quite the opposite; for when I saw that night had come, I lighted the said torch that was in the hand of the *Jove*; and since it was somewhat raised above the head of the said *Jove*, the light fell from above, and made a much more beautiful effect than it would have done by day. The said King appeared, together with his Madama di Tanpes, with the Dauphin, his son (now King),<sup>2</sup> and with the Dauphiness, with the King of Navarre his brother-in-law, with Madama Margherita

<sup>1</sup> *Passare in fra le piche*: i.e. running the gauntlet.

<sup>2</sup> Since King Henry II died on July 14th 1559 CELLINI must have arrived at this point in his MS. before that event.

his daughter<sup>1</sup> and with several other great lords, who were instructed for the purpose by Madama di Tampes to speak against me. When I saw the King enter I caused it (the statue) to be pushed forward by Ascanio (that workman of mine already mentioned), so that the handsome *Jove* moved gently towards the King. And since I had also executed it with some small amount of skill, the slight motion that was given to the said figure, from its being so well fashioned, made it seem to be alive: and the said antique figures being left by me somewhat in the rear, the great charm of my work came first to the eyes. The King immediately said: "This is much the most beautiful thing that was ever seen by any man, and I, although I delight in and understand these things, could never have imagined the hundredth part of it." Those lords, who were to have spoken against me seemed to be unable to say enough in praise of the said work. Madama di Tampes impudently said: "It seems very clear that you have no eyes. Do you not see how many fine antique bronze figures are placed further back: in them exist the true merits of this (branch of) art, and not in these modern tricks?" Thereupon the King moved on, and the others with him. And when he had given a glance at the said figures which, since they were in an inferior light, did not show to advantage at all, the King said: "Who-

<sup>1</sup> This lady, born in 1523, was one of the most accomplished women of her time. In 1559 she married Emanuele Filiberto, Duke of Savoy, and died in 1574. For her virtue and charity she was styled "the People's Mother," and her decease was the occasion of universal mourning and regret. According to DIMIER the exhibition of this statue of *Jove* in the Gallery at Fontainebleau must have taken place between May 28th and November 28th; but during that period King Francis I was never at that Château.

ever wished to do this man a bad turn has actually done him a great service. For by means of these admirable figures one can see and recognize this work of his to be a long way more beautiful and more wondrous than they are: wherefore to make a full reckoning of Benvenuto, not only do his works stand comparison with antique ones, but also surpass them." Upon this Madama di Tampes said that when one saw such a work by day it would not appear by one thousand times as beautiful as it appeared by night: besides it must be observed that I had put a veil over the said figure to conceal its faults. This was a very thin veil which I had draped with considerable grace round the said *Jove*,<sup>1</sup> in order to increase its majesty; the which at those words I removed, lifting it from below, uncovering thereby its handsome genital organs; and with some small amount of visible annoyance I tore it all off. She thought that I had uncovered that portion as a personal affront to her. When the King perceived her wrath, and that I too, overcome with passion, wanted to begin speaking, the wise monarch immediately pronounced these sober words in his own language: "Benvenuto, I cut short your speech. Therefore be quiet, and you shall have more treasure a thousand times than you desire." I, being unable to speak, writhed with violent rage; a reason for her growling more furiously: and the King departed much sooner than he would have done, saying aloud, in order to encourage

<sup>1</sup> This statue is fully described by CELLINI in Chapter XXV of his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (*ed. cit.*). It was the only one apparently of the twelve statues ordered by Francis I that was ever completed; but no further information regarding it can be traced, and there exist neither drawings nor models for it.



PERSEUS  
(BRONZE STATUETTE)  
Collection of Baron Davillier



me, that he had drawn from Italy the greatest man that was ever born, and one full of so much ability. Having left the *Jove* there, and desiring to depart in the morning, I made them give me one thousand gold *scudi*: part of it was my salary, and part for the accounts of what I showed that I had spent of my own money. Taking the cash, joyful and content I returned to Paris: and directly I arrived, revelling in my home, after dining I made them bring me all my clothing, which consisted of a vast quantity of silken (articles), of handsomest fur, and likewise of very fine cloth. From these I made a present to all those workmen of mine, allotting them to these same servitors according to their deserts, even down to the maid-servants and stable-boys, giving to all of them courage to assist me with brave hearts. Having recovered my strength, with greatest care and attention I set about finishing that great statue of *Mars*, which I had contrived of pieces of wood very well fitted together (*tessuti*) to form a prop; and over this, his flesh was a crust an eighth of a *braccio* thick, made of plaster, and skilfully modelled. Then I next prepared to cast the said figure in many pieces, and afterwards to dovetail (*commetterla . . . a coda di rondine*) them together as the art directs: (an operation) which I did very easily. I do not wish to omit relating a tale (*dare un contra segno*) regarding this huge work, a thing truly worthy of laughter. I had given orders to all those in my employ (*a chi io davo le spese*) that they should not bring into my house and into my *Château* any prostitute: and I gave close attention to this point that such a thing should not occur. That youth of mine Ascanio was enamoured of a very handsome young girl, and



she of him: wherefore that said young woman escaped from her mother, and came one night to visit Ascanio. And when she did not want to go away, and he did not know where to hide her, being an ingenious person, as a last resource, he put her inside the figure of the said *Mars*, and arranged a sleeping place in the very head itself. And there she remained some time, and at night he used at times quietly to bring her out. Since I had left that head very nearly complete, and out of a little vain-glory on my part I used to leave the said head uncovered, it could be seen by the greater part of the city of Paris: the nearest neighbours had begun climbing upon the roofs, and very much people went on purpose to see it. And since there was a report throughout Paris, that in that *Château* of mine there had dwelt from ancient times a spirit (of which thing I never saw any sign to make me believe that such was the truth), the said spirit was by the common folk of Paris universally called by the name of *Lemmonio Boreo*:<sup>1</sup> and since this young girl who inhabited the said head could not at times prevent a certain small amount of motion being seen through the eyes: at this some of those foolish people asserted that the said spirit had entered into the body of that great figure, and that it caused the eyes to move in the head, and the mouth, as if it wanted

<sup>1</sup> BIANCHI supposes this to be a misprint for *Le démon Bourreau*, i.e. "the Demon Executioner": but EUGENIO CAMERINI (under the name of CESARE BINI, in an article in the *Rivista Critica*, p. 95) states that *Le moine bourru* is intended. This was the ghost (LITTRÉ tells us) of a monk clad in *bourre* or *bure*, "a species of drugget." The Château of Petit Nesle had an evil reputation on account of the murders committed there in the fourteenth century by Queen Jeanne, wife of Philip V.

to speak. Many departed terror-stricken, and some clever ones, who came to look and could not disbelieve that flashing of the eyes which the said figure made, also affirmed that there was a spirit there, not knowing that there was (indeed) a spirit there, and sound flesh as well.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI describes this *Colossus* again in Chapters VII and VIII of his *Treatise on Sculpture* (*ed. cit.*). When, however, he left France he abandoned for ever his plans for this fountain. From a *Register of Payments* made in connection with the Château of Petit Nesle after his departure (now preserved among the French National Archives) we learn that the model was well constructed of stone and plaster; and that Francis I in 1546 gave directions that it should be covered to protect it from the weather. It was probably *in situ* when later on Germain took possession of the Château. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 55, 66, and 212.

## CHAPTER VII

(1544)

Cellini puts together the disjointed portions of the Fontainebleau doorway.—He is consulted by the King regarding the fortifications of Paris.—Being warned that Madame d'Estampes has robbed him of the King's favour, Cellini goes to see His Majesty and is well received.—Francis I promises Madame d'Estampes to give Cellini a scolding in order to terrify him.—Our hero justifies himself, but demands leave from the King to take his departure from France.—The King on seeing the colossal figure of Mars, directs that the expenses incurred in connection with it be paid at once, and complains that the Cardinal of Ferrara had neglected our artist.—Barbarous counsels of the Comte de Saint Paul and of Madame d'Estampes.—The King, being occupied in the War against the English, Cellini is once more left without supplies.—He goes to see the King at Argentan, taking with him two vases, and again begs for permission to retire to Italy.

MEANWHILE I gave my attention to the putting together of my beautiful doorway with all the (other) objects described below. And since I do not want to trouble to indite in this my Autobiography matters which appertain to those persons who write chronicles, I have therefore omitted the advent of the Emperor with his vast army, and the King with all his armed forces (*sforzo*).<sup>1</sup> And at that time he (the King) sought

<sup>1</sup> The Imperial army after taking the Château de Saint-Dizier on the banks of the Marne in Champagne, towards the end of August 1544, sacked the towns of Epernay and Château-Thierry, and

my advice in order to fortify Paris in haste. He came to me to my house on purpose, and conducted me all round the City of Paris: and when he understood that I would with good judgement fortify Paris for him quickly, he gave me express directions that I should immediately carry out whatsoever I had said: and he gave orders to his Admiral that he should command those people to obey me under the pain of his displeasure. The Admiral, who had been appointed to such a post through the favour of Madama di Tampes, and not on account of his own valiant deeds—being a man of but small talent; and bearing the name of Monsignor d'Anguebò,<sup>1</sup> which in our tongue means Monsignor d'Aniballe, in that language of theirs it sounds in such a way that most of those people called him Monsignor *Ass-Ox* (*asino bue*)<sup>1</sup>—this beast having talked it all over with Madama di Tampes she commanded him that he should hastily summon Girolimo Bellarmato.<sup>2</sup> This man was a Sienese engineer, and he

approached within nineteen leagues of the City of Paris itself. The Dauphin hastened from Meaux with a large body of troops to the defence of the Capital, and Francis gave orders to Giacomo Bellarmati to fortify the suburbs of Montmartre, Temple, Saint Antoine, Saint Jacques, and Saint Michel.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *supra*, p. 207, n. 2. *Anguebò* is a misspelling for *Annebaut*, a name jestingly changed by the Parisian populace into *Anebauf*.

<sup>2</sup> Girolamo Bellarmati (1493-1555), a Sienese. He taught mathematics, military architecture and cosmography in his native town: but, on being banished thence, withdrew to France where Francis I appointed him his principal engineer. He corresponded with Claudio Tolomei, and in 1536 published a work entitled *Chorographia Tusciac*, dedicated to Valerio Orsini. Cf. UGURGIERI, *Le Pompe sanesi*, Pistoia, Fortunati, 1649, Pt. I, Tit. XXI; MAZZUCHELLI, *Scritt.*

was at Diepa,<sup>1</sup> a little more than a day's distance from Paris. He came immediately, and having put in operation a longer method of fortification, I withdrew from that undertaking: and if the Emperor had pressed forward he would have captured Paris with great ease. It was indeed said that in the agreement made subsequently, Madama di Tampes, who interfered more than any one else, betrayed the King.<sup>2</sup> Nothing further occurs to me to say upon this point, because it is not part of my present object. I set myself with close application to the putting together of my bronze doorway, and to finishing that large vase and two other moderate-sized ones made of my own silver. After these troubles the excellent King came to take some rest in Paris.

This accursed woman (Madame d'Estampes) having been born as if for the destruction of the universe, it seemed to me that I might consider myself of some

*ital.*, and CARLO PROMIS in Section XIX of the *Miscellanea di storia italiana*. GAETANO MILANESI published some of his letters in Vol. III of his *Documenti per la storia dell' arte senese*, Siena, 1856.

<sup>1</sup> Dieppe, forty-four leagues from Paris.

<sup>2</sup> According to ANQUETIL (*op. cit.*, Vol. IV, pp. 370-412) it was Madame d'Estampes who, out of enmity against Diane de Poitiers, arranged that the bridge at Epernay should not be cut in time. Thus the Imperial troops were able to advance on Paris, and Francis was compelled to accept conditions of peace. By these conditions Francis consented to the marriage of his second son, François d'Orléans, with a niece of the Emperor; a principality being found for them either in the Milanese or the Low Countries, over which, however, the King was to renounce all claim. These terms greatly annoyed the Dauphin, and resulted in injury to the French nation, since, by the death of the said François d'Orléans before completing the marriage, France acquired no compensation from the Emperor for that ill-considered renunciation.

importance, since she reckoned me as her principal foe. (The subject) of my affairs chancing to arise with that good King, she spoke so ill of me that that good man in order to pacify her, took an oath that he would never more in this world take any notice of me, as if he had never known me. These words a page of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who was called Villa, came immediately to repeat, and he told me that he himself had heard them from the King's mouth. This circumstance put me into such a rage that, flinging all my tools in different directions, and likewise all my works of art, I got myself in readiness to depart right away, and I immediately went to seek the King. After his dinner I entered a chamber where His Majesty was with a very few attendants; and when he saw me enter, and I had made that due obeisance which is due to a King, he immediately bent his head toward me with a cheerful expression of countenance. Wherefore I regained hope and approaching His Majesty by degrees, for they were exhibiting to him certain objects belonging to my own trade, when we had talked awhile about these said things, His Majesty asked of me if I had any thing beautiful to show him in my house. Then he asked when I would like him to come and see them. Thereupon I said that I was in readiness to show him something at once if he greatly desired it. He immediately told me to go away home and that he wished to come directly. I went away, in expectation of this excellent King, who went to take leave of Madama di Tampes. Upon her wishing to know whither he was going—for she said that she would keep him company—when the King told her whither he was going, she told His Majesty that

she did not wish to go with him; and that she besought him to do her so much kindness as not even himself to go that day. She had to repeat her request more than twice in her desire to dissuade the King from that purpose: but for that day he did not come to my house. The next day after I returned to the King at that same hour: directly he saw me, he swore that he wanted to come immediately to my house. Having gone according to his wont to obtain leave from his Madama di Tanpes, when she saw that with all her power she was unable to deter the King, with her biting tongue she set herself to saying as much evil of me as could possibly be said of a man who was the mortal enemy of that worthy Crown (of France). Upon this that excellent King said that he wanted to come to my house merely to scold me after such a fashion as would terrify me. And so he gave his word to Madama di Tampes that he would do. And he came immediately to my house, where I conducted him into certain large lower chambers into which I had put together the whole of that great door of mine. And when the King came to it he remained so stupefied (with astonishment) that he could not find the way to express to me that violent abuse which he had promised Madama di Tampes. Nevertheless upon this occasion he did not want to miss finding an opportunity for uttering that promised abuse, and he began by saying: "It is indeed a very important thing, Benvenuto, that all of you, even though you be talented, ought to know, that you cannot exhibit those great talents by your own efforts: and that you only show yourselves to be great through the medium of the opportunities that you receive from us. Now you ought to be a little more submissive, and

not so haughty and headstrong. I remember having ordered expressly that you should fashion for me twelve silver statues: and that was all that I wished for. You wanted to make me a Salt-cellar, and vases and busts and doorways, and so many other things that I am much disappointed, seeing you neglecting all the desires of my heart and attending to the satisfaction of all your own wishes. If then you are thinking of acting in this way, I will presently let you see how I am accustomed to act when I wish people to act in my way. Wherefore I say to you. Attend to obeying me in as much as I have told you; for by sticking obstinately to these fancies of your own, you will run your head against the wall." And whilst he was speaking these words all those lords stood attending to him, observing how he was shaking his head, contracting his eyes and gesticulating, now with one hand, now with the other; in such a way that all those men who were there present trembled with fear on my behalf, though I was resolved to harbour no fear whatsoever. And directly he had finished giving me that scolding which he had promised his Madama di Tampes, I bent one knee to the ground, and kissing the robe upon his knee, I said: "Sacred Majesty! I admit that all that you say is true. My only reply to you is that my heart has been continuously day and night, with my vital energies, intent alone upon obedience and service. And regarding all that which may appear to Your Majesty in contradiction to what I say, may Your Majesty understand that it has not been Benvenuto, but one may say my evil fate or adverse fortune, which has wished to make me unworthy of serving the most wondrous prince that the earth ever pos-



sessed. Wherefore I beg you to pardon me. Only it appeared to me that Your Majesty had given me silver sufficient for but one statue only: and not having any of my own I was unable to fashion more than that one. So of that small amount of silver that was left over from the said figure, I made that vase to demonstrate to Your Majesty the fine taste of the ancients: a thing of such a kind as perhaps Your Majesty has never seen before. As for the Salt-Cellar, it would seem to me, if I remember well, that Your Majesty ordered it of me of your own accord one day; entering (upon the subject) in connection with one (a salt-cellar) that had been brought to your notice. Wherefore having shown you a model that I had already made in Italy, at your own suggestion alone you directed one thousand gold ducats to be given to me immediately in order that I might make it, telling me that you were much obliged to me for such an idea: and it seemed to me that you thanked me very specially when I handed it over to you completed. As regards the doorway it seemed to me that, discussing it by chance, Your Majesty gave the commission to Monsignor di Villurois, your First Secretary, who commissioned Monsignor di Marmagnia and Monsignor dell' Apà<sup>1</sup> that they should keep me at such a work and provide me with supplies: and without these directions I should never have been able on my own account to carry out such great undertakings. As for the bronze busts and (the decorations on the base (*le base*)) of the *Jove*, and the rest, the busts in truth I made of my own accord in order to make experiments with these French

<sup>1</sup> Jacques de la Fa, mentioned above. Cf. Book II, Chap. V, *supra*, p. 185, n. 1.

clays, of which I as a foreigner knew nothing at all: and without making trial of the said clays I should never have attempted to cast such large works of art as these. As for the base-(decorations) I made them, because it seemed to me that such a thing was most excellently suitable to accompany such figures as those: nevertheless all that I have done or thought most of doing is never to separate myself from the will of Your Majesty. It is certainly true that I have completed that great Colossus up to the point which it has now reached, by the expenditure of my own funds; thinking only that since you are so great a king and I so insignificant an artist, I ought to create for your glory and my own a statue such as the ancients never had. Having realized now that it does not please God to make me worthy of so honourable a service, I beseech you that instead of that honourable reward that Your Majesty intended for my works, you will merely grant me a little of your good favour, and with it kindly permission (to depart); for at this juncture, if you make me worthy of such favours, I will depart, and returning to Italy, continually thank God and Your Majesty for those happy hours that I have passed in your service.”<sup>1</sup> He seized me with his own hands and with great kindness raised me from my knees: then he told me that I must be content to serve him; that everything that I had done was excellent, and that he was very grateful. And turning to those lords, he

<sup>1</sup> DIMIER observes (*op. cit.*) that CELLINI'S defence before the King is singularly weak: for as the artist himself admits, many of the works executed by him were never commissioned by his Majesty at all. As for his *Colossus*, in spite of his dispute with Primaticcio (see Chapter V), he here confesses most ingenuously that it never was made to the order of the King.

uttered these exact words: "I certainly believe that if Paradise had gates, it would never have a finer one than this." When I saw that he had paused a little in the ardour of these words, which were all in my favour, with a very profound reverence I thanked him again, repeating, however, my desire for my permit; for my irritation had not yet passed away. When that great King perceived that I had not given that value to those unaccustomed and great courtesies of his that they deserved, he ordered me in a loud and fearsome voice not to say another word, for it would be woe to me; and then he added that he would drown me in gold, and that he would give me the permit, for, beyond the works of art commissioned to me by His Majesty, with all that I had done in the meantime upon my own account he was most satisfied, and that I must never more have any differences with him, for he understood me: and that I must also endeavour to understand His Majesty as my duty directed. I said that I thanked God and His Majesty for every thing. Then I begged him to come and see the huge figure, how I had progressed with it: so he came along with me. I caused it to be uncovered: the which object caused him as much astonishment as one could ever have imagined: and he immediately commissioned one of his Secretaries presently to pay me back all the money of my own that I had expended; and let the sum be what it would, it sufficed that I should give him the account under my own hand. Then he departed and said: "Good-bye, *mon ami*:" a fine<sup>1</sup> expression such as is not usual in a king. When he

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI means that the use of such a familiar expression was a mark of special condescension on the part of the King.

returned to his palace, he chanced to recall the fine words so wondrously humble and so haughtily proud that I had employed to His Majesty, words which caused him much irritation, and he recounted some of the details of those expressions in the presence of Madama di Tampes, where was Monsignor di Sanpolo,<sup>1</sup> an influential French Baron. This latter had in the past made a very great profession of being a friend of mine: and certainly he showed it at this time very brilliantly, "after the French fashion." For after much discussion, the King lamented that the Cardinal of Ferrara, to whom he had given me in charge, had never thought any more about my affairs, and that it was no thanks to him (*non era manchato per causa sua*) that I had not gone right away from his kingdom: and that he should in fact think about putting me into the charge of some person who would understand me (*i.e.*, my value) better than the Cardinal of Ferrara had done, for he did not wish to give me any more occasion of losing me. At these words Monsignor di Sanpolo immediately offered himself, telling the King that he should put me into his charge, and that he would take good care that I should never more have cause to depart from his kingdom. At this the King said that he would be very pleased if

<sup>1</sup> François de Bourbon, Comte de Saint Paul, one of the ablest officers in the service of Francis I, his companion in arms at Marignan in 1515, and fellow-prisoner with him at Pavia in 1525. JAL, *Dictionnaire cit.*, quotes a Document, bearing date April 28th 1543, wherein this François, Seigneur d'Anghien, obtains *une commission de lieutenant général pour le Roi, de l'armée navale du Levant*. He was also Duc d'Estouteville, and he died in 1545 at the age of fifty-four, greatly mourned by his friend and Sovereign. Cf. ANQUETIL, *op. cit.*, Vol. IV.

San Polo would tell him the means that he proposed to employ so that I should not depart. Madama, who was present, was much displeased, and Sanpolo stood on his dignity (*stava in su l'onorevole*), not wishing to tell the King the method that he wanted to employ. When the King asked him again, he, to please Madama di Tanpes, said: "I would hang him by the neck, this Benvenuto of yours: and in this way you would not lose him from your kingdom." Madama di Tampes immediately raised a loud laugh, saying that I well deserved it. At this the King for good-fellowship's sake joined in the laugh, and said that he was very willing for Sanpolo to hang me, if he would first find another man equal to me: for although I had never deserved such a fate, he gave him full permission. After this said fashion the day ended, and I remained sound and safe: for which may God be praised and thanked. The King had at this period settled the war with the Emperor, but not with the English (*inghilesi*), so that these devils kept us in much tribulation.<sup>1</sup> The King, having something other than pleasures to occupy his head, had commissioned Piero Strozi<sup>2</sup> that he should command certain galleys in those English waters: the which matter was very great

<sup>1</sup> Peace was concluded between Francis I and Charles V at Crespy on September 18th 1544: but the English army under Henry VIII had taken Boulogne four days before, and war with them lasted until a treaty was signed at Campe, near Andres, on June 7th 1546.

<sup>2</sup> Piero Strozzi embarked at Havre in July 1545, where the French fleet under the command of Admiral Annebaut was joined by twenty-five Italian galleys. Several naval skirmishes took place between the French and English fleets off the Isle of Wight, and Strozzi even managed to effect a landing upon that island.

and difficult of accomplishment even for that wondrous soldier, unique in his own times in such a profession, and as unique in ill-fortune. Several months had passed, during which I had received neither money nor any orders for work: so that I sent away all my workmen except those two Italians whom I directed to make two large vases of my own silver, because they did not know how to work in bronze. When I had completed the two vases I went with them to a city which belonged to the Queen of Navarre: this place is called Argentana,<sup>1</sup> and is many days distant from Paris. I arrived at the said place, and found the King, who was unwell. The Cardinal of Ferrara told His Majesty that I had arrived in that place. At this the King answered nothing: which was the reason why I had to remain for many days in discomfort (*a disagio*). And in truth I never suffered greater annoyance. However, at the end of several days I presented myself one evening, and placed before his (the King's) eyes those two fine vases: and they pleased him excessively. When I saw the King in a very good humour, I begged His Majesty that he would be pleased to grant me so much favour that I might walk off (*andare aspasso*) as far as Italy, and that I would forgo seven months of salary for which I was creditor: the which money His Majesty would deign to have paid to me afterwards, so that it might serve me for my return journey. I besought His Majesty to grant me this particular favour, because it was in truth then a time for

<sup>1</sup> Argentan: a small but pleasant town belonging to the Duchy of Alençon in the Department of Orne. Margaret of Navarre, having been first married to the Duc d'Alençon, after his death retained his fiefs.

fighting and not for statue making. Besides, since His Majesty had granted a similar thing to his painter Bologna, I therefore most devoutly besought him that he would be pleased to make me also worthy of it. The King, whilst I uttered these words, regarded with very close attention those two vases, and from time to time pierced me with a terrible look: I, however, to the best of my power and knowledge besought him that he would grant me this particular favour. All of a sudden I saw that he was in a violent rage, and, rising from his seat, he said to me in the Italian language: "Benvenuto, you are a great fool. Carry those vases to Paris, for I want them gilded:" and giving me no other answer, he departed. I approached the Cardinal of Ferrara, who was present and I begged him that, since he had done me so great a kindness as to free me from the prison of Rome, together with so many other benefits besides, he would also oblige me in this matter that I might go as far as Italy. The said Cardinal told me that he would very willingly do all that he could to give me that satisfaction, and that I might freely leave the charge of it to him; and also, if I wished I might go freely, for he would arrange it very well on my behalf with the King. I told the said Cardinal that since I knew that His Majesty had given me into the charge of His Most Reverend Lordship, if he gave me permission I would gladly depart, to return upon the slightest hint from His Most Reverend Lordship. Thereupon the Cardinal told me to go to Paris, and stop there eight days; and that during this period he would obtain the favour from the King that I might go: and in case the King were not willing that I should depart, without any fail he would inform

me. Wherefore if he did not write to me to the contrary, it would be a sign that I might freely go.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI'S later account of these circumstances in his *Treatise on Sculpture* (Chapter VIII), scarcely tallies with his statements made here. He tells us there that the King *fece gran carezze* upon his arrival with the avowed object of demanding permission to leave France; and that fifteen days after his return to Paris he received his formal Letters of Dismissal. Here in the *Autobiography* we learn that he was kept waiting for some time, and "remained many days at a loose end."



## CHAPTER VIII

(1545)

Cellini leaves Paris in company with Ippolito Gonzaga and Leonardo Tedaldi, taking with him the three silver vases.—Ascanio follows after him and persuades him to send back to Paris the vases, so as not to incur the King's ill-favour.—Near Lyons he is caught in a violent storm of hail.—Overtaking Count Galeotto della Mirandola, and continuing his journey in low spirits, he arrives at Piacenza, where he meets Duke Pier Luigi Farnese, by whom he is kindly received.—At Florence he finds his sister and brother-in-law in great financial straits, and makes plans to assist them.—He visits Duke Cosimo I de' Medici at Poggio a Caiano and takes orders regarding the making of a *Perseus*.—He obtains from the said Duke Cosimo a house to work in, but is much annoyed by the Ducal steward, Pier Francesco Ricci, and by Lattanzio Gorini with regard to the work to be done to the house.—He employs Tasso the joiner to make the framework for the model of the *Perseus*.—Being summoned and rebuked by the above-mentioned Ricci, Cellini meditates returning to France; but, on being recalled once more by the same official, his allowance is fixed for him at two hundred *scudi*. He therefore commences work.

GOING to Paris, as the Cardinal had told me (to do), I made some admirable packing cases for those three silver vases. When twenty days had passed by I got myself in readiness, and I put the three vases in the pack of a mule which the Bishop of Pavia, who was lodging again in my *Château*, had lent me as far as Lyons. In an evil hour I departed in company with the Lord

Ipolito Gonzaga, (which lord was in the King's pay, and entertained by Count Galeotto della Mirandola,<sup>1</sup>) and with certain other noblemen in the service of the said Count. There accompanied us besides Lionardo Tedaldi,<sup>2</sup> our Florentine (fellow-citizen). I left Ascanio and Paolo in charge of my *Château*, and of all my belongings, amongst which were certain small vases that had been begun, which I left behind so that those two youths might not be at a standstill.<sup>3</sup> There was besides much

<sup>1</sup> We learn from TIRABOSCHI (*Memorie storiche Modenesi*, Modena, 1793) that Galeotto della Mirandola's wife was Ippolita Gonzaga, daughter of Luigi, Lord of Bozzolo and Sabbioneto. The Ippolito, mentioned here in the text, who acted as Governor of Mirandola from 1537-38, was probably a member of the same family.

<sup>2</sup> Who exactly this Leonardo Tedaldi was we have no means of ascertaining; but BUSINI in the sixth of his Letters to VARCHI (*ed. cit.*, p. 57) alludes to a certain *Bartolo di Leonardo*, who was a strong opponent of the tyranny of Alessandro de' Medici and an ardent enthusiast in the cause of popular liberty. He is also mentioned by both SEGNI and VARCHI. Since CELLINI speaks of this Leonardo further on as "a poor old man" (*povero vecchio*), he may possibly have been the father of that Bartolo. EUGENIO GAMURRINI (*Istoria genealogica delle famiglie nobili toscane et umbre*, Firenze, 1668) includes the Tedaldi family; but the pedigree of them, which he appends, goes no further back than 1410. It was undoubtedly a family of distinction, having its origin in Poland; but migrating to Fiesole, a branch line extended to Florence and allied itself with the most illustrious Florentine and Tuscan houses.

<sup>3</sup> Pierre de la Fa, who, as has been recorded above (*cf.* Bk. II, Chap. V, p. 185, n. 1), succeeded his father in March, 1546, was commissioned to provide for the payment of Cellini's expenses, etc., at Petit Nesle for the current quarter, and he received 4565 livres Tournois "*de maistre Jehan du Val, conseiller du Roy et trésorier de son espargne, pour convertir tant au payement des journées des ouvriers et manœuvres qui ont besogné et travaillé en la dicte maison de Nesle à la continuation des ouvrages qui se y faisaient*

household furniture of great value, for I was very handsomely lodged: the value of these said properties of mine was more than fifteen hundred *scudi*. I told Ascanio that he must remember how many great benefits he had received from me, and that up to that time he had been a lad of but small judgement: and that it was now time for him to have the judgement of a man; wherefore I wished to leave him in charge of all my belongings, along with the whole of my credit; and that if he should hear one thing more than another<sup>1</sup> from those beasts of Frenchmen he was immediately to let me know, for I would take post and fly (back) from wherever I was, whether on account of the great obligation that I was under to that excellent King or for the sake of my own credit. The said Ascanio with feigned and thievish tears said to me: "I have never known any other better father than you, and all that a good son ought to do towards his own good father I will always do towards you." Having agreed thus I departed<sup>2</sup> with one servant and with a little French urchin. When midday had passed there came to my *Château* certain of those treasurers, who were by no means my friends. This scoundrelly crew immediately said that I had gone off with the

*pour le dict seigneur durant le quartier de janvier, février et mars 1545, que à l'achat de deux marqs d'argent pour faire deux ances à deux petits vases d'argent appartenans au dit seigneur,"* etc. This perhaps refers to the subsequent completion of the two vases referred to by CELLINI in the Text. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

<sup>1</sup> I.e. "Should have any annoyance from."

<sup>2</sup> According to DIMIER (*Benvenuto Cellini à la cour de France cit.*) this departure took place between June 16 and July 7, upon which latter date (as will be seen from a subsequent note) our hero was already at Lyons.

King's money, and they told Misser Guido and the Bishop of Pavia to send quickly for the King's vases, lest they themselves should send after me for them with great annoyance to myself. The Bishop and Misser Guido felt much more fear than the matter warranted, and hastily sent after me by the post that traitor of an Ascanio, who appeared (before me) at midnight. And I,—for I could not sleep,—was condoling with myself saying: "To whom have I left my belongings, my *Château*? Oh! what destiny is this of mine, that forces me to take this journey? For the Cardinal may be in league with Madama di Tampes, who desires no other thing in the world except that I should forfeit the favour of that good King." Whilst I was holding this discussion with myself, I heard myself called by Ascanio: and at once I rose from my bed, and demanded from him whether he brought me good or bad news. The thief said: "I bring good news. Merely that you must send back the three vases; for those scoundrels of treasurers are crying out, 'Stop Thief' (*achorruomo*),<sup>1</sup> in such fashion that the Bishop and Misser Guido say that anyhow you must send them back. And for the rest give yourself no further annoyance, and go and enjoy this journey happily."

I gave up the vases immediately, although two of them were my own, together with the silver and everything else. I was conveying them to the Cardinal of Ferrara's abbey in Lyons: for although they spread a report about me that I wanted to take them into Italy, it was well known to everyone, that one could not remove either money, or gold or silver, without full permission. They

<sup>1</sup> An exclamation composed from the two words *accorri* and *uomo*, signifying "help, help!" Cf. *postea*, p. 238.

ought indeed to have considered whether I were able to take out those three great vases, which with their cases loaded one entire mule. It is very true that because those objects were very handsome and of great value, and I was afraid of the King's death, (for I certainly left him very unwell): I said to myself: "If such an event (as his death) were to happen, if I had them in the hands of the Cardinal, I should not lose them."<sup>1</sup> Now, to settle the matter (*in conclusione*), I sent back the said mule with the vases and the other things of value, and with the said company I set forward the following morning upon my way; nor ever throughout the whole journey could I refrain from sighing and weeping. Sometimes

<sup>1</sup> In a long letter under date April 22, 1561, addressed by CELLINI to Bartolomeo Concino, Secretary to Cosimo I (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 600 *e segg.*), occurs the following passage: "Since he (King Francis) had given me three hundred pounds of silver, and of it I was to make a statue of *Jove* four *braccia* in height, I made the said statue . . . and of the remainder I made four large vases alike, very richly ornamented, to which the excellent Messer Guido the physician (then in the service of the Duke of Florence) can bear witness." The fourth vase here mentioned may perhaps be the large one *with two handles* recorded in Book II, Chap. IV, *supra*, p. 146.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS in his romance, *Ascanio*, invents a series of love-episodes between Ascanio and Madame d'Estampes. GIOVANNI PERUZZINI goes a step further, and employs this romance as the subject of a semi-serious melodrama in four "days" (*Il Cellini à Parigi*) for representation in the theatre of the I. R. Accademia dei Ravvivati in Pisa during the spring of 1847. (Milano, Francesco Lucca). DIMIER also affords us this curious notice: "Grâce à Dumas, il est assez curieux que le personnage d'Ascanio est devenu populaire en France. C'est un comparse de notre littérature romantique. Saint Saens en a fait un opéra; et le Luxembourg conserve un *Ascanio* d'un peintre nommé Faurelet, qui travailla sous Louis Philippe et sous l'Empire."

however I comforted myself by addressing God, saying: "Oh Lord God! Thou knowest the truth. Thou knowest that this journey of mine is solely to carry alms to six poor wretched little maidens and to their mother, my very own sister: for although these (girls) have their father, he is very old, and his trade brings him in nothing: so that they might easily turn to evil courses: wherefore in doing this pious work, I hope for aid and counsel from Your Divine Majesty." This was as much recreation as I took whilst journeying forward. When we were one day's journey from Lyons, it was nearly twenty-two of the clock, when the heaven commenced to emit certain sharp claps of thunder (*tuoni*), but the air was very clear.<sup>1</sup> I was a bolt's distance in front of my companions. After the thunder the heaven emitted a noise so loud and so terrifying that I reckoned to myself that it was the Day of Judgement. And as I stopped for a moment there began to fall a shower of hail without a drop of water. This (hail) was larger than the pellets of a blow-pipe,<sup>2</sup> and when it struck me, it hurt me very much. And little by little this hail began to grow bigger in such fashion that it was like the bullets of a crossbow. Observing that my horse was very terrified, I turned back at a tremendous gallop (*con grandissima furia a corso*) until I rejoined my companions, who on account of the same terror had halted within a pinewood. The hailstones increased to the size of large lemons. I intoned a *Miserere*: and whilst I was

<sup>1</sup> *E l'aria era bianchissima*. This may mean, as MR. SYMONDS points out, "and the air blazed with lightnings;" but both that author and GOETHE prefer the translation that I have adopted here.

<sup>2</sup> *Cerbottana*, a species of air-gun, in the form of a long tube, through which clay pellets could be projected by blowing.

communing thus devoutly with God, there came one of those hail-stones so large that it broke in pieces a very thick branch of that pine whereunder I had fancied myself to be safe. Another mass of those hail-stones struck my horse upon the head, which showed signs of falling to the earth: one struck me also, but not with full force, for it would have killed me. Likewise one struck that poor old fellow Lionardo Tedaldi in such fashion that, since he was like me upon his knees, it made him set his hands upon the ground (*i.e.*, go upon all fours). Then I, when I saw that that branch could no longer protect me, and that along with my *Misereres* it was needful that I should take some action, began to fold my garments around my head: and so I said to Lionardo, who was crying out for help (*acquoruomo*) "Jesu, Jesu," that He would help him if he helped himself. I had a great deal more trouble to save this man than myself. This business lasted a while, then it ceased, and we, who were all pounded, as best we could remounted our horses: and whilst we went in the direction of our lodging, showing to each other our scratches and bruises, we found, a mile further on, so much greater a destruction than ours as it seems impossible to describe. All the trees were stripped and broken, whilst as many animals as happened to be there were dead: and many shepherds were also dead. We saw a vast quantity of those hailstones<sup>1</sup> which could not be contained in two hands. It seemed to us that we had had a lucky escape (*havere un buon mercato*), and we knew then that our appeal to God and those *Misereres* of ours had served us more than we could

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI uses here the word *granelle* (which strictly means *small grains*) on account of their shape, not of their size.

have been able to do for ourselves. Thus thanking God we journeyed on to Lyons the next day after, and there we remained for eight days.<sup>1</sup> When eight days had passed, being well refreshed we continued our journey, and passed the mountains very comfortably. I bought there a little pony, because certain of our small baggage had somewhat fatigued my horses. After we had been one day in Italy, Conte Galeotto della Mirandola joined us, who was travelling along by post, and whilst he was stopping with us, he told me that I had made a mistake in taking my departure, and that I ought not to proceed further, for by returning at once, my affairs would prosper better than ever: but if I went on I would make room for my enemies and an opportunity of doing me harm; whereas if I returned immediately I should stop the way of that which they had planned against me: and that those in whom I had most faith were just those who were deceiving me. He would not tell me anything else but that he knew this very surely: and that the Cardinal of Ferrara had entered into an agreement with those two scoundrels of mine whom I had left in charge of all my property. The said count (*contino*)<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This brief halt at Lyons is confirmed by a passage from a letter dated July 7th 1545, and written by BATISTA, son of LUIGI ALAMANNI, Almoner to Catherine de Medicis, Abbot of Belleville, and Counsellor to King Francis I, from Lyons to BENEDETTO VARCHI, published in *Prose fiorentine*, P. IV, Vol. II, p. 209. It runs as follows: "I am in the house of the Panciatichi here with our Messer Lucantonio (Ridolfi), and Messer Benvenuto Cellini, where we dine in company this evening. He, that is to say, Messer Benvenuto, has just come to amuse himself thus for some days: but he has left his house going (*aperta*) in Paris, where his young men are continuing to work. From him you will learn all details about me, and regarding himself."

<sup>2</sup> Galeotto Pico della Mirandola was but eight years younger



repeated to me many times that I ought to return at all costs. Mounting into the post-waggon he proceeded on his way, and I, on account of the above-mentioned travelling companions, resolved also to move forward. I endured a struggle in my heart: now to arrive as quickly as possible in Florence, and now to return to France: I was in such great personal distress, irresolute in this way, that finally I resolved that I would mount the post-waggon to reach Florence quickly. I had made no agreement with the first post (that started); for this reason I was strengthened in my fixed determination of coming to face my difficulties in Florence.<sup>1</sup> Having left the company of the Lord Ipolito Gonzaga,—who took the road to go to Mirandola, and I that to Parma and Piacenza,—when I reached Piacenza I met in one of the streets the Duke Pier Luigi,<sup>2</sup> who scrutinized me closely and recognized me. And to me, who knew that of all the evil which I had endured in Castel Santagniolo in Rome he had been the whole cause, it gave me great rage to see him: but, not knowing any help for escaping out of his hands, I determined to go and visit him. And I arrived just as they had removed his dinner, and there were with him those members of the House of Landi, who were afterwards the men who slew him.<sup>3</sup> When I

than CELLINI who, nevertheless, speaks of him with the diminutive, *contino*, "youthful count"; perhaps as a term of affection.

<sup>1</sup> This passage is somewhat obscure. *Venire a tribolare* might mean "to get to Florence at all hazards."

<sup>2</sup> Pier Luigi Farnese was not formally invested with the Duchies of Parma and Piacenza until September, 1545. CELLINI, therefore, in styling him thus "Duke" refers to his Dukedom of *Castro*. Cf. Book I, Chap. XXI, Vol. I, p. 389, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> GIAMBATTISTA ADRIANI (*Istoria dei suoi tempi, etc.*) tells us

reached the presence of His Excellency, the man showed me the most unbounded civilities that one could ever possibly imagine. And amid those same civilities fell himself upon the subject, saying to those who were present, that I was the first man in the world in my own trade, and that I had been a great while in prison in Rome. And turning to me he said: "Benvenuto mine. That suffering which you endured grieved me very much: and I knew that you were innocent, but I could not help you otherwise, because my father<sup>1</sup> . . . in order to satisfy certain enemies of yours, who had besides given him to understand that you had spoken ill of him (*sparlato di lui*): a thing which I know for very certain was never true; and it grieved me very much on your account." And to these words he added so many other similar ones that it seemed as if he demanded pardon of me. Next he asked me about all the works of art that I had executed for the most Christian King: and whilst I described them to him, he listened attentively, giving me the most kindly hearing that could possibly be imagined. Then he enquired of me if I would like to serve him: to this I replied that I could not do so with honour to myself: that if I had left com-

that Pier Luigi Farnese was actually murdered by Count Giovanfrancesco Angoscioia; but that among the conspirators there was also Count Agostino Landi, to whom was entrusted the charge of the principal entrance to the citadel, wherein the Duke was living. SEGNI, on the other hand (*Istorie fiorentine*), avers that all the conspirators, including Landi, invaded the chamber where the Duke was, but he does not state which of them actually killed him.

<sup>1</sup> There is certainly a gap here in the MS. which, however, Sigg. RUSCONI and VALERI would supply with the words *vi tenne in prigione*: "kept you in prison."

plete those many great works which I had commenced for the great King, I would have deserted every other great Lord solely to serve His Excellency. Now here may be recognized how the Great Power of God never leaves unpunished any sort of man who commits wrongs and injustices towards the innocent. This man as much as demanded pardon of me in the presence of those men who, a short time later, executed vengeance upon him for me as well as for those many other persons who had been injured by him: therefore no lord,<sup>1</sup> be he ever so great, should scoff at the Justice of God, as do some of those whom I know, who have injured me so cruelly, whereof I shall speak in their own place. And I do not write of these affairs of mine out of worldly arrogance; but solely to give thanks to God, who has brought me out of so many great trials. Besides of those (trials) that present themselves before me day by day, in all of them I appeal to Him and claim Him as my very own Defender, and I commend myself to Him. And ever, besides the fact that I aid myself as much as I am able, when afterwards I lose courage at the point to which my feeble strength cannot reach, that great Might<sup>2</sup> of God is immediately made manifest to me: which descends unexpectedly upon those who do wrong to others and upon those who pay but slight attention to the great and honourable position which God has conferred upon them. I returned to my inn, and I found that the above-mentioned Duke had sent me most abundantly very splendid gifts both for to eat and to drink: I derived good courage

<sup>1</sup> The grammar of this sentence is most incorrect in the MS, but the sense seems fairly clear.

<sup>2</sup> *Bravuria*.



BUST OF A FARNESE

(DRAWING)

Collection of the Marquis de Chennevières

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from my meal. Then, mounting my horse, I came on towards Florence: where, when I arrived I found my own sister with six young daughters, one of whom was of marriageable age and one still at nurse. I found her husband, who, from various chances in the city, was working no more at his trade. I had forwarded more than a year previously precious stones and French goldsmiths' work<sup>1</sup> to the value of more than two thousand ducats, and I had brought with me to the value of about one thousand *scudi*. I found that although I gave them regularly four gold *scudi* per month, they also continually received great sums from those gold objects of mine, which they sold day by day. That brother-in-law of mine was such an honest man, that, for fear lest I should have reason to be angry with him,—since the money that I sent for their allowance, given them out of charity, had proved insufficient,—had pawned almost everything that he had in the world, letting himself be eaten up by interest, merely in order not to touch those sums which had been entrusted to him.<sup>2</sup> From this I realized that he was a very honest man, and my desire increased to offer him a larger alms: and before I departed from Florence, I wanted to make arrangements for all his daughters.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Dorure*. A French word used instead of the Italian *doratura*.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning of this somewhat confused passage seems to be that Benvenuto's brother-in-law had refrained from using the money obtained by the sale of the jewellery deposited with him, although, on account of the inadequacy of his allowance, and his being out of work, he had got into debt and difficulties.

<sup>3</sup> Two of these nieces, as we learn from CELLINI'S *Memoranda* of April 7th 1555, and April 2nd 1569, took the veil in the Convent of Sant' Orsola. Raffaello Tassi, the second husband of our hero's sister, Liperata, of whom he speaks here, died in 1545. In a long petition to the Municipal Authority of Florence (*Sopraassindachi*)

Our Duke of Florence<sup>1</sup> at this time (for we were in the month of August in (the year) 1545) being at Poggio a Caiano,<sup>2</sup> a spot ten miles distant from Florence, I went to seek him there, merely to pay my duty, since I also was a Florentine citizen, and because my ancestors had been great friends of the House of Medici: and because I more than any of them loved this Duke Cosimo. As I say I went to the said Poggio, merely to pay my respects, and never with any intention of stopping with him, as it pleased God, Who does all things well: when the said Duke seeing me, thereupon showed me the most unlimited civilities, and he and the Duchess<sup>3</sup> asked

in 1570 BENVENUTO states that he had come back to Italy by the gracious permission of King Francis "to set in order the affairs of my six nieces, the daughters of my own sister: and it suited me to espouse her again in a quarter wherein I might employ all that money which I had brought with me." From this statement we may suppose that this marriage took place not long after the artist's arrival in Florence and soon after the death of Tassi. (Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI *cit.*, p. 568 *e segg.*). This, however, is uncertain, since there is no mention of this third husband in the *Memoranda* earlier than September 29th 1550, although from that source we learn that his name was Paolo Paolini. He was a goldsmith by trade, and worked with Cellini, receiving payment from him for work upon the *Perseus*.

<sup>1</sup> Cosimo I de' Medici became Duke in 1537 and Grand-Duke in 1570.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly a castle belonging to the Cancellieri family of Pistoja and subsequently to the Strozzi, and the Medici. Lorenzo the Magnifico built there the present splendid Royal Villa, after designs by Giuliano da San Gallo, and the Great Hall was further adorned under the directions of Leo X in memory of his august father, by the work of Andrea del Sarto, Franciabigio, Pontormo, Andrea di Cosimo Feltrini, and Alessandro Allori.

<sup>3</sup> Eleonora di Toledo, daughter of Pietro Alvarez, Viceroy of Naples, married to the Grand-Duke Cosimo I in 1539. In

of me concerning the works of art that I had executed for the King: whereupon I willingly and in full detail described them. When he had heard me out, he said that he had understood as much, and that such was the fact: and he added afterwards in a tone of sympathy, and said: "Oh! How small a reward for so many fine and splendid efforts! Benvenuto mine! If you are willing to make something for me, I will pay you after a very different fashion than that King of yours has done, whom out of your good nature you praise so much." To these remarks I added the great obligations that I was under to His Majesty, for, having withdrawn me from so unjust an imprisonment, he had afterwards given me the opportunity of executing more wonderful work than any other craftsman of my standing who had ever been born. Whilst I spake thus my Duke twisted himself about, and seemed as if he could not stop to listen to me.<sup>1</sup> Then when I had finished he said to me: "If you are willing to make something for me, I will show you such favours that you will perchance remain in astonishment, provided that your work pleases me: of that I have no doubt." I, poor unlucky creature, anxious to demonstrate in this wondrous School (of Florence),<sup>2</sup> that since

spite of her benevolence and many virtues she was not popular with the Florentines on account of her Spanish manners, which were somewhat haughty and repellent. There is a fine portrait by Bronzino of this lady in the Uffizi Collection.

<sup>1</sup> Cosimo was not so particularly well-disposed towards King Francis I; more especially on account of his promises—barren though they proved to be—to the Florentine exiles.

<sup>2</sup> This was the Academy of Design (now styled "of the Fine Arts"); to which Academy CELLINI desired to demonstrate by some fine work of art how a goldsmith could become a sculptor. It



I had been away from it I had laboured in another branch of it than that which the said School held in esteem, answered to my Duke that willingly, either in marble or in bronze, I would make a large statue for that fine Piazza of his. To this he replied that he would like from me for a first work, merely a *Perseus*:<sup>1</sup> this was what for some time past<sup>2</sup> he had greatly longed: and he begged me to make a small model of it. I gladly set myself to make the said model, and in a few weeks I had completed it of the height of about a *braccio*: it was of yellow wax, very suitably finished; it was excellently executed with very great care and skill.<sup>3</sup> The Duke came to Florence, and before I was able to show him this said model several days passed by, when it seemed exactly as if he had never seen nor known me: in such fashion that I formed a bad omen in regard to my relations with His Excellency. Later, however, one day after dinner, when I had conveyed it (the model)

was by the piety of this body that his obsequies were subsequently carried out with considerable pomp. Cf. Extract from the *Archivio dell' Accademia delle Belle Arti* printed among the Documents (No. CX) published by Sigg. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 638. 1571 (*st. com.*). 1570, 15 febbraio (*ab Inc.*).

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI dilates at greater length regarding this work of art later on.

<sup>2</sup> *Un pezzo*, a Tuscan expression for *gran tempo*=a long time. BIANCHI observes that Cosimo saw in this subject an allusion to his relation to the Republican Party. Cellini also introduced the winged head of *Medusa* amongst the ornaments to the colossal bust of the Grand-Duke, now in the Bargello.

<sup>3</sup> This is, no doubt, the precious model now preserved in the Museo Nazionale in the Florentine Bargello: a model which does far more credit to the genius of Cellini than the ambitious, but over-laboured, work in the Piazza della Signoria.

into his Wardrobe chamber, he came to inspect it, together with the Duchess and with a few other lords. Directly he saw it, it pleased him, and he praised it extravagantly; whereby he inspired me with a little hope that he might really understand it to some extent. After he had gazed at it for some time, his pleasure greatly increasing, he spake these words: "If you, Benvenuto mine! carry out thus upon a large scale this little model, it will be the most beautiful work in the Piazza."<sup>1</sup> Thereupon I said: "My most excellent lord! There are in the Piazza works by the great Donatello and the wondrous Michelagnuolo,<sup>2</sup> who were two of the greatest men from ancient times until now. Nevertheless Your Most Illustrious Excellency inspires a great spirit to my model, wherefor I have sufficient courage to make the (completed) work more than three times finer than the model." At this there arose no small debate, because the Duke kept saying continually that he understood (the matter) very well, and that he knew exactly what could be done. Upon this I said that my works would decide that question and his doubts; and that most certainly I would fulfil for His Excellency much more than I was promis-

<sup>1</sup> Known then as the *Piazza del Granduca*, but to which its ancient name of *Piazza dell Signoria* has now been restored. This Piazza, together with the *Loggia dei Lanzi*,—once styled *Loggia d'Orcagna*, from its supposed designer,—was adorned by Cosimo with some of the finest works of sculpture in the city.

<sup>2</sup> Donatello's *Judith* still remains under the Loggia before-mentioned; but Michelangelo's *David*, after standing until a few years since beside the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, now adorns a special tribune of its own in the Galleria Antica e Moderna. To this passage in his *Autobiography* CELLINI refers in Chapters XII of his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* and VIII of his *Treatise on Sculpture*.

ing him; but that he must, however, provide me with the conveniences whereby I could carry out such a matter, for without those conveniences I could not complete the great undertaking that I was promising him. To this His Excellency replied that I must make a Petition for the amount that I was asking for, and I must include in it all that I needed, for he would give most ample orders to that effect. Certainly if I had been clever enough to secure by contract all that I had need of for these works of mine, I should not have had such great troubles as came upon me through my own fault: for he showed the greatest willingness in his desire to carry out the works and to give proper orders with regard to them. I, however, not realizing that this lord had a great desire to carry out very important undertakings,<sup>1</sup> went to work most liberally with His Excellency as a Duke and not as a merchant. I presented the Petitions, to which His Excellency responded most liberally. Wherein I said: "Most rare (*singularissimo*) patron mine! My real petitions and our real contracts do not depend upon these words, nor upon these writings, but they depend altogether upon how I succeed in the work that I have undertaken: and if it succeeds then I reckon that Your Most Illustrious Excellency will very clearly remember how much he has promised me." His Excellency, charmed by these words

<sup>1</sup> This is how the passage runs at present, but the words *piu modo di mercatante che duca* (now almost illegible)—that is to say "more like merchant than duke"—were originally inserted where we now read *gran desiderio di far grandissime imprese*. It is furthermore to be observed that the zealous adherent of the Medici, who made the correction, in doing so forgot to remove the negative.



PERSEUS  
(WAX MODEL)  
Bargello, Florence

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and by my manner and speech, both he and the Duchess, showed me the most unlimited favours that could possibly be imagined. Having the greatest desire to begin working, I told His Excellency that I had need of a house, of such a kind as would enable me to accommodate myself in it together with my furnaces, both for the manufacture of works in clay and in bronze, and besides, separately, in gold and in silver: for I was aware that he knew how well adapted I was to serve him in such branches of my profession as these: and I had need of chambers suitable to enable me to carry out such things. And in order that His Excellency might see how great was my desire to serve him, I had already found the house which was to my purpose, and it was in a locality that pleased me very much. And since I did not want to impose upon His Excellency as regarded money or anything else before he had seen my work, I had brought with me from France two jewels, with which I begged His Excellency that I might purchase the said house, and that he would keep them until such time as I might with my own work and my own labours earn it for myself. The said jewels were very finely executed by the hands of my own workmen, after my own designs. When he had examined them sufficiently, he spake to me these inspiring words, which endued me with false hopes: "Take, Benvenuto! your jewels, for I want you and not them, and you can have your house free." After this he made me out a Deed (*rescritto*) in accordance with my petition, which I have always preserved.<sup>1</sup> The said Deed ran as follows: "Let

<sup>1</sup> This *Petition*, together with the Duke's *Rescript*, is to be found (Doc. XIII) in RUSCONI and VALERI (*op. cit.*, p. 539). It is in autograph and is now preserved in the *Cassetta Palatina* in the Biblio-

the said house be examined, and who it is who sells it and the price that he asks for it; for we wish to please Benvenuto." It seemed to me that by this Deed I was sure of the house: for I promised myself assuredly that my work would be much more satisfactory than that which I had undertaken. After this His Excellency had given express commission to a certain majordomo of his, who was called S<sup>r</sup> Pier Fran<sup>co</sup> Riccio.<sup>1</sup> He was

teca Nazionale of Florence, where it is numbered 56. It bears the date 1545, and therein may be observed the following passage: "The house is situated in Via Lauro (*sic*) at the angle of the *Quattro Case* (Four Houses) and is bounded by the kitchen garden of the *Nocenti* (*sic*, i.e. the Foundling Hospital), and belongs at the present time to Luigi Rucellai of Rome: Lionardo Ginori has the charge of it in Florence: formerly it was Girolamo Salvadori: I beseech Your Excellency to put the matter in operation for me," etc. CELLINI is however wrong in stating that the house was situate in the Via Laura, for the researches of GIUSEPPE MOLINI prove that it actually was in the *Via del Rosaio* (now *Via della Colonna*), and that it corresponded with the interior of a house, the access to which is now at No. 59 Via della Pergola. Upon the façade of this house may now be seen the following inscription: CASA DI BENVENUTO CELLINI NELLA QUALE FORMÒ E GETTÒ IL PERSEO E POI VI MORI IL 14 FEBBRAIO 1570-71. (It is to be observed that the date here given is incorrect, inasmuch as Cellini died on February 13th.) It is perhaps worth while drawing attention to the postscript appended by our hero to this Document, in which he says: "he (the Duke) made me out this Rescript with his own hand . . . which was the reason that I did not care any more to return to France, for it satisfied me much more to enjoy a humble home in my own land under so virtuous a Duke, than in France under so wondrous a king (as King) Francis, to be made lord of a *château* with one thousand *scudi* of allowance, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Both CELLINI and VASARI unite in condemning this man as unable to recognize merit, and as an unjust distributor of the favours of Duke Cosimo: but local and contemporary authorities do not bear out that condemnation. We learn from GUASTI that

from Prato, and had been tutor<sup>1</sup> to the said Duke. I spoke with this animal, and told him all the things of which I had need: how that where there was a kitchen-garden (*orto*) attached to the said house I wanted to erect a workshop. This man immediately gave the commission to a certain lean and thin agent (*pagatore*) who was called Lattanzio Gorini.<sup>2</sup> This little wisp of a man

he was born at Prato in 1490, and was the son of one Clemente di Nese Ricci: but since nothing definite is known regarding his private life, he may have been,—and indeed probably was,—of humble origin; perhaps the son of a cooper (*cf. postea*, Chap. IX, p. 273). SALVINI (*Catalogo cronologico dei canonici della Metropolitana*) describes him as “an illustrious scholar, celebrated for his piety and a distinguished benefactor of his native place”; NICOLÒ MARTELLI addressed several poems to him; and BENEDETTO VARCHI dedicated to him his Essay on Petrarch’s Sonnet *La gola, il sonno*. It is quite certain that he deserved well of his native town, procuring for them, both as major-domo to the Duke and as provost of the Collegiate Church of Prato, important endowments, some of which exist up to the present day. He died on February 20th 1564, leaving all his property to the Hospital of the Misericordia in Prato, subject to two dowries for poor maidens and a scholarship for a poor student at the University of Pisa. For this reason his memory was held in high reverence in Prato, and a portrait of him by an unknown master hangs among those of other illustrious men and benefactors to that town in the Great Hall of the Palazzo Comunale there. Although from 1553 to 1562 he suffered from an ailment which affected his mental capabilities, he most certainly did not, as VASARI asserts, “die mad.” (*Cf. VASARI, Vita di Giovann’ Angiolo Montorsoli. Vite, ed. MILANESI cit. Vol. VI, p. 640; BALDANZI, Descrizione della Chiesa Cattedrale di Prato, Prato, 1846; C. GUASTI, Alcuni fatti della prima giovinezza di Cosimo I; in Opere, Vol. I, p. 896.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Pedantuzo*: a term of contempt meaning a sort of “hedge-schoolmaster;” perhaps what we should term nowadays “a bear-leader.”

<sup>2</sup> The researches of TASSI in the *Giornale dei Salariati* dis-



(*homiciattolo*) with his small spidery hands and a tiny mosquito-voice, as rapidly as a snail (*presto come una lumacusa*), in an evil hour, indeed, had brought for me to the house, stones, sand and lime, as much as would have served with difficulty<sup>1</sup> to build a pigeon cote. When I saw matters beginning to proceed with such inauspicious coldness (*tanto malamente fredde*) I began to be dismayed: or rather I kept saying to myself: "Little beginnings sometimes have great endings," but I also gave myself some small amount of hope at the sight of the many thousands of ducats that the Duke had thrown away over certain ugly monstrosities (*operaccie*) in sculpture executed by the hand of that beastly Buaccio<sup>2</sup> Bandinello. Recovering therefore my own courage, I kept stirring up<sup>3</sup> that Lattanzio Gurini to make him move along: I kept grumbling at a number of lame asses and a blind youth who directed them: and under these difficulties (eventually by employing my own money), I marked out the site of the workshop and razed the trees and vines. Nevertheless, according to

covered that this Lattanzio Gorini was already employed by the Depositeria Generale from 1543 to 1545 as Purveyor to the "Otto di Pratica." He may perchance have been a brother, or at least a *relative*, of that Alessandro Gorini, friar of Santa Croce, who, from their extraordinary likeness to each other, public gossip asserted, to be the brother of Pope Clement VII, and who therefore wished to style himself *de' Medici* instead of *de' Gorini*. (Cf. VARCHI, *Storia*, Lib. II.)

<sup>1</sup> *Mal volentieri*—used instead of *appena* or *scarsamente*; i.e. "scarcely."

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI'S hatred of Bandinelli provokes him here to make a play upon his familiar appellation of *Buccio* (Bartolommeo). *Buaccio* (lit. a great ox) means "a blockhead."

<sup>3</sup> *Soffiavo in culo*.



[Photo H. Burton

## VIA DELLA PERGOLA, FLORENCE

At No. 59 the Perseus was cast and Cellini died (1571)

[To face page 252, vol. 11



my custom, I boldly, with some small amount of impetuosity, proceeded with my business. On the other hand I was in the hands of Tasso the joiner,<sup>1</sup> who was most friendly to me, and I directed him to make certain wooden frameworks for the commencement of the large *Perseus*. This Tasso was a most excellent clever man; I believe the greatest that there ever was in his profession. Moreover he was pleasant and gay, and every time that I went to see him, he met me laughing with a little song in falsetto (*con un canzoncino in quilio*); and since I was already more than half desperate—for I was beginning to hear that matters were going badly in France, and I foresaw little good from these affairs (in Florence) on account of their lifelessness—he compelled me to listen always to at least half of that song of his. In the end, however, I used to cheer up somewhat in his company, forcing myself to forget (*smarrire*) the best I could, some (*quattro*) of those desperate thoughts of mine. Having given orders with regard to all the above-mentioned matters, and having begun to proceed to prepare more quickly for this above-mentioned undertaking, part of the lime was already exhausted, when I was suddenly summoned by the above-mentioned major-domo: and on going to him I found him, after His Excellency's dinner, in the Hall called (the Hall) of the Clock;<sup>2</sup> and when

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this Giambattista del Tasso cf. Book I, Chap. III, Vol. I, p. 45, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> The *Sala del Oriolo* in the Palazzo dei Signori was so called on account of the celebrated "cosmographic" clock erected there by Lorenzo della Volpaia for Lorenzo de' Medici (*il Magnifico*); which, though not the first of its kind (as VASARI asserts), was still an object of greatest rarity. In a *Deliberazione dei Signori e Collegi*, under date December 30th 1515, it is spoken of as "*mira-*

I went up to him—I showing him the utmost courtesy, and he towards me the greatest haughtiness (*rigidità*)—he asked me who it was that had put me into that house, and with what authority I had begun to build inside it: and he (said) that he marvelled much at me that I had been so presumptuously bold. To this I replied that His Excellency had put me into that house, and that His Lordship in His Excellency's name had given the commission to Lattanzio Gurini: and that the said Lattanzio had brought stone, sand, lime, and had given orders regarding the things that I had asked of him, and for which he (*di tanto*) kept telling me that he had had directions from His Lordship. When I had said these words that said beast turned upon me with greater sharpness than before, and told me that neither I nor any one of those to whom I referred was speaking the truth. Thereupon I roused up and said to him: "Oh! Majordomo! As long as Your Lordship speaks in accordance with that most noble position with which you are endued, I will respect it, and will address you with that submission that I employ towards the Duke: but when you do otherwise I shall address you as Ser<sup>2</sup> Pier Franco Riccio." This man flew into such a rage that I thought that he would go mad there and then, in advance of the time which the celestial Powers (*i cieli*) had determined upon; and he told me, together with certain insulting

*bile orologio*" (Archivio di Stato di Firenze). This clock is described by POLIZIANO, *Epistolarum*, Lib. I, 8. Cf. also A. GOTTI, *St. di Palazzo Vecchio*, Firenze, Civelli, 1889.

<sup>1</sup> The title of *Ser* was the humblest courtesy title, and was applied to persons of plebeian birth who held modest ecclesiastical or civil grades. *Messer* was the title of *lesser gentility*. *Signore* that of persons of *princely rank*.

expressions, that he wondered much that he had deigned to let me address him as one of his equals. At these words I was moved (to wrath) and said: "Now, listen to me, S<sup>r</sup> Pier Fran<sup>co</sup> Riccio, for I will tell you who are my equals, and who are yours: masters to teach children to read." When I uttered these words the man with countenance distorted (with rage)<sup>1</sup> raised his voice, repeating more furiously those same expressions. At which I, still looking daggers (*acconciomi con'l viso de l'arme*) at him, assumed towards him a little presumption, and said that my equals were worthy to address Popes and Emperors and a great King; and that of persons equal to me there was perhaps but one in the (whole) world, but of those equal to him there were ten upon every doorstep. When he heard these words he mounted upon a little window-seat (*un muricciuolo di finestra*), which is up in that Hall. Then he told me to repeat another time the words which I had spoken: the which I repeated more boldly than I had (done before), and I said besides that I did not care to serve the Duke any more, and that I would return into France, whither I could freely go back. The beast remained stupefied, and the colour of clay; and I boiling with rage (*arrovellato*) departed with the intention of going right away. Would to God that I had carried out (my intention)! His Excellency the Duke cannot thus have known of this diabolical occurrence at first, for I remained some few days having dismissed all thoughts of Florence, except as regards my sister and my nieces, for whom I went about making

<sup>1</sup> *Roncigliare* properly means "to catch with a hook." Here, however, it has the meaning of contortion of the features through rage.

arrangements: for with that small (sum of) money that I had brought with me I wanted to leave the best arrangements that I could; and then I wanted to return to France as quickly as possible, since I never wanted to see Italy again. Being resolved to hasten by the most rapid means that I could, and to go without the leave of the Duke or anyone else, one morning that above-mentioned majordomo of his own accord summoned me most humbly, and commenced a certain pedantic oration of his, in the which I could perceive neither method, nor grace, nor wit, nor beginning, nor ending: I only understood that he told me that he made profession of being a good Christian, and that he did not want to cherish hatred against any one, and he asked me on behalf of the Duke what salary I wanted for my support. At this I stood thoughtful for a while, and did not answer, with the full intention of being unwilling to stop. When he saw that I remained without speaking, he had sufficient cleverness to say: "Oh! Benvenuto! One answers Dukes: and what I am saying to you is on behalf of His Excellency." Thereupon I said that since he spoke to me on behalf of His Excellency, I would very willingly answer: and I told him to tell His Excellency that I was not willing to be second to anyone of those of my profession who were in his employ. The majordomo said: "To Bandinello he gives two hundred *scudi* for his support; therefore, if you are content with this, your salary is agreed upon."<sup>1</sup> I answered that I was content, and that

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI records this altercation with Ricci again in the *Memoriale* which he addressed to the "*Magnifici signori soprassindachi*" in 1570. (Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 573.) Cf. p. 243, *supra*.

whatsoever I merited further should be given after my work had been seen, and the whole submitted to the good taste of His Most Illustrious Excellency. Thus, against my will I picked up again the thread and set myself to work, the Duke showing me continually the most boundless favours that it is possible to imagine in the world.



## CHAPTER IX

(1545-1546)

Treacherous conduct on the part of Ascanio and Paolo to set the King of France against Benvenuto.—He makes a *Perseus* in plaster and a *Medusa* in clay, and bakes the latter.—Bandinelli hinders Cellini in procuring workmen.—Death of his brother-in-law.—Cellini suffers from a malady of the kidneys.—He labours in the Duke's Wardrobe with the goldsmith brothers Giovan Paolo and Domenico Poggini, and executes there a bust of Duke Cosimo in clay larger than life.—He is favoured by the Duchess.—He receives letters from France, and according to the desire of King Francis sends in his accounts to the Cardinal of Ferrara.—Being desired by Antonio Landi to value for the Duke a diamond of thirty-five carats, he does not hesitate to note its flaws.—Cellini is accused of unnatural vice by Gambetta at the instigation of the Duke's major-domo, Pier Francesco Ricci.—To escape from persecution he retires to Venice, where he is kindly received by Titian and Sansovino, and where he meets Lorenzino de' Medici and the Prior, Leone Strozzi, who exhorts him to return to France. He returns however to Florence instead.

I HAD very frequently received letters from France from that most faithful friend of mine Misser Guido Guidi: these letters up to now had told me nothing but what was good: that Ascanio of mine also sent me advices telling me to see to giving myself a good time, and that if anything occurred he would have me informed of it. It was reported to the King that I had set myself to work for the Duke of Florence: but since this man was the

best (man) in the world, he said many times: "Why does not Benvenuto return?" And when he specially asked those young men of mine they both replied, that I had written to them that I was doing so well, and that they thought that I had no more desire to return to serve His Majesty. The King broke into a rage, and on hearing these hasty words (which never came from me myself) he said: "Since he left us without any cause whatsoever, I will never ask him (to come back) again. Therefore let him stay where he is." These thievish scoundrels were leading the matters up to that point which they desired: for whenever I should return to France they would become workmen again under me as they were at first: so that if I did not return they would remain free and my substitutes: wherefore they exerted all their powers so that I should not return.<sup>1</sup> Whilst I

<sup>1</sup> Amongst the documents found by DELABORDE (*op. cit.*) are two bearing date 1545, which record payments of *livres tournois* to Paolo and Ascanio, therein styled *orefici del Re*, for making the handles to two small vases of silver left unfinished by Benvenuto Cellini when he departed from Paris, and for executing a large vase of silver *en forme de table quarrée posé et assis sur quatre satires*, etc. Cf. previous chapter, p. 233. Various are the notices to be found of Ascanio. From a despatch of Julio Alvarotto, Envoy in Paris of Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, under date September 12th 1563, we learn that this *employé* of Cellini (whom ALVAROTTO calls *Ascanio orefice di Nello*, because he dwelt in the *Château* of that name), was at that date compelled to escape from France and to take refuge in Flanders to save himself from prison for having, in the Rue Saint-Denis, killed a Parisian corporal who *contrary to all right wanted to beat him*, and for having wounded with his sword another man *who came up to the assistance of the Parisian*. ADOLFO VENTURI, who publishes this despatch, drawn from the Archivio di Stato in Modena (*Archivio storico dell' Arte, Agosto e Settembre, 1889*) remarks that France thus lost the last

was making them build the workshop wherein I was to commence the *Perseus*, I laboured in a ground floor chamber; in the which I fashioned the *Perseus* in plaster, of the size that it was to be, with the idea of casting it from that plaster one. When I saw that by executing it in this fashion it would take me a little long, I chose another expedient, for there was already set up, brick upon brick, a small portion of a workshed, made so miserably that it pains me too much to recall it. I began the figure of *Medusa*, and I made a framework (*ossatura*) of iron. Then I began to make it of clay, and when I had fashioned it in clay, I baked it. I was alone with certain work-lads, amongst whom there was one very handsome (boy): he was the son of a prostitute named Gambetta. This lad served me to sketch from, for we have no other books which teach us art except nature (*i.e.* the human body). I sought to engage workmen in order to hasten quickly this work of mine and I could not find any, and by myself alone I could not carry out anything. There were indeed some in Florence who would willingly have come to me, but Bandinello immediately hindered me so that they should not come; and whilst causing me to delay thus for a while, he kept telling the Duke that I was going about hunting after his workmen, because it was impossible for me by myself to know how to put together a large figure. I complained to representative of art imported by Cardinal Ippolito II d'Este; being unaware, apparently, that Ascanio, either through a pardon, or because his homicide was proved to have happened in legitimate self-defence, did eventually return to France, and that notices regarding him are to be found there up to 1566; in one of which he is styled *Seigneur de Beaulieu*. (Cf. Book I, Chap. XIX Vol. I, p. 355, n. 4.)

the Duke of the great annoyance that this beast was giving me, and begged that he would enable me to have some of those workmen from the Opera (*del Duomo*).<sup>1</sup> These requests of mine were the reason for making the Duke believe what Bandinello kept telling him. Perceiving this I disposed myself to do by myself as much as I could. And whilst I set myself to it with the most extreme exertions that one can possibly imagine, and in this way I was labouring night and day, the husband of my sister<sup>2</sup> fell ill, and in a few days he died. He left my sister still young with six daughters between little and big. This was the first great trial that I experienced in Florence: to remain father and guide in such a disaster. Being anxious that nothing should go wrong, my kitchen-garden (*orto*) being filled up (*carico*) with much rubbish, I called in two labourers, who were brought by me from the Ponte Vecchio: of these, one was an old man of sixty years, the other a young one of eighteen. When I had kept them about three days the young man told me that the old man did not want to work, and that I should do better to send him away, for, not only did he not want to work himself, but he hindered the young man from working: and he told me that what little there was to do, he could do by himself, without throwing away money upon other people. This (youth) bore the name of Bernardino Manellini of Mugello.<sup>3</sup> When I saw that he

<sup>1</sup> The Office of Works of Sta. Maria del Fiore, or the *Duomo*, of Florence, presided over even at the present time by a Commission instituted to guard and protect that marvellous fabric.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *supra*, p. 243, n. 3.

<sup>3</sup> In the letter to Bartolommeo Concino already alluded to under date April 22nd 1561, CELLINI writes, "And when I saw that he was of handsome bodily proportions I set myself to sketching from

laboured so willingly, I asked him if he would like to make an arrangement with me as servant. At once we came to an agreement. This young man looked after my horse for me, worked in my kitchen-garden, and afterwards endeavoured to assist me in my workshop, so that little by little he began to learn the Art with so much goodwill (*gentilezza*) that I never had a better assistant than he. And resolving to carry out everything with the help of this man, I began to demonstrate to the Duke that Bandinello was telling lies, and that I should do very well without Bardinello's workmen. At this period there came upon me a slight malady of the kidneys; and since I was not able to work, I gladly stayed in the Duke's Wardrobe in company with certain young goldsmiths, who were named Gianpagolo and Domenico Poggini,<sup>1</sup> whom I caused to make a little vase

him, partly for the purpose of my own study, and partly for the work in connection with the *Perseus*; by which means I copied the *Mercury* that is at the back in the base of the *Perseus*." (Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 601.) From documentary sources we learn that this same Bernardino Mannellini was condemned to a fine of one thousand lire for having wounded Clemenza, daughter of Santi Barducci, on the nose with a knife. This punishment was commuted to confinement for four years "within the houses and habitation of Benvenuto di Maestro Giovanni Cellini." He became so unruly, however, during this confinement that our hero was compelled to petition the Duke that his prisoner might be transferred elsewhere.

<sup>1</sup> They were Florentines, sons of one Michele Poggini, a cutter of cameos. Giovan Paolo, a coin-maker and lapidary, who also made most beautiful medals, and in the service of King Philip of Spain entered into competition with Pompeo Leoni, was born March 28th 1518, and died in Spain, probably in 1580. Domenico, a sculptor and engraver of coins, left Florence later. Besides various works of sculpture, he executed a number of medals,



PERSEUS  
(BRONZE MODEL)  
Bargello, Florence



of gold, all worked in low relief with figures and other fine ornaments. This was for the Duchess, the which His Excellency had made for her to drink water out of.<sup>1</sup> She further requested me to make her a golden girdle:<sup>2</sup> and this work also most richly, with precious stones and

amongst them being one of the Duke Cosimo, "most like nature and most beautiful" (says VASARI). He was born on July 24th 1520, and died in Rome September 28th 1590, whilst occupying the post of Master of the Dies of the Pontifical Mint to Pope Sixtus V. VARCHI honours him with a sonnet which commences—

*"Voi, che seguendo del mio gran Cellino,"* etc.

Like many craftsmen of his period he too indulged in poetry, and a *Sonnet* by him in praise of Cellini's *Perseus* may be found in RUSCONI and VALERI *cit.*, p. 821. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vols. III, 29; V, 391; VII, 305, 640; VIII, 618 and 620.

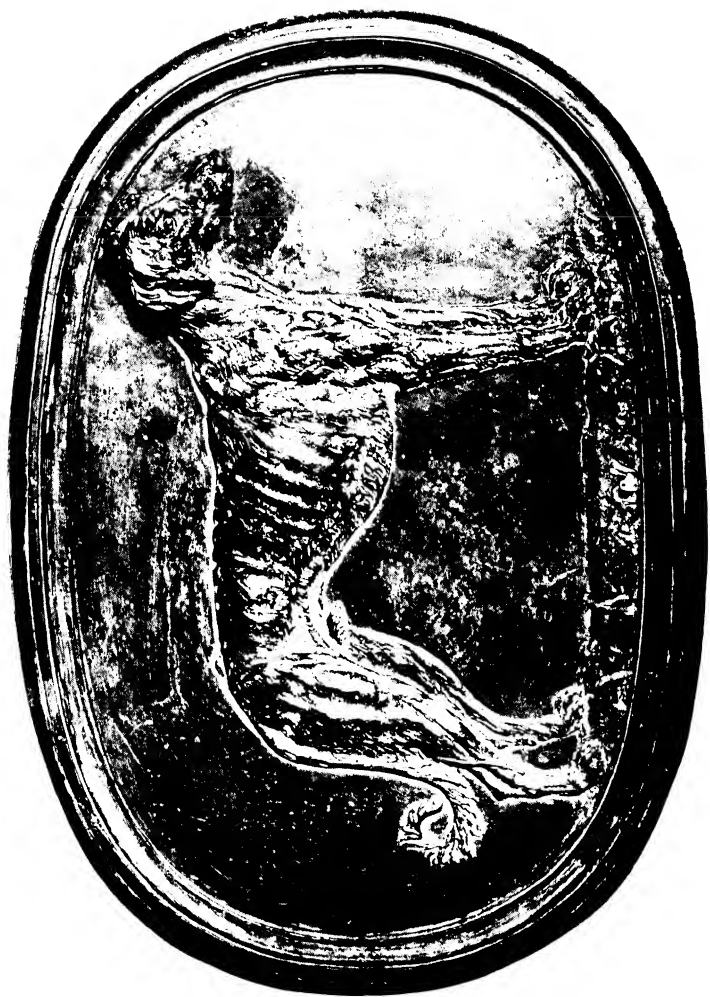
<sup>1</sup> In a *Memorandum* of CELLINI's dated August 25th 1545 (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 552) we read that Duke Cosimo had covenanted to give "fifty *scudi d'oro di moneta*, which sum is for a vase of gold made for drinking water, which was given to the Poggini to finish in His Excellency's Wardrobe, for they worked there. And the said vase was begun some time before, and I made all the designs and models for it, and it was chiselled in half-relief, with two small figures in full relief and many other decorations." This vase exists no longer, nor can any record of it be found.

<sup>2</sup> It is thus described in the same *Memorandum* as the above: "And at this period I made a pierced gold girdle with a pouch (*una pera*): and the girdle was all jewelled and made in half-relief, with masks and other very handsome ornaments." Of this girdle also nothing further is known. The same *Memorandum*, however, speaks of "a dog of metal in low relief of the size of about half a *braccio*; the which dog was made as an experiment to test the clays to enable me to cast the *Perseus*, and His Excellency has it." This small work of art is referred to again in the *Libro dei Debitori e Creditori*, etc., from 1544 to 1545, during the Administration of Pier Francesco Ricci, and is one of the very few certain works of CELLINI still in existence. It is still preserved in the Museo Nazionale of Florence. Cf. TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 259.



with many pleasing devices of small masks and other things I made for her. The Duke came every now and then into this Wardrobe, and took very great pleasure in seeing us work, and in chatting with me myself. When I began to get better in my kidneys, I had some clay brought to me, and whilst the Duke stood there to pass the time, I took his portrait, making a head much larger than life.<sup>1</sup> In this work His Excellency took

<sup>1</sup> This bronze bust, which is now preserved in the Museo Nazionale at Florence, must have been completed before May 20th 1548, because a *Letter* from CELLINI to Duke Cosimo, bearing that date contains the following passage: "And I made that head which may be seen of bronze of Your Excellency, which to so sound a judgement as that of Your Excellency I thought would have fully justified the sum that I valued it at. That head meant more to me, than did the figure of *Perseus*, both in the matter of time and in the merit of its workmanship, and I know well what I have done. In it there is a most striking likeness, and since it is in accordance with the noble fashion of the ancients, there is given to it the bold movement of life; and it is well supplied with various and rich (*lascivi*) adornments, and is most carefully finished." On October 27th 1553 there was still in the Duke's Wardrobe "a portrait of the same, sculptured in bronze and touched up with gold by Benvenuto Cellini." (*Archivio Mediceo ai Pitti*.) In 1557 this bust was set up over the entrance to the fortress constructed by San Marino for the Grand-Duke Cosimo at Portoferraio; but on May 2nd 1781 (LOMBARDI, *Memorie dell' Elba*, p. 221) it was wisely removed for safety to its present resting place in Florence. (Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 213-14, and I. B. SUPINO, *Catalogo del R. Museo Naz.* 1898, p. 393.) CELLINI also left another bust of this same Duke incomplete, reference to which is found in a record of expenses for the *Perseus*, which bears date December 16th 1549 (cf. TASSI, Vol. III, p. 22), as follows: "Next let me remind Your Excellency that the marble, which came from Rome for his portrait (and) which I bought from the Abate Riario, cost me six gold *scudi*;" and there is also mention in the *Inventory* made after Cellini's death of "an unfinished marble head of the Grand Duke." (Cf. RUSCONI





very great pleasure, and conferred upon me so much affection, that he told me that it would give him very great pleasure if I could be accommodated to work in the Palace, looking out for myself in the self-same Palace chambers large enough the which I might fit up with furnaces and with whatsoever I might have need of: for he took very great pleasure in such matters. To this I replied to His Excellency that it was not possible, for I would not have finished my works in a hundred years. The Duchess showed me boundless favours, and wanted me to attend to working for her, and not to care about either *Perseus* or anything else. I, when I saw these empty favours, knew for certain that my perverse and biting fortune could not cease causing me some fresh disaster, although there continually came to my mind the great injury that I had done myself whilst seeking to do myself so great a good: I speak with reference to the affairs of France. The King could not swallow that great annoyance that he experienced at my departure, and would have liked me to have returned, though with the saving of his own credit (*con ispresso suo honore*): but it seemed to me that I had very many excellent reasons, and I did not want to submit, because I thought that if I were to submit to writing humbly, those men would after their French fashion have said that I had

and VALERI, *op. cit.*, *Doc. CXIV*, p. 640, *e segg.*) And in the same *Inventary* we read of "a marble statue of the Most Illustrious Lady Leonora, Duchess of Florence, as large as life;" and of "a sketched-out marble head" (perhaps of the same personage). These works are also referred to in a *Letter* which BACCIO BANDINELLI addressed to Jacopo Guidi at Pisa on April 10th 1549, published in the *Raccolta dei Lettere sulla Pittura*, etc., Vol. I, pp. 56, 57. No trace of these busts, however, exists at the present day.

been an evil doer (*peccatore*), and that certain faults that had been wrongfully laid to my charge were the truth. For this reason I stood upon my honour, and as a man in the right, I wrote with haughtiness; which gave the greatest satisfaction that they could have to those two traitorous pupils of mine. For I boasted in writing to them of the great courtesies that were shown to me in my own country by a lord and by a lady, absolute masters of the City of Florence, my native place. When they had received one of these sorts of letters, they went to the King, and constrained His Majesty to make over to them my *Château*, in the same way that he had given it to me. The King, who was a good and admirable person, never wished to consent to the hardy demands of these great thieves, for he began to perceive at what they were malignantly aiming: and in order to give them a little expectation and me an occasion of returning immediately, he caused me to be written to somewhat wrathfully by one of his treasurers, who was called Misser Giuliano Buonaccorsi,<sup>1</sup> a Florentine citizen. The letter contained the following (statement): "that if I wanted to uphold that name of honest man that I had borne (hitherto), since I had departed without any reason, I was truly bound to render an account of all that I had administered and done for His Majesty." When I received this letter it gave me so much pleasure, that even had I asked with my own tongue (*che a chiedere a lingua*) I should have asked neither more nor less. Setting myself to write, I filled nine sheets of ordinary paper; and in them I set out distinctly all the works that I had accomplished, and all the chances that had

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. XXI, Vol. I, p. 378, n. 3.

befallen me in (connection with) them, and all the amount of money that had been expended over the said works, which had all been given to me under the hand of two notaries and of one of his treasurers, and countersigned by all those individual persons<sup>1</sup> who had received them, which had been given to some for their materials and to others for their labour; and how out of that same money I had not put one single *quattrino* into my own purse, and that for my completed works I had not received anything at all. I had only brought away to Italy with me certain favours and most royal promises, truly worthy of His Majesty. And although I could not boast of having derived any other (reward) for my work except certain salaries ordered by His Majesty for my

<sup>1</sup> Reference to this demand on the part of King Francis is to be found also in CELLINI'S *Treatise on Sculpture* (*ed. cit.*, p. 212). The passage runs as follows: "And in course of time, which was several months, the King heard of this, and discussing the matter with the Cardinal of Ferrara, he told him that he had made a great mistake in letting me go. The Cardinal answered him that he had sufficient energy to make me return immediately. To this the King replied that it was his duty not to have let me go. And turning immediately to one of his treasurers, who was named Messer Giuliano Buonaccorsi, our Florentine (fellow-citizen), he said, 'Forward to Benvenuto seven thousand *scudi*, and tell him that he must return to finish his great *Colossus*, and that I will content him.' His treasurer wrote me all this that His Majesty had said, but he did not send me the money, saying that upon my answering he would immediately give the order for it. To these statements I replied that I was most ready and happy, and whilst we were negotiating forwards and backwards that good King passed from this life," etc.

This version of the affair differs from that given in the text; but with regard to the vexed question of Cellini's departure from Paris, and the reasons therefor, the student is referred to DIMIER, *Revue archéologique*, 1898, Vol. I, p. 241, *e segg.*

maintenance; and of those there still remained due to me more than seven hundred gold *scudi*, which I left behind on purpose, for they were to be sent to me for my comfort on my return journey (*per il mio buon ritorno*). Nevertheless, since I was aware that some malignant persons out of very envy had done me some bad turn, the truth will always come uppermost. I glory in His Most Christian Majesty, and avarice moves me not. Although I know that I have performed for His Majesty much more than that which he offered to me to do: and although the recompense promised to me has not followed, I care for nothing else in the world except to remain in His Majesty's opinion an honest and upright man, such as I always was. And if His Majesty should have any doubt upon this point, at the slightest signal I will come flying to render an account of myself with my very life: but, perceiving that I am held in so little account, I have not wished to return to offer myself, knowing that there will always be sufficient bread to spare for me wheresoever I go: but when I am summoned I will immediately respond. There were in the said letter many other details worthy of that wondrous King and for the saving of my credit. I carried this letter, before I sent it, to my Duke, who experienced much pleasure in seeing it: afterwards I immediately sent it into France, directed to the Cardinal of Ferrara. At this period, Bernardone Baldini,<sup>1</sup> agent in precious stones to His Excellency had brought from Venice a large diamond of more than thirty-five carats in weight. Antonio di Vittorio Landi<sup>2</sup> was also interested with him

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. XVI, Vol. I, p. 304, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> A Florentine merchant of note and a highly admired writer. He

in inducing the Duke to buy it. This diamond had been already (cut) to a point, but since it did not yield that lustrous clearness which should be desired from such a precious stone the owners of that same diamond had razed off <sup>1</sup> this said point, which truly made it of no value either flat or pointed (*né per tavola né per punta*).<sup>2</sup> Our Duke who greatly delighted in precious stones, though he did not understand them,<sup>3</sup> however, gave sure hope to that rascal of a Bernardaccio that he would buy this said diamond. And because this Bernardo sought to secure to himself the sole credit of this fraud which he wished to practise upon the Duke of Florence, he never conferred at all with his partner, the said Antonio Landi. This said Antonio was a very great friend of mine from boyhood; and since he saw that I was on very intimate terms (*tanto domestico*) with my Duke, one day amongst the rest he called me apart. It was near midday, and it was

wrote a comedy in prose, entitled *Commodo*, which was represented in 1539 on the occasion of the marriage of Duke Cosimo. It was published in 1566 by PIER FRANCESCO GIAMBULLARI among the *Apparato e Feste nelle Nozze dello Illustrissimo Signor Duca di Firenze Cosimo I*, etc. BUSINI (*op. cit.*) calls him *Tonino*, and in the *Libreria* of DONI we find record of many *Essays* recited by him before the Florentine Academy.

<sup>1</sup> *Schericato* is the technical word used to describe a cleric or priest who has voluntarily resigned, or been forcibly deprived of, his religious habit: and thus is a term of reproach. Here it is employed to describe a precious stone from which the top or point has been removed.

<sup>2</sup> The differences in the methods of cutting precious stones; whether *a tavola*, i.e., with a flat surface, or *a faccette*, i.e., "facetted," or *per punta*, i.e., "cut to a point": are carefully described by CELLINI in his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*.

<sup>3</sup> A courtier hand has also struck out here the disparaging remark *ma però non se ne intendeva*.



at the corner of the Mercato Nuovo; and he spake to me thus: "Benvenuto! I am certain that the Duke will exhibit you a diamond, which he shows that he has the desire to buy: you will see (that it is) a large diamond. Help me in the sale of it; and I tell you that I can give it for seventeen thousand *scudi*. I am certain that the Duke will want your advice: if you see him well-inclined to want it, the matter shall be arranged that he can take it." This Antonio showed that he had a great certainty of being able to make an agreement regarding the stone. I promised him that if it were shown to me and my opinion then asked, I would say everything that I thought of it, without injuring (the value of) the stone. So, as I have stated above, the Duke came every day into the Goldsmiths' Shop (*oreficeria*)<sup>1</sup> for several hours; and more than eight days after that day when Antonio Landi had spoken to me, the Duke one day after dinner showed to me this said diamond, which I recognized by those marks which the said Antonio Landi had described to me, and by its shape and weight. And since this said diamond was, as I have stated above, of a rather muddy (*torbidiccia*) water, and that for that reason they had razed off the point, when I observed that it was of that kind, I certainly would not have ad-

<sup>1</sup> We have already learnt that Cosimo insisted that Cellini and the Poggini brothers should work upon the premises at the Palace, so we may suppose that he provided them with a workshop: here styled *Oreficeria*, i.e., the Goldsmiths' Shop. We find in fact from a *Memorandum* (published by PLON, *op cit.*) dated February 15th 1554, and preserved in the Archivio Mediceo (now in the Palazzo Pitti), that there was sent to Cellini (who was then at work in the Duke's Palace) from the Wardrobe by one of his own servants: "*An anvil, a vice, a small hammer and three files.*"

vised him to go to such an expense: however, when he showed it to me, I asked His Excellency what he wished me to say about it, for there was a difference in (the custom of) jewellers in the valuation of a stone after that a lord had bought it and the setting of a price upon it in order that he should buy it. Thereupon His Excellency told me that he had bought it, and that I was merely to say what I thought about it. I did not want to abstain from hinting modestly what a small opinion I had of that stone. He told me to consider the beauty of those great facets<sup>1</sup> that it had. Thereupon I told him that that was not such a great beauty as His Excellency imagined, and that it was due to a point which had been razed off. At these words my lord, who perceived that I was telling the truth, gave an ugly grunt (*mal grugnio*), and told me that I must attend to the valuation of the stone and to judging what it seemed to me to be worth. I thought that, since Antonio Landi had offered it to me for seventeen thousand *scudi* I might suppose that the Duke would have got it for fifteen thousand at the most, and for the reason that I saw that he would take it ill if I told him the truth, I thought of maintaining him in his false opinion. So handing him the diamond I said: "You have spent eighteen thousand *scudi* upon it." At these words the Duke gave a shout, uttering an "O" bigger than the mouth of a well, and said: "Now I believe that you understand nothing at all about it." I said to him: "My Lord! you certainly believe wrong. Do you attend to main-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. XIV, Vol. I, p. 262, n. 1. But in this passage by *filetti* are meant the angles of the faceted stone, which shine like threads of light, in contrast to the smoother parts of the same stone.

taining the reputation of your precious stone, and I will attend to understanding my own business. Tell me at least what you have spent upon it, so that I may learn to understand matters according to Your Excellency's ideas." The Duke rising with a slightly scornful sneer said: "Twenty-five thousand *scudi* and more, Benvenuto! it cost me:" and went away. At this discussion there were present Gianpagolo and Domenico Poggini, the goldsmiths; and Bachiacca the embroiderer,<sup>1</sup> he also, for he worked in an apartment near to ours, ran up at that noise. Whereupon I said: "I should never have advised him to buy it. But if he had had a desire for it, Antonio Landi offered it to me eight days ago for seventeen thousand *scudi*; I believe that I could have got it for him for fifteen or less. But the Duke wishes to maintain the reputation of his stone: for since Antonio Landi offered it to me at such a price, how the devil has Bernardone put upon the Duke such a shameful fraud?" And never believing that such was the truth—as it was—we laughingly passed over that simplicity of the Duke.<sup>2</sup>

Having already constructed the figure of the large Medusa, as I have said, I had fashioned its framework (*ossatura*) of iron. Afterwards having made it in clay, like an anatomical specimen (*notomia*), and thinner by half a finger, I baked it most thoroughly, then I put wax over it and finished it off after the fashion in which

<sup>1</sup> Antonio Lippini. Regarding this embroiderer cf. Book I, Chap. V, Vol. I, p. 105 n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> The same courtier hand has altered this passage in the MS. to "that single-minded faith (*semplice credenzia*) of the excellent Duke (*buon duca*).

I wanted it to be. The Duke, who came many times to see it, had such a fear (*gelosia*) lest I should not succeed with it in bronze, that he would have liked me to have called in some master to cast it for me. And because His Excellency kept talking continually and with very great favour of my conceits, his Majordomo was continually seeking for some snare by which to make me break my neck. And since he had authority to command the *bargelli* and all the officers of the poor unhappy<sup>1</sup> City of Florence<sup>2</sup>—to think that a native of Prato, our enemy, the son of a cooper, a most ignorant person, because he had been the rotten tutor (*pedante fradicio*) of Cosimo de' Medici,<sup>3</sup> before he became Duke, should have now come into so great authority:—so as I have said whilst he stood watching how much he could do to injure me, when he saw that upon no side could he fasten fetters upon me, he thought out a method of doing something. And going to seek out the mother of that work-lad of mine (who bore the name of Cencio, and she Gambetta<sup>4</sup>), they made a plan, that rascally tutor and that blackguardly whore, to give me a fright so that in consequence of it I might go right away. Gambetta drawing (her ideas) from her own

<sup>1</sup> The two words *povera isventurata* here are cancelled in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The abrupt change of construction here, as BIANCHI points out, is parenthetical and needs some two or three words of introduction such as "How is it possible"; "To think that," etc.

<sup>3</sup> This is how it is written by CELLINI; but the same courtier hand has converted it into "of the Lord Duke."

<sup>4</sup> *La Gambetta* was a nickname; the woman's real name being Margherita. She was daughter of one Maria di Jacopo of Bologna, and she had this son named Vincenzo (*Cencio*). Cf. *La Decima Cittadini a parte: Quartiere di Santa Maria Novella, 1534: G. Unicorn* (Archivio di Stato di Firenze).

profession went along under the direction of that mad scoundrelly tutor-major-domo: and since they had also drawn in the Bargello, who was a certain Bolognese (who for doing these very things the Duke subsequently dismissed), it chanced one Saturday evening, at the third hour of the night, the said Gambetta came to see me with her son, and told me that she had kept him shut up several days for my safety. To which I replied that she need not have kept him shut up on my account: and laughing at her whorish arts, I turned to her son in her presence and said to him: "You know, Cencio, whether I have sinned with you?" who weeping<sup>1</sup> answered "No!" Thereupon the mother, shaking her head, said to her son: "Ah! little scamp! Do you think I don't know how these things are done?" Then she turned to me, telling me that I must keep him hidden in the house, for the Bargello was seeking for him, and that he would have him arrested at all costs outside my house; but that inside my house they would not touch him. To this I replied that in my house I had a widowed sister with six sainted young daughters, and that I did not want any one in my house. Thereupon she said that the Majordomo had given orders to the Bargello, and that I should be arrested anyhow; but

<sup>1</sup> There are no corrections or indications of omissions here in the MS. but in the early printed editions this passage has been worked up by some copyist, and runs as follows: "I turned to her son and asked him upon what account she (his mother) had kept him shut up. She replied that since he had committed sin with me, there was a warrant out to arrest him and me. Thereupon I half in fury said: "And in what way have I committed sin? Ask the boy himself." Thereupon she interrogated her son, asking him if he had committed sin with me, who weeping, etc.

since I would not take her son into my house, if I gave her one hundred *scudi* I might be sure of hearing nothing more about it, for, since the majordomo was a very great friend of hers, I might rest assured that she would make him do everything that was pleasing to her, provided that I gave her the one hundred *scudi*. I had arrived at such a pitch of fury; in which I said to her: "Get out of my presence! You infamous whore! For if it were not for my credit with the world, and the innocence of that unhappy child that you have there, I would have already cut your throat with this dagger, upon which I have two or three times laid my hands." And with these words, together with many ugly thrusts, I pushed her and her son out of the house. When I subsequently thought over the villany and power of that evil tutor, I judged that it would be better for me to give a little place to that devilry; and the next morning at an early hour, having consigned to my sister precious stones and articles to the value of nearly two thousand *scudi*, I mounted upon horseback and departed towards Venice; and I took with me that Bernardino of Mugello of mine. And when I reached Ferrara, I wrote to His Excellency the Duke, that although I had departed without being sent away, I should return without being summoned. Afterwards when I arrived in Venice,<sup>1</sup> thinking over in how many

<sup>1</sup> MOLINI informs us that the portion of the MS. written by the son of Michele di Goro ends with the words, "Afterwards when I arrived in Venice," and the soiled state of the back of this page (No. 460) leads one to suppose that some time elapsed before CELLINI began to dictate the remaining sheets. We do not know by whom the three pages and a half that follow were written, but it was presumably by some relative or intimate since there are also extant

different methods my cruel fortune kept harassing me, finding myself nevertheless healthy and strong, I resolved to battle with her according to my wont. And whilst I went about thinking thus of my affairs, passing my time in that beautiful and very wealthy city, having saluted that wondrous painter Titiano, and Jacopo del Sansovino, the brilliant sculptor and architect,<sup>1</sup> one of our Florentines, (who was) very well entertained by the Signoria of Venice, and—as one of our Florentines we had been acquainted in our youth in Rome and Florence—these two talented men showed me many civilities. The next day after I met Misser Lorenzo de Medici,<sup>2</sup> who immediately took me by the hand with the warmest welcome that one could see in the world, for we had been acquainted in Florence (at the time) when I was making the coins for Duke Lessandro, and afterwards in Paris when I was in the service of the King. He was lodging in the house of Misser Giuliano Buonacorsi,<sup>3</sup> and since he had nowhere else to go to pass away the time without (running the) greatest danger to his life, he remained most of the time in my house, watching me labouring at my great

a number of other papers, memoranda, and letters bearing BENVENUTO'S own signature, compiled in the same hand.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI seems to have forgotten at this point the visit that he paid to Sansovino in company with Tribolo in 1535. *Cf.* Book I, Chap. XVI. Tiziano Vecellio (born at Pieve di Cadore in 1477, died in 1576) was then living in great splendour in Venice, where he and Sansovino were held in such high honour by the Republic that the Senate exempted them from many of the taxes levied upon other citizens.

<sup>2</sup> *Cf.* Book I, Chap. XVIII, Vol. I, p. 339, n. 2. Lorenzino lived always in terror on account of the price set upon his head by Duke Cosimo.

<sup>3</sup> *Cf.* Book I, Chap. XXI, Vol. I, p. 378, n. 3, and *supra* p. 266.

undertakings. And as I say on account of this past acquaintance, he took me by the hand and led me to his own house, where was the Lord Prior delli (*sic*) Strozzi,<sup>1</sup> brother of the Lord Pietro, and whilst welcoming me they asked me how long I intended to stop in Venice, believing that I wished to return into France. To which lords I replied that I had departed from Florence on account of a matter such as has been mentioned above, and within two or three days I intended to return to Florence to serve my great Duke.<sup>2</sup> When I spoke these words the Lord Prior and Misser Lorenzo turned to me with so much severity that I experienced very great fear, and they said to me: "You would do better to return to France, where you are rich and well known; for if you return to Florence, you will lose all that you have gained in France, and from Florence you will derive nothing but unpleasantnesses." I did not reply to their remarks, but setting out the next day as secretly as I could, I returned towards Florence. Meanwhile the devilries had come to a head and burst (*maturato*), for I had written to my great Duke the whole circumstance wherefor I had removed myself to Venice. And I visited him with his accustomed prudence and sternness without any ceremony. Assuming somewhat that said sternness (of demeanour), he afterwards turned cheerfully to me, and asked me where I had been. To which I replied that my heart had never been turned the distance of one finger

<sup>1</sup> Leone Strozzi. Cf. Book II, Chap. V, *supra*, p. 193, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> It is obvious that by the epithet *gran*, applied here by CELLINI to the Duke, he can only mean "great, noble," since Cosimo's elevation to the rank of Grand Duke did not take place until August 27th 1569, after the promulgation of a Bull to that effect by Pope Pius V. The events described in the text occurred in 1546.



from His Most Illustrious Excellency, although for some just reasons it had been necessary for me to take my body on the ramble (*a zonzo*) for a little while. Then making himself more agreeable he began to talk about Venice, and so we chatted for a space: then at the end he told me to attend to my working, and that I must finish his *Perseus*. So I returned home joyful and gay; and I cheered up my family, that is to say, my sister with her six daughters, and having taken up my work again, with as much diligence as I could, I urged it forward.

## CHAPTER X

{1546-1547}

Cellini casts the bust of Duke Cosimo in bronze.—He constructs a furnace in his own house and casts the *Medusa*, but through the evil speaking of Bandinelli the Duke diminishes the allowances made to him.—Cellini complains of this, and with much difficulty obtains some redress.—He prepares the sketch-model for a pendant in which to set a diamond.—Owing to false accusations made by Baldini, Cellini is reprimanded by the Duke, but defends himself.—He presents the pendant to the Duchess and is praised by her.—Cellini offers to make the Duke's coinage: but does not however receive the assistance that he desires.—He receives some silver from the Duke to make a vase, a commission which, through an unlucky combination of circumstances, is taken away from him again.—He executes some small silver vases for the Duchess.—Cellini goes to Fiesole to see a natural son of his at nurse there. On his return journey he meets Bandinelli and refrains from killing him.—The little boy is accidentally smothered.—Our hero's distress at this sad event.—Bandinelli offers Cellini a block of marble.—Our hero sets a small diamond into a ring for the Duchess.—The Duke shows to him a mutilated fragment of an antique statue, which the artist offers to restore as a *Ganymede*.—Violent disputes between Cellini and Bandinelli in the Duke's presence, and Benvenuto's severe animadversions upon the latter's *Hercules and Cacus*.—Having received a piece of marble he makes from it a group of *Apollo and Hyacinth*.—He restores the *Ganymede*, and sculptures a *Narcissus*.—Floods in Florence.—A splinter of steel having accidentally entered his eye, he is cured by Master Raffaello de' Pilli, the surgeon.

AND the first work that I cast in bronze was that large head, the portrait of the Lord Excellency (*sic*), which I had fashioned in clay in the Goldsmiths'

Shop<sup>1</sup> whilst I had that malady in my back. This was a work which pleased me, and I did it for no other reason except to experiment in the clays for bronze casting. And although I saw that that wondrous Donatello had executed his works in bronze, which he had cast with Florence clay, it seemed to me that he had carried them out under greatest difficulty. And thinking that they might have arisen from some defect in the clay, before I set about casting my *Perseus* I wanted first to make these researches; by means of which I discovered that the clay was good enough, but that it had not been well understood by that wondrous Donatello; wherefore I perceived that he had achieved his works under greatest difficulty. So, as I say above, with skill in art I compounded the clay, which served me most admirably;<sup>2</sup> and, as I say, I cast with it the said head; but since I had not yet constructed my own furnace, I used the furnace of M<sup>o</sup> Zanobi di Pagno,<sup>3</sup> the bell-founder. And when I saw that the head had come out extremely well defined, I immediately set to work to construct a small furnace, after my own direction and design, in the workshop that the Duke had built for me, in that very house which he had bestowed upon me. And directly I had constructed the furnace, with as much diligence as I could, I got myself in readiness to cast

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *supra*, p. 270, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI describes in full the method of preparing the clay for casting in Chapter II of his *Treatise on the Art of Sculpture* (*ed. cit.*).

<sup>3</sup> This bell-founder belonged to the family of Portigiani of Fiesole, a family of artists—mainly founders—amongst whom was a certain Domenico, a Dominican monk. Zanobi's name appears in CELLINI'S *Day-Book* (*Giornale*) A, p. 1 (*Codice Riccardiano*).



THE GRAND DUKE COSIMO I DE' MEDICI  
(COLOSSAL PORTRAIT BUST)  
Bargello, Florence



the statue of *Medusa*,<sup>1</sup> which is the contorted female figure that lies beneath the feet of *Perseus*. And because this casting is a most difficult operation, I did not want to be lacking in all those details of skill (*diligentie*) that I had learnt, in order that no mistake should happen to me. And thus the first casting that I made in my said small furnace resulted to a very superlative degree, and was so very clearly defined, that it did not seem to my friends that there would be any need that I should further retouch it; the which thing certain Germans and French (workers) have discovered, who say and boast themselves of very fine secrets for casting bronzes without retouching; a statement truly of mad folk, because bronze, after that it has been cast must be worked over (*riserarlo*) with hammers and with chisels, just as did those most wonderful antique (craftsmen), and as the moderns have also done (I speak of those moderns who have understood how to work in bronze). This casting pleased His Most Illustrious Excellency so much, that he came many times to my house to see it, giving me the greatest encouragement to progress. But that rabid envy of Bandinello was so powerful with so much persistency about the ears of His Most Illustrious Excel-

<sup>1</sup> The most terrible of the Gorgons, daughters of Phorcys and Ceto. All three were terrible to look upon, having wings, brazen claws and enormous teeth. Moreover, instead of hair their heads were covered with serpents. Medusa alone of the three was mortal, but her face was so fearful that it struck the beholder into stone. Hence the difficulty experienced by Perseus in slaying her. Cf. DANTE, *Inferno*, Canto IX, 52:

*Venga Medusa: si 'l farem dismalto,*

"Medusa come, so we to stone will change him!"

(LONGFELLOW'S translation.)

lency, that he caused him to think that, although I was casting some of these statues, I should never be able to put them (the parts) together because the art was a new one to me; and that His Excellency ought to take good care not to throw away his money. These words had such influence in those august ears that some of the allowance for my workmen was diminished: in such fashion that I was obliged to complain hotly to His Excellency. Wherefore lying in wait for him one day in the Via de' Servi I said to him: "My Lord, I am not supported in my needs: wherefore I suspect that Your Excellency has no confidence in me: whence I tell you again that I have sufficient courage as I have promised you to complete this work three times better than was the model." When I had spoken these words to His Excellency and had realized that they produced no result, for I drew no response from him, there immediately sprang up in me a fury, together with an intolerable torture. I began once more to address the Duke, and I said to him: "My Lord, this city truly has always been the School of the Greater Talents: but when a man who, having learnt something, has made a name for himself desires to add to the glory of his native city and of his glorious Prince, it is wise to go and labour elsewhere. And that this, my lord, is the truth I know that Your Excellency knew what sort of man Donatello was and what the great Leonardo da Vinci, and what is now the Wondrous Michelagnol Buonarroti. These men by their talents bring fresh glory to Your Excellency: wherefore I also hope to do my share. Therefore, my Lord, let me depart. But let Your Excellency be well advised not to let Bandinello go. Rather give him always more than he asks for; for if he

goes abroad his ignorance is so presumptuous that he is qualified to bring shame upon this most noble School. Now, give me leave, my lord: nor do I ask any other reward for my labours up to now, except Your Most Illustrious Excellency's goodwill." When His Excellency saw me resolved after this fashion, he turned to me, with some little irritation, saying: "Benvenuto! If you have a desire to finish the work, nothing shall be lacking to you." Thereupon I thanked him and said that no other desire was mine except to show those envious persons that I had sufficient courage to carry out the promised work. After I had thus departed from His Excellency, but a small amount of assistance was given me: wherefore I was obliged to put my hand into my own purse, for I wanted my work to proceed at something more than a foot's pace. And in the evening I always went for recreation (*andavo a veglia*) to His Excellency's Wardrobe, where were Domenico and Gianpavolo Poggini his brother, who were working for the Duchess upon a gold vase, which has been mentioned further back, and upon a golden girdle. His Excellency had moreover caused me to make a sketch-model of a pendent, wherein was to be set that large diamond which Bernardone and Ant<sup>o</sup> Landi had made him purchase. And although I would have avoided it, since I did not want to do such a thing, the Duke with so many charming blandishments made me work upon it every evening until the fourth hour. He sought me also with the most charming devices to induce me to work also at it by day; to which I never would consent. And on this account I believed as a certain fact that His Excellency was enraged with me; for one evening



amongst the others, when I arrived somewhat later than was my custom, the Duke said to me: "You are Ill-come (*Malvenuto*)."<sup>1</sup> To this remark I replied: "My Lord! That is not my name, for I bear the name of Welcome (*Benvenuto*), and because I suppose that Your Illustrious Excellency is joking with me I will not enter further into the matter." To this the Duke replied that he was speaking in solemn earnest (*maladetto senno*), and was not joking, and that I must pay careful attention to what I was doing, for it had come to his ears that, trusting in his favour, I was taking in<sup>1</sup> first this person and then that. At these words I besought His Most Illustrious Excellency to deign to tell me of one single man in the world whom I had ever defrauded. Immediately he turned upon me in wrath and said: "Go and give back that which you have belonging to Bernardone: Behold one person!" To this I replied: "My Lord, I thank you, and I pray you to deign to listen to four words from me. It is true that he lent me a pair of old scales, two anvils and three small hammers, the which harness fifteen days ago this very day I told his (workman) Giorgio of Cortona to send for. Wherefore the said Giorgio came for them himself: and if ever Your Most Illustrious Excellency finds, from the day that I was born until now, that I have ever had anything from anyone in this fashion, whether it be in Rome or in France, let him enquire about it from those who have reported these things, or from others; and on finding out the truth let him punish me without measure (*a misura di carboni*)."<sup>2</sup> When the Duke saw that I was in a very great

<sup>1</sup> *Io facevo fare*. VARCHI explains in the *Ercolano* that *far fare uno* means "to circumvent": "to deceive."

rage, like a most discreet and kind prince he turned to me and said: "One is not speaking to those who make no mistakes. Therefore if it be as you say, I will always receive you gladly, as I have done heretofore." To this I replied: "Your Excellency must know that the evil-doings of Bernardone compel me to demand and pray that Your (Lordship) will tell me what was the cost of that large diamond, with the point razed off; for I hope to demonstrate why this evil wretch (*homaccio*) is seeking to get me into disgrace." Thereupon His Excellency said to me: "The diamond cost me 25 thousand ducats. Why do you ask me about it?" "Because, My Lord! On such a day, at such and such an hour, at the corner of the New Market, Ant<sup>o</sup> di Vettorino Landi told me that I must try to make a bargain with Your Most Illustrious Excellency, and at the first demand he asked sixteen thousand ducats for it. Your Excellency now knows what he bought it for. And that this is the truth, ask S<sup>r</sup> Domenico Poggini and Gianpavolo his brother, who are here! For I told them immediately; and since then have said no more about it, for Your Excellency told me that I did not understand it, whereat I thought that Your Excellency wanted to keep up its reputation. Know (then), my Lord! that I do understand it; and as to the other question I make profession of being an honest man as much as any other man that may be born into the world, whoever he may be. I shall not seek to rob you of eight or ten thousand ducats at a time, rather I shall endeavour to earn them by my labours. And I stayed to serve Your Excellency as sculptor, goldsmith, and master of coinage; but to report upon the business of others, never. And this that I say now, I say in my own defence, and

I do not want a fee (for my information);<sup>1</sup> and I say it in the presence of so many honest men who are here, in order that Your Excellency may not believe what Bernardone says." The Duke rose immediately in a fury, and sent for Bernardone, who was obliged to run away as far as Venice, he and Ant<sup>o</sup> Landi: which Ant<sup>o</sup> told me that he had not (in speaking to me) meant that particular diamond. They went and returned from Venice; and I sought out the Duke, and said (to him): "(My) Lord! What I told you is true, and that which Bernardone told you about his tools was not true: and you will do well to put it to the proof, and I will betake me to the Bargello." At these words the Duke turned to me, saying: "Benvenuto! Attend to being an honest man, as you have done in the past, and never doubt about anything." The matter went off in smoke, and I never more heard any mention of it. I paid attention to completing his jewel: and on carrying it one day completed to the Duchess, she herself told me that she valued my workmanship as much as the diamond that Bernardaccio had made her buy,<sup>2</sup> and she desired me to

<sup>1</sup> *Non ne voglio il quarto*, i.e. "I don't want the fourth part": the reward of the informer being a fourth part of the fine levied upon the offender.

<sup>2</sup> In CELLINI'S *Memorandum* of August 25th 1545 quoted above (cf. TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 14), we find the following entry: *Lo Ill. mo Signor Duca Cosimo de' Medici di Firenze de' dare a di 25 d' Agosto 1545 scudi dugento d'oro di moneta, che tanti sono per una prima opera d'uno pendente cominciato e finito di mia mano, il quale pendente furno dua figurini tondi con altri vari animali e festoni, diligentemente finiti. In detta opera legai uno diamante che Sua Eccellenza comperò venti quattro mila scudi et uno rubino tremila, con perle in tutto per mia fattura scudi dugento: come di*

fasten it upon her bosom with my own hand; and she gave into my hand a large pin (*grossetto spilleto*), and with it I fixed it, and took my departure with much good favour on her part.<sup>1</sup> Subsequently I heard that they had had it (the diamond) set by a German or some other foreigner—if I am not mistaken (*salvo il vero*)—because the said Bernardone told them that the said diamond would show up better set with less elaboration.

Domenico and Giovanpagolo Poggini, goldsmiths and brothers, laboured, as I believe I have said, in the Wardrobe of His Most Illustrious Excellency, after my designs, upon certain small vases of gold engraved with scenes of figures in low relief, and other things of great interest.<sup>2</sup> And since I said many times to the Duke: "My Lord! If Your Most Illustrious Excellency would pay several workmen for me, I would make the coinage for your mint and the medals bearing the head of Your Most Illustrious Excellency; the which I will make in rivalry with the ancients, and shall have the hope of surpassing them. For since the time that I made Pope Clemente's medals, I have learnt so much that I can make them much better than those. And in the same way I will do better with the coins than I did for Duke Alessandro, which are indeed still held to be fine. And so too will I make for you large vases of gold and silver,

*sopra*. We have no further information with regard to this jewel. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 148.

<sup>1</sup> From this point onwards to the end, the MS. is in CELLINI's own handwriting.

<sup>2</sup> These vases are recorded in the *Letter* to Bartolommeo Concino of April 22nd 1561 quoted above (cf. Book II, Chap. VIII, *supra*, p. 236, n. 1) as follows: "*E di più gli feci certi vasetti cesellati di oro, che mi aiutò i Poggini.*" Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 600.

just as I made so many for that admirable king Francescho of France, solely by means of the great conveniences that he afforded me, nor was time ever lost on the great *Colossi* nor from the other statues."

At these words of mine the Duke said to me: "Do so and I will see:" nor did he ever provide for me any convenience or assistance. One day His Most Illustrious Excellency caused me to be given several pounds of silver, and he said to me: "This is some silver from my own mines. Make me a handsome vase of it."<sup>1</sup> And since I did not want to let my *Perseus* fall into arrears, and yet had a great desire to oblige him, I gave the making of it, together with my own designs and sketch-models in wax, to a certain rascal, who was called Piero di Martino, the goldsmith: who began it badly and moreover

<sup>1</sup> SEGNI (*Ist. fior., ed. cit.*, Lib. XI, p. 449) tells us that "The Duke took great delight and spent much (money) in making shafts (*cave*) to find silver and metals. Wherefore he had German workmen brought to Pietrasanta, and he fed many persons in similar employ without any result, and perhaps to his own loss." He had another mine at Campiglia, but it produced even less profit than that at Pietrasanta, whence was extracted every year about one hundred pounds of silver, which were all transported to the Ducal Wardrobe, and there converted into plate and other articles for the Duke's use. In the early years of the seventeenth century these mines seem to have been abandoned as not worth the expense of working. This vase, taken away from Piero di Martino Spigliati, is probably the same unfinished vase that is mentioned in almost identical words both in the *Libro dei Debitori e Creditori*, etc. from 1544 to 1553 quoted above, p. 55 (and TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 259) and in the *Inventory* made after the death of Duke Cosimo in 1574 (*cf.* PLON, *op. cit.*, App. V). But it is probably not the same vase to which CELLINI himself refers in his *Day-Book A* (above mentioned) as being made of silver from these same mines of Pietrasanta, but which he says that he finished on June 18th 1547 (*cf.* TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 374).

did not work at it; in such a way that I lost more time than if I had done it all with my own hands. Having thus wasted for me several months, when I saw that the said Piero did not work, nor even less set some one else to work at it, I made him give back to me—and went through great trouble to recover—along with the body of the vase badly begun as I have said—the rest of the silver that I had given to him. The Duke, when he heard something about these disturbances, sent for the vase and for the models, and never spoke to me any more about it, neither why nor wherefore. It is sufficient that he directed various people to make it after my designs both in Venice and in other places, and was very badly served. The Duchess told me often that I must execute some goldsmith's work for her: to whom I said many times that the world and all Italy knew very well that I was an excellent goldsmith; but that Italy had never seen works by my hand in sculpture. And throughout the profession certain furious sculptors, ridiculing me called me "the new sculptor"; to whom I hoped to demonstrate that I was an old sculptor, if God should afford me sufficient grace to be able to exhibit my completed *Perseus* in that noble Piazza of His Most Illustrious Excellency. And retiring home, I attended to working day and night, and never allowed myself to be seen at the Palace. But thinking, however, to maintain myself in the good graces of the Duchess I had made for her certain small silver vases as large as a little two-penny stew-pan, with handsome little masks in very rare style, after the antique pattern (*all' antica*).<sup>1</sup> And when I

<sup>1</sup> No mention of these little vases is to be found in any existing documents.

conveyed these said little vases to her, she gave me the most grateful reception that it is possible to imagine in the world, and paid me back my silver and gold that I had expended upon them. But I however recommended myself to Her Most Illustrious Excellency, begging her that she would inform the Duke that I was receiving but little assistance for so great a work, and that Her Most Illustrious Excellency should say to the Duke, that he should not put so much credence in that evil tongue of Bandinello's, with which he was hindering the completion of my *Perseus*. At these tearful words of mine the Duchess shrugged her shoulders, and said to me: "It is certain that the Duke ought to know that this Bandinello of his is worth nothing." I remained at home and rarely presented myself at the Palace, and I laboured with great assiduity to finish my work. And I agreed to pay my workmen out of my own (pocket): for the Duke having caused certain of my workmen to be paid by Lattanzio Gorini<sup>1</sup> for the space of about eighteen months, and becoming bored at doing so, directed him to take the commission away from me, wherefore I asked the said Lattanzio Gorini why he did not pay me. And he answered me, waving his spider-claws, with the squeaking gnatlike voice (*vocerellina di zanzara*), "Why don't you finish this work of yours? It is believed that you never will finish it." I immediately answered him furiously, and said: "May a plague (*canchero*) fall upon both you and all those who believe that I shall not finish it." And thus in despair I returned home to my unfortunate *Perseus*, and not without tears, for I re-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. VIII, *supra*, p. 251, n. 2.

called to memory the splendid position that I had left behind me in Paris under the service of that wondrous King Francesco, wherein he provided me with everything, whilst here I lacked everything. And several times I was tempted to throw myself into despair. And upon one occasion amongst others I mounted upon my handsome little nag, and put one hundred *scudi* in my purse (*accanto*), and betook myself to Fiesole to see a little natural son of mine, whom I was keeping at nurse with a gossip of mine, the wife of one of my workmen. And when I reached my little son, I found him in good health, and I so unhappy kissed him; but when I wished to depart he would not let me go, for he held me firmly with his little hands and with a passion of tears and screams, which at that age of about two years was a thing more than marvellous. And since I was resolved that if I met Bandinello, who was accustomed to go every evening to that farm of his above San Domenico<sup>1</sup> like a desperate man I would cast him to the earth, I departed thus from my baby-boy, leaving him to his broken-hearted weeping. And coming towards Florence when I reached the Piazza di San Domenico, at that moment Bandinello entered the Piazza from the opposite side.

<sup>1</sup> VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 182) tells us that: "On the hill of Fiesole he (Bandinelli) purchased a farm named '*il Spinello*':" and a trace of this sculptor's occupation of property in these parts is still to be seen in an inscription upon a marble fountain that meets one's eye on climbing up the old road from San Domenico to Fiesole. Bandinelli (the Aretine tells us) paid little attention to anything else but to get rich and of large possessions; and mention is made of another farm, "in the plain beyond San Salvi on the banks of the river Affrico," called *Il Cantone* ("the Corner").



Immediately resolving to commit that bloody act, I met him; but when I raised my eyes I saw that he was unarmed, (mounted) upon a mule (*muluccio*) like a donkey, and he had with him a little boy of ten years old: and directly he saw me he became the colour of the dead, and trembled from head to foot. I, recognizing that the emotion <sup>1</sup> was a most vile one, said: "Fear nothing, vile coward, for I will not consider you worthy of my blows." He gazed at me, having recovered himself, and answered nothing. Then I regained my self-respect, and thanked God, that by His True Grace He had not permitted me to commit such a crime. Having thus freed myself from that devilish rage, my courage increased, and I said to myself: "If God grant me sufficient grace to finish my work, I hope with it to confound <sup>2</sup> all my scoundrelly enemies, whereby I shall make my revenge much greater and more glorious, than if I had vented it upon one alone;" and with this excellent resolution I returned home. At the end of three days I heard that that gossip of mine had smothered my only little son,<sup>3</sup> which gave me so

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, "to attack a defenceless man, however hated."

<sup>2</sup> *Ammazzare*: here used in the sense of "bringing them down."

<sup>3</sup> The name, and that of the mother, of this child are unknown; no reference being made to them in any of CELLINI'S *Memoranda*. GUASTI suggests that she may have been that "Dorotea," who, after having posed as model for *Medusa* and other female figures, was married by Cellini, with one hundred *scudi* of dowry, to Domenico Sputasenni, the weaver, father of the lad Antonio, whom Benvenuto subsequently adopted, raising for himself thereby a vast amount of annoyance and trouble. *Vide* CELLINI'S *Petition* to the Grand Duke, dated June 12th 1570. (*Cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 593.) It is difficult in any case to reconcile CELLINI'S chronology here, for, since he only returned from Paris in the early days of August 1545, it would be impossible for him to have

great a sorrow as I have never felt a greater. Consequently I knelt down on the ground, and not without tears, according to my custom I gave thanks to my God, saying: "My Lord! Thou gavest him to me, and now Thou hast taken him away. But in all things with all my heart I thank Thee."<sup>1</sup> And although that great sorrow had as it were crushed me, however, according to my custom, having made a virtue of a necessity I set about accommodating myself to it as best I could.

There had at this time left the employment of Bandinello a young man, who bore the name of Francescho, the son of Matteo the blacksmith. This said young man

a son of two years old at this period. It is probable that events pressed one upon another in the rapidity of his thoughts, and thus he got this particular episode out of its correct sequence in time. This is rendered even more likely by two entries among the CELLINI papers in the Biblioteca Riccardiana. The first runs as follows: 1553, 27 Novembre. *Ricordo, come, al nome di Dio Padre, Figliuolo e Spirito Santo, oggi, questo dì soprascritto m'è nato un figliuolo mastio a ore 14, non ben chiaro il giorno; al quale ho posto nome Iacopo Giovanni. Così prego Iddio, che gli dia lunga e virtuosa vita*, etc. Then follows the notice of the child's baptism, eight days later, and the names of the godparents.

The second entry is from CELLINI'S *Day-Book* marked A, and runs thus: *A dì 1 Ottobre 1555. Maria Maddalena di Bernardo Pettirossi da Fiesole dee avere a dì primo d'Ottobre 1555, per avere preso ad allattare Jacopo Giovanni mio figliuolo per lire 8 il mese, d'accordo detto dì; la quale quando avrà finito di allattare, si trarrà fuori quello monterà il tempo l'arà tenuto. Detto mio figliuolo piacque a Dio tirarlo a sè.*

The fact that this foster-mother resided at Fiesole, the correspondence in age of this child with Benvenuto's own words, "about two years," and the pathetic words that close the entry, all point to the conclusion that this infant here mentioned may be identified with the *Jacopo Giovanni* of these *Memoranda*.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. JOB, Chap. I, v. 21.

made a request to me that I would give him some work; and I was glad to do so, and set him to cleaning the figure of *Medusa*, which had already been cast. This youth after 15 days told me that he had spoken with his master—that is to say, Bandinello—and that he was to tell me from him, that, if I wanted to make a figure in marble, he was sending to offer to present me a fine piece of marble. I immediately said to him: “Tell him that I accept it; and may it be bad marble for him, for he goes about irritating me, and does not remember the great danger that he escaped from me upon the Piazza di San Domenico. But tell him that I want it anyhow. I never speak about him, but that beast is always causing me annoyance: and I believe that it may be through his sending you that you have come to work with me, merely to spy upon my affairs. Oh! Go and tell him that I will have the marble in spite of him;<sup>1</sup> and return yourself with it.”

As it had been many days since I had permitted myself to revisit the Palace, I went one morning when that fancy took me, and the Duke had almost finished dinner, and from what I heard His Excellency had that

<sup>1</sup> On June 23rd 1546, CELLINI wrote a letter to Bandinelli to ask for this piece of marble (*cf.* TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 314) in which we read: “From a polite person I have heard that you are saying that if Benvenuto wants to make a marble statue, I offer to present him with the marble, and I was very pleased that such a remark was repeated to me. I, as civilly as possible, beseech you not to be lacking to yourself; and to give me so much marble that I can at least make a figure as large as life; for by it I hope to show how far a good disciple can surpass so able a master. For I have certainly had no other master in Sculpture than yourself, etc.” This is of course sarcastic.

morning talked and spoken very kindly of me, and amongst other things had much praised me in the matter of setting jewels; and for this reason when the Duchess saw me, she had me summoned (to her) by Misser Sforza:<sup>1</sup> and when I approached Her Most Illustrious Excellency she begged me to set a small pointed diamond (*diamantino in punta*) into a ring. And she told me that she wanted to wear it always upon her finger, and she gave me the measure and the diamond, which was worth about one hundred *scudi*, and begged me to make it quickly. The Duke immediately began to discuss the question with the Duchess, and said to her: "It is certain that in this art Benvenuto was without equal: but now that he has given it up, I believe that to make a little ring such as you want, will be too great a labour for him. Therefore I beg that you will not weary him in this trifling matter, which would be a great one for him since he has let it fall into disuse." At these words I thanked the Duke, and then I begged that he would allow me to perform this small service for the Lady Duchess. And having set my hand to it immediately, in a few days I had completed it. The ring was for the little finger of the hand:

<sup>1</sup> Sforza Almeni of Perugia, a Knight of San Stefano and Chamberlain to Duke Cosimo, who subsequently slew him with his own hands in his own apartments in the Palazzo Vecchio on the night of May 22nd 1566, and directed the corpse to be buried privately the same night in the neighbouring church of San Piero Scheraggio. The reason for this cruel murder of a faithful servant of twenty-four years standing was rage against him for having disclosed to Don Francesco, then Prince Regent, the fact that he (Cosimo)—then a widower—had amorous relations with Eleonora degli Albizzi, and contemplated marrying her. Cf. G. A. SALTINI, *Traged. medic. domestiche, Firenze*. Barbèra 1898: GALLUZZI, *Storia del Granducato, ecc. cit.*

so I made four tiny cherubs in relief with four small masks, which formed the said little ring: and I also inserted some fruit and enamelled settings, so that the precious stone and the ring together exhibited a very beautiful effect. I immediately carried it to the Duchess: who with kindly words told me that I had made a very fine job of it, and that she would remember me. The said ring she sent as a gift to King Filippo,<sup>1</sup> and after that was always ordering something of me: and so persuasively that I was always compelled to serve her, although I saw but little money for it, and God knows that I had great need of it, for I wanted to finish my *Perseus*. I had found certain young men to assist me whom I paid out of my own (funds): and I again began to allow myself to be seen (at the palace) more often than I had done for some time past.

One feast day amongst others I went into the Palace after dinner, and when I came up into the Hall of the Clock<sup>2</sup> I saw the door of the Wardrobe open; and when I approached it a little, the Duke called to me, and, with a kindly greeting, said to me: "You are welcome indeed. Look at this chest which has been sent as a present to me by the lord Stefano of Pilestina!"<sup>3</sup> Open it, and let

<sup>1</sup> Philip II, son of the Emperor Charles V, who, by cession from his father, became King of Naples and Sicily in 1554, and through his marriage with Mary, daughter of King Henry VIII, King Consort of England. He ascended the throne of Spain in 1556. CELLINI, writing in 1559, in calling him "King" here, forestalls subsequent events.

<sup>2</sup> *Sala dell' Oriolo*. Cf. Book II, Chap. VIII, *supra*, p. 253, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Stefano Colonna, a member of the princely family of Palestrina. In 1537 he was in the service of France, and in 1542 passed into that of Duke Cosimo, who appointed him Lieutenant-General. He

us see what the thing is." Having immediately opened it, I said to the Duke: "My Lord! this is a figure in Greek marble, and a wondrous thing. I tell you that for a boy's figure I do not recollect that I have ever seen amongst the antiques so fine a work, nor one of so beautiful a fashion. Wherefore I offer to Your Most Illustrious Excellency to restore it, and the head and the arms and the feet. And I will make an eagle in order that it may be labelled as a *Ganymede*. And although it is not customary for me to patch up statues—for that is the art of certain bunglers, who do it very badly—yet the excellence of this great master calls me to assist him." The Duke was pleased that the statue was so beautiful, and asked me many questions, saying to me: "Tell me distinctly, my Benvenuto! in what consists the great talent of this master, which causes you so much admiration." Thereupon I demonstrated to His Most Illustrious Excellency after the best method that I knew in order to make him understand such beauty, and the intellectual skill, and the rare manner (of the fragment); upon which questions I discoursed very much and I did it the more willingly, realizing that therein His Excellency took very great pleasure.

Whilst I was thus agreeably entertaining the Duke, it chanced that a page went out of the Wardrobe, and as the said (page) went out Bandinello entered. When the Duke saw him he was half disturbed, and with a seems to have been a lover and patron of art, since according to VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 326) he endeavoured to obtain for his master the services of Bartolommeo Genga, the painter, military architect and engineer, then in the employ of the Duke of Urbino (where he preferred to remain). He died at Pisa at the beginning of 1548 (*cf.* AMMIRATO, *Istorie fior.*, ed *cit.*, Lib. XXXIII).

severe expression he said to him: "What are you doing here?" The said Bandinello, without making any other reply, immediately cast his eyes upon that chest, wherein lay the said uncovered statue, and with one of his evil chuckles, shaking his head, he said, turning towards the Duke: "My Lord! These are some of those things of which I have so often spoken to Your Most Illustrious Excellency. Know that these ancient (sculptors) understood nothing at all about anatomy, and for this reason their works are quite full of faults." I remained quiet and paid no attention to anything that he was saying; rather I had turned my back on him. Directly that this animal had finished his disagreeable chatterings, the Duke said: "Oh! Benvenuto! This is exactly the opposite to that which you with so many fine arguments have but now so well demonstrated to me. Therefore defend it a little."<sup>1</sup> At these words of the Duke (*Ducal parole*), conveyed to me with so much charm, I immediately responded, and said: "My Lord! Your Most Illustrious Excellency ought to know that Baccio Bandinelli is composed entirely of evil, and so he always has been: in such a way that whatever he gazes upon, to his disapproving eyes immediately, although the thing may be altogether good in a superlative degree, it is immediately converted into the worst evil. But I who am drawn only towards the good, perceive the truth more divinely; in such a fashion that what I have said to Your Most Illustrious Excellency about this most beautiful statue is altogether the simple truth, and that which Bandinello has said is altogether that evil of which alone he is composed."

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, your arguments in favour of antique art.



GANYMEDE

(ANTIQUE MARBLE FRAGMENT RESTORED BY CELLINI)

Bargello, Florence





The Duke stood listening to me with much pleasure; and whilst I was saying these things Bandinello fidgetted and made the ugliest grimaces of his countenance—which was (itself) the most ugly—that it is possible to imagine in the world. The Duke immediately moved away, proceeding through certain lower chambers (*basse*), and the said Bandinello followed him. The Chamberlains took me by the cloak and led me after him. And thus we followed the Duke, so that when His Most Illustrious Excellency reached a certain chamber he sat down, and both Bandinello and I stood, one upon the right, and the other upon the left, of His Most Illustrious Excellency. I remained silent, and those who were around us—several servants of His Excellency—all gazed fixedly at Bandinello, somewhat sniggering one with another at those words which I had uttered in that chamber above. So the said Bandinello began to chatter, and he said: “My Lord! When I uncovered my *Hercules and Cacus* I certainly believe that more than one hundred ballads (*sonettacci*) were made upon me, which they say were the worst that one could possibly imagine in the world from this mob” (*popolaccio*).<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VI, p. 159) says: “There were also affixed around the base many verses in Latin and Tuscan, in which it was amusing to observe the ingenuity of the composers and the cleverness of their invention.” So violent were some of these criticisms that Duke Alessandro was forced to imprison some of the authors, in order to close the mouths of the others. One of these has survived in a note to VASARI as follows:

*Ercole, non mi dar, chè i tuoi vitelli  
Ti renderò con tutto il tuo bestiame  
Ma il bue l'ha avuto Baccio Bandinelli.*

And CELLINI himself produced a *Sonnet*, with a long Commentary

I thereupon answered and said: "My Lord, When our Michelagnuolo Buonaroti unveiled his Sacristy,<sup>1</sup> where may be seen so many beautiful figures, this admirable and talented School, the friend of truth and of the excellent, made more than one hundred sonnets upon him, competing with one another which could speak the best of him. And so just as that work of Bandinello's deserved so much ill said as he says has been spoken about it, so that of Buonaroti deserved as much good as was said of him." At these words of mine Bandinello fell into such a fury that he was bursting, and he turned to me and said: "And what do you know that you can say about it?" "I will tell you if you have sufficient patience to know how to listen to me." Says he: "Speak up then now." The Duke and the others who were there, all listened eagerly. I began, and in the first place I said: "Do you know that it pains me to have to tell you of the defects of that work of yours; but I will not speak of such things, rather I will tell you all that this most talented School says about it." And because this wretched man (*huomaccio*) kept now saying something disagreeable, and now moving about his hands and his feet, he caused me to fall into such a rage, that I began in a much more unpleasant manner than I should have done if he had acted otherwise: "This talented School says that if one were to shave the hair off *Hercules*, there in prose attached, upon the same subject (*cf.* TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 436).

<sup>1</sup> This was the *Sacrestia Nuova*, or Chapel of the Medici Tombs, built by Michelangelo at San Lorenzo in 1525-1529, by the direction of Pope Clement VII. *Cf.* MORENI, *Descriz. istor. crit. delle Tre sontuose Cappelle Medicee situate nell' I Basilica di San Lorenzo*.



GANYMEDE  
(BRONZE STATUETTE)  
Bargello, Florence



would not remain noddle (*zucca*) sufficient to contain his brain; and that as regards that face of his one would not know whether it was the countenance of a man or of a lion-ox (*lionbue*)<sup>1</sup>: and that he is not paying any attention to what he is doing: and that it is badly attached to its neck, with so little skill and with so bad a grace, that one has never seen anything worse: and that those two ugly shoulders of his resemble the two pommels of an ass's pack-saddle; and that his breasts and the rest of his muscles are not copied from those of a man, but are drawn from an old sack full of melons, which has been set upright propped against a wall. So (also) the loins seem to be copied from a sack full of long gourds: one does not know by what method the two legs are attached to that ugly body; for one does not know upon which leg he is standing, or upon which he is making any display of pressure: still less does he appear to be resting upon both, as it is customary sometimes for those masters who know something about the representation (of figures). It is easy to see that he is falling forward more than a third of a *braccio*; for this alone is the greatest and most intolerable fault that those wretched masters of the common herd (*maestracci di fozzini plebe!*) commit. Of the arms they say that they are both stretched downwards without any grace: nor is there any artistic sense to be perceived in them, as if you had never seen living nudes: and that the right leg of *Hercules* and that of *Cacus* make a mixture in the calves of their legs; so that if one of the two were removed from the other, not only one of them, but rather both

<sup>1</sup> That is to say "a monster": part lion, part bull: a word invented by CELLINI to express Bandinelli's ignorance.

would remain without calves at that point where they touch: and they say that one of the feet of *Hercules* is buried and the other appears to have fire under it.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two payments to Bandinelli are to be found, dated respectively May 19th 1531 and October 27th 1532: the first for 700 gold florins *a conto di due figure di marmo Hercole et Caccho lavorò per ordine pubblico*; the second for L. 261, sol. 16, *haver da dì 5 di giugno 1532 a dì 26 d'ottobre per il gigante*. (*Deliberazioni e stanziamenti degli Otto di Pratica e stanziamenti degli Operai di Palazzo dal 1512 al 1532*, in the Archivio di Stato in Florence). VASARI tells us that Bandinelli finished the work upon the base in 1534, and in the unpublished Florentine *Memoirs* of SETTIMANNI we read that on May 1st in that same year the *Hercules* was removed from the apartments of the Opera di Santa Maria del Fiore, and transported in three days to its place in the Piazza della Signoria (*cf. GAYE, op. cit.*, Vol. II). But FRANCESCO BALDOVINETTI in the *Priorista Fiorentino* gives us the following information: “In April of the year 1534 there was set up beside the entrance to the Palazzo which belonged to the *Signori* of Florence, on the side towards the Mint, a Giant of marble, called a *Hercules*, who was slaying another Giant named *Cacus*, which was formed all of one piece of marble, whence issued the said two Giants. And when the said piece of marble was brought from Carrara to Florence by way of the Arno there never came a more beautiful, nor a larger (piece). It weighed 94 thousand (pounds). The work alone upon those said two Giants cost 5,000 ducats: a certain Baccio Bandinelli, one of our Florentines, executed it. It was universally judged that he spoiled so fine a piece of marble, and that the said 2 Giants were 2 wretched figures with many defects, rather even very ugly ones, and they were much abused by almost every one who saw them.” Thus CELLINI’S criticisms, though over violently expressed, were fully endorsed by the general public. To this was perhaps added the fact that the piece of marble had originally, on August 2nd 1528, been allotted by the Signoria of Florence to Michelangelo Buonarroti for the fabrication of a group of two figures; and we learn further from VASARI that he had actually executed a wonderful model—it is believed a *Samson and the Philistines*,—but that on the return of the Medici the courtier methods of Bandinelli had succeeded in getting it transferred to him.

The man could not restrain himself to be patient, so that I might tell him also the great defects of *Cacus*. For one thing was that I was speaking truly, and another was that I was making it known clearly to the Duke and to the others who were in our presence, so that they made very great expressions and acts of astonishment, and then realized that I was telling the very truth. All at once this wretched man said: "Ah! you wicked lying tongue (*cattiva linguaccia*)! Oh! where do you leave my design?"<sup>1</sup> I replied "that he who designs well can never work out that design badly. Consequently I can believe that your design is like your work." Now when he saw from those ducal and other countenances that with their looks and with their gestures they were despising him, he allowed himself to be too much overcome by his insolence, and turning towards me with his most hideous ugly face, he all of a sudden said to me: "Oh! be silent! You b . . . . b . . . . you!"<sup>2</sup>

The Duke at this remark contracted his brow angrily at him, and the others pursed their lips, and frowned

<sup>1</sup> VASARI (*ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, etc.) informs us that Bandinelli's powers of design were praiseworthy; but BOTTARI in his note to this passage in the sculptor's *Life*, whilst admitting that this group is well-designed, complains that the attitude and movements are cold, and that the muscles are too sharply defined, wherefore *Hercules* was likened to a sack of fir-cones. He praises, however, the attachment of the neck of *Cacus*, who is turning round his head. The plaster model for this was sent to Buonarroti and met with his approval; though he added that the other portions of the group in no way corresponded to the excellence of this one: which is very true.

<sup>2</sup> "*O sta' cheto, soddomitaccio.*" The reader must pardon my descent here into popular vernacular to find a sufficiently forcible equivalent for this excessively coarse expression.



their eyes at him. I, for I felt myself thus grossly insulted, was provoked by fury; but all at once I plunged at a remedy, and I said: "Oh! Madman! You are exceeding all bounds. Though would to God that I did know how to practise so noble an art, for we read that Jove practised it with Ganymede in Paradise, and here upon earth it is practised by the greatest Emperors and the greatest Kings in the world. I am but a low and humble scrap of humanity (*homicciattolo*), who neither could, nor would know how to perplex myself with so wondrous a thing." At this no one could contain themselves; in so much that the Duke and the others raised a shout of the loudest laughter that can possibly be imagined in the world. But although I made myself appear so amiable about it, know! Kind Readers! that within me my heart was bursting when I thought that one, the dirtiest ruffian that was ever born into the world, should be so daring as, in the presence of so great a prince, to utter to me so great and such an insult. But you know that he insulted the Duke and not me. For if I had been outside so great a presence, I would have struck him dead. When this dirty scoundrelly blockhead saw that the laughing of those lords did not cease, in order to divert them from so much mockery, he began to enter upon a new subject, saying: "This Benvenuto goes about boasting that I have promised him a piece of marble." At these words I immediately replied: "How! Did you not send to tell me by Francesco, (the son) of Matteo the blacksmith, your shop-lad, that if I wanted to work in marble you were willing to give me a piece of marble? And I have accepted it and I wish for it." Thereupon he said: "Oh! Make up your mind that you will never

get it." Immediately I, for I was brimful of wrath at the unjust insults uttered to me first, laying aside reason and forgetting the presence of the Duke, with great fury said: "I tell you plainly that if you do not send the marble to my house, look out for another world; for I will bring you down (*sgonfiaro*) in this one at all costs."<sup>1</sup> Recalling immediately that I was in the presence of so great a Duke, I turned humbly towards His Excellency, and I said: "My Lord! One madman makes a hundred. The madnesses of this man have caused me to forget the respect due to Your Most Illustrious Excellency and to myself. Therefore pardon me."<sup>2</sup> Thereupon the Duke said to Bandinello: "Is it true that you have promised the marble?" The said Bandinello said that it was true. The Duke said to me: "Go to the Opera (del Duomo), and take a piece to your liking."<sup>3</sup> I said that he had promised to send it me to my house. Our altercation was terrible; and I would not take it in any other way. The following morning a piece of marble was brought to my house. I demanded who had sent it; and they told me that Bandinello had sent it me, and that this was the piece of marble that he had promised me.

I immediately had it carried into the workshop, and began to chisel at it: and whilst I laboured at it I made the model. And so great was the desire that I had to

<sup>1</sup> Lit. "take the wind out of you."

<sup>2</sup> This violent quarrel in the presence of the Duke—a curious side-light into the manners and customs of the period—is described again more briefly by VASARI (*ed. MILANESI cit., Vita di Bandinelli cit.*) and seems to have been by no means the only one. CELLINI also alludes to it in one of two *Sonnets* addressed by him to Bandinelli (*cf. TASSI, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 410*).

<sup>3</sup> *Totene*: colloquial for *toglitene*.

work in marble, that I could not wait to resolve upon the fashioning of a model with that judgment that is appropriate to such an art. But when I heard the whole piece ring false (*crocchiare*),<sup>1</sup> I repented many times that I had ever begun to labour upon it. However I carved out what I could from it, which is an *Apollo and Hyacinth*, that may still be seen in my workshop incomplete.<sup>2</sup> And whilst I was working upon it the Duke came to my house; and he said to me many times: "Let the bronze stand aside for a little while, and work a little in marble, so that I may see you." Immediately I took up the tools for marble working, and worked away with assurance. The Duke asked me about the model that I had made for the said marble, to which I replied: "My Lord! This piece of marble is all broken, but in spite of that I shall carve something out of it. Consequently I am not able to make up my mind about the model, but I shall proceed in this way doing the best that I can." With much haste the Duke caused a piece of Greek marble to come to me from Rome, in order that I might restore his antique *Ganymede*, which was the cause of the said quarrel with Bandinello. When the piece of Greek marble arrived, I thought that it was a sin to break it into pieces to form the head and the arms and the other portions for the *Ganymede*: so I provided myself with other marble, and for that piece of Greek marble I made

<sup>1</sup> *Crocchiare*: = to ring hollow or false, like an object that has been cracked.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Inventory*, dated February 16th 1570, made after the death of CELLINI (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 642) we find the following items: *Statua di Apollo con statua a' piedi*: which must have been *Hyacinth*; and *Iacinto di terra cotta*. These objects have not been traced (*cf.* also PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 216).

a little sketch-model in wax, to (which) I gave the name of *Narcissus*. And since this piece of marble had two holes in it which went into it more than a fourth of a *braccio*, and as wide as two good fingers; for this reason I fashioned it in the attitude that may be still seen, to avoid these holes: in such a way I had cut them out from my figure. But for so many decades of years it had been rained upon, whereby those holes had been always filled with water, and the said (water) had penetrated so much that the said marble had been weakened, and as if rotted away in that upper part of the hole; a fact which was afterwards demonstrated when there came that great flood of the Arno water which rose in my workshop more than a *braccio* and a half.<sup>1</sup> And because the said *Narcissus* was placed upon a square of wood, the said water caused it to fall down, whereby it was broken above the breasts: and I joined it together; and in order that that fissure of the joining might not be perceived, I fashioned that garland of flowers that may be seen over the breast: and I went on finishing it at certain hours before daybreak, or truly on feast-days, merely not to lose time from my work

<sup>1</sup> Amongst a number of other Florentine writers SEGNI (*Ist. fior. cit.*, Lib. XII, p. 470) tells us: "There followed in that year, which was MDXLVII, in the month of August, so great an inundation in Florence, caused all of a sudden by the river Arno, such that not for two hundred and fifty years previously had there been heard of a similar flood caused by that river in that city. At the Piazza del Grano the water rose to the height of eight *braccia*, and the whole quarter of Santa Croce was submerged. . . . They say that the damage caused by those floods in the city and the country-side exceeded the value of three hundred thousand *scudi*," etc. SEGNI also informs us that another similar flood occurred three months later

upon the *Perseus*.<sup>1</sup> And whilst one morning amongst others I was preparing certain small chisels for my working, I prised off a very fine splinter<sup>2</sup> of steel into my right eye. And it was so much embedded in the pupil, that by no method could it be extracted. I thought for certain that I should lose the sight of that eye. I summoned at the end of several days Master Raffaello de' Pilli, the surgeon,<sup>3</sup> who took two live pigeons, and making me lie upon my back (*stare rovescio*) upon a table, he took the said pigeons and with a small knife pierced a small vein which they have in their wings,<sup>4</sup> in such a way that their blood poured right into my eye; by the which blood I immediately felt relief, and in the space of two days the splinter of steel came out, and I remained free (from pain) and improved in vision. And the Feast of Santa Lucia,<sup>5</sup> chancing to happen, which was three days after, I fashioned an Eye of gold from a French *scudo*, and I caused it to be offered by one of my six nieces, the daughters of my sister Liperata, who was about the

<sup>1</sup> This *Narcissus* has also disappeared. In the *Inventory* of February 16th 1570 above quoted we find the entries: *Statua di marmo d'un Narciso* and *Narciso di cera*. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 216.

<sup>2</sup> More usually *sverza*. *Verza* = "a particle of wood or other material split off from the main piece."

<sup>3</sup> This same surgeon, in company with Master Francesco Catani of Montevarchi, cured our hero (as we shall read later on, Book II, Chap. XV, p. 422) when he thought that he had been poisoned.

<sup>4</sup> *Alie*, vulgarism for *ali*.

<sup>5</sup> St. Lucy; the protectress of sufferers from diseases of the eye: represented in Sacred Art with her eyes in her hand or on a platter. There are still two churches dedicated to her in Florence: one designated to Santa Lucia *in Magnoli* in the Via de' Bardi and the other to Santa Lucia *sul Prato* in the Via del Prato.

age of ten years, and with it I thanked God and Santa Lusia: and for a while I did not want to work upon the said *Narcissus*, but pressed forward the *Perseus* under the above-mentioned difficulties. And I prepared myself to finish it, and then to go right away.

## CHAPTER XI

(1548-1549)

Cellini having finished the model in wax enters into a dispute with the Duke on the question of the successful result of casting the *Perseus* in bronze.—A further dispute regarding the casting of the head of *Medusa*.—During the preparations for casting the *Perseus* Cellini's workshop catches fire, and our hero, being attacked by fever in consequence of his violent exertions in extinguishing it, is forced to take to his bed.—The kind attentions of his woman servant, Mona Fiore.—Being informed that the fusion of the bronze is proceeding badly, he rises from his bed and himself prepares to make good the damage.—He seems to be cured of his fever, and has no more fear of death.—The molten metal flows successfully into the mould.—Cellini adds to it all the pewter utensils in his house.—Hopes of success.—Joy in the household.—The casting, on being unveiled two days later, fulfils all Cellini's anticipations by proving a triumphant success.—He goes to Pisa to visit the Duke and Duchess, and receives a most cordial welcome from both of them.—He obtains leave to visit Rome.

HAVING cast the *Medusa* with a successful result, with great hopes I brought my *Perscus* toward completion, which I had already made in wax, and I promised myself that it would result as well for me in bronze as the said *Medusa* had done. And because he saw it so well finished in wax that it appeared most beautiful, when the Duke saw it after that fashion and it seemed to him beautiful—whether it happened

that some one had caused the Duke to believe that it could not result so well in bronze, or that the Duke imagined such a thing of his own accord—coming more often to my house than he was accustomed to do, on one occasion amongst the others he said to me: “Benvenuto! This figure of yours cannot succeed in bronze, for the art does not admit of it.” At these words of His Excellency I was very greatly roused, and replied: “My Lord! I know that Your Most Illustrious Excellency has very little faith in me in this matter; and I believe that this happens because Your Most Illustrious Excellency trusts too much to those persons who speak so much ill of me or verily that you do not understand the matter.” He hardly allowed me to complete my words before he said: “I make it my business to understand the matter, and I understand it very well.” I answered immediately and said: “Yes, as patron (*Signiore*), but not as artist; for if Your Most Illustrious Excellency understood it after the fashion that he believes he understands it, he would trust in me after the example of the fine bronze head that I have made for him, the very large portrait of Your Most Illustrious Excellency which was sent to Elba;<sup>1</sup> and by the example of the restoration that I have made of the fine marble *Ganymede*,<sup>2</sup> with such extreme

<sup>1</sup> At Portoferraio. Afterwards transported to Florence. Cf. Book II, Chap. IX, *supra*, p. 264, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> This statue which was formerly in the Palazzo Pitti and is now in the Hall of the Hermaphrodite of the Uffizi Gallery, is mentioned by CELLINI in his *Memorandum* of February 13th 1550 as follows: “*Allo illustris Duca Cosimo de' Medici di Firenze . . . scudi trecento d'oro in oro sono per avere restaurato una figurina antiqua . . . alla quale si è rifatto la testa, le braccia, piedi et una aquila quanto il naturale, sottilmente lavorata in marmo grecho e*



difficulty, whereon I expended much greater labour than if I had made it entirely afresh; and besides through my having cast the *Medusa*, even here in the presence of Your Excellency, a casting so difficult, wherein I have accomplished something that no other man has ever done before me in this devil's-own (*indiaiolata*) art. See! My Lord! I have erected the furnaces afresh after a method different from the others,<sup>1</sup> for I, besides many other variations and skilful arrangements such as you see in it, have made two outlets for the bronze, since this difficult and twisted figure could never possibly result in any other way; and by these intelligent ideas of mine alone has the result been good; a thing none of those practised in this art ever believed. And know, My Lord! for very surety that all the great and very difficult works that I executed in France under that most wondrous King Francesco, all resulted very well, solely by reason of the great courage with which that good King always inspired me by that vast amount of provision (for my necessities) and by his obliging me with as many workmen as I asked for; for it sometimes happened that I was served by more than forty workmen, all chosen by myself. And

*nostrale*" (*Trattati*, ed. cit., p. 252). ANTON FRANCESCO GORI points out (*Museo Fiorentino*, Vol. III) with justice, that Benvenuto followed his own fancy rather than antique example, placing in the right hand of the figure a small eagle instead of the usual cup (cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 215 and Pl. 14). A small group in bronze of *Ganymede seated upon an eagle*, attributed with some show of reason to CELLINI, may be seen in the Museo Nazionale in the Bargello of Florence (cf. I. B. SUPINO, *Catalogo del Mus. Naz. di Firenze*, p. 389).

<sup>1</sup> In Chap. IV of CELLINI's *Treatise on Sculpture* (cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, pp. 770-776) he describes in detail the method of building furnaces for casting bronze figures and so forth.



PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA

(DETAIL)

Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence



it was by these means that I executed so vast a quantity of works of art in so short a time. Now, My Lord! trust me, and supply me with the assistance<sup>1</sup> that is needful to me, for I hope to conduct to a termination a work of art that will please you. But if Your Most Illustrious Excellency lower my spirits and do not provide me with the assistance of which I have need, it is impossible for me or any other man whatsoever in the world to be able to carry out anything that may be good." With great difficulty the Duke contained himself to listen to these arguments of mine, for now he veered (*voggiavo*) in one direction and now in another; and I in despair, poor wretch! (for I recalled the fine position that I occupied in France) thus grieved myself. Suddenly the Duke said: "Now tell me! Benvenuto! How is it possible that that fine head of *Medusa*, which is raised up on high in the hand of *Perseus* can ever result properly?" Immediately I said: "Now observe, My Lord! that if Your Most Illustrious Excellency had that knowledge of art which you profess to have, you would have no anxiety that the fine head of which you speak would not succeed; but rather you would have had anxiety regarding this right foot, which is so hidden at the bottom." At these words of mine the Duke half-angrily turned suddenly to certain lords who were with His Most Illustrious Excellency, and said: "I believe that Benvenuto here does this out of self-conceit for the sake of contradicting everything"; and turning suddenly upon me half in derision, whereupon all those who were present did the same, he began to say: "I want to have sufficient

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI alludes to these supplies in his *Letter* to the Duke, dated May 30th 1548 (TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 320).

patience with you to listen to such arguments as you are able to devise to present to me, so that I may believe you." Thereupon I said: "I will give you so true a reason, that Your Excellency will be most capable (of understanding it):" and I began: "Know, My Lord! that it is of the nature of fire to go upwards, and for this reason I promise you that the head of *Medusa* will result extremely well; but because the nature of fire is not to go downwards, and since one has to drive it downwards six *braccia* by force of art, for this essential reason I tell Your Most Illustrious Excellency that it is impossible for that foot to be a success. But it will be easy for me to remake it." The Duke said: "Oh! Why did not you think that the foot would succeed in the same way that you say that the head will?" I told him: "It was necessary to make a much larger furnace, wherein I should be able to make a casting-pipe (*ramo di gitto*)<sup>1</sup> as thick as this leg of mine, and with that weight of hot metal I would have compelled it to move by force; whereas my pipe, which as I say traverses those six *braccia* as far as the feet, is no thicker than two fingers. However it was not worth the expense; for it will easily be repaired. But when my mould is more than half full, I expect that from that half-way point upwards, upon the fire mounting according to its own nature, this head of *Perseus* and that of *Medusa* will succeed most excellently. Therefore be sure of that."

When I had explained that I had these excellent reasons with very many more, which since they would

<sup>1</sup> *Rami di gitto* are the pipes used for introducing the molten metal into the mould, which are made in the shape of the branches of a tree.

be too long I will not write down, the Duke shaking his head went away.

Having made security for myself with a good courage, and having chased away all those thoughts, which now and again presented themselves before me, which often made me weep bitterly with regret for my departure from France in order to return to Florence, my sweet native land, merely to perform a charity to my said six young nieces, and I saw clearly that by having done so I had exposed myself to the beginning of so much evil; in spite of all this I promised myself for certain that when I had finished the work of *Perseus* that I had begun, all my tribulations ought to be converted into highest pleasure and glorious well-being. And so having recovered my energy, with all my forces both of body and of purse,—although only a few coins remained to me,—I began to endeavour to procure several loads of pine-wood, which I got from the pine groves of the Seris-tori near Monte Lupo. And whilst I was waiting for them I clad my *Perseus* in those clays that I had prepared several months previously, in order that they might be in their proper condition (*avessino la loro stagione*).<sup>1</sup> And when I had made his clay tunic (*tonaca di terra*)—for they call it *tonaca* in the profession—and had very thoroughly supplied and girdled it round with great care with iron supports, I began with a slow fire to withdraw the wax, which issued through the

<sup>1</sup> In Chap. II of the above-cited *Treatise on Sculpture* (*ed. cit.*, p. 754) CELLINI tells us that “the secret is this (for preparing the clay), that it must be kept soft for four months at least, and the longer it stands the better, since the surface decomposes, and through being thus decomposed the clay becomes like an unguent.”

many vents that I had made: for the more one makes so much the better do the moulds fill. And when I had finished removing the wax I made a funnel<sup>1</sup> around my *Perseus*; that is to say, around the said mould, of bricks interlacing one above the other, and I left many spaces, through which the fire could the better emerge. Then I began to arrange the wood cautiously, and I kept up the fire two days and two nights continuously; to such purpose that when all the wax had been extracted, and the said mould was afterwards well baked, I immediately began to dig the ditch wherein to bury my mould, with all those skilful methods that this fine art directs us. When I had finished digging the said ditch, I then took my mould and with the assistance of windlasses and strong ropes I set it carefully upright: and having suspended it a *braccio* above the level of my furnace, holding it very carefully upright, in such a fashion that it hung exactly in the middle of the ditch, I caused it to descend very gently as far as the bottom of the furnace; and I set it down with all the care that it is possible to imagine in the world. And when I had completed this excellent job I began to prop it up with the selfsame clay that I had dug out of it; and hand over hand as I piled up the earth, I put into it air-holes<sup>2</sup> which were tubes of baked

<sup>1</sup> *Manica*: i.e. a species of funnel-shaped furnace like a mill-hopper, narrow at the base and opening out at the top: somewhat resembling in fact the sleeve of a garment.

<sup>2</sup> These vents for the admission of air were introduced by Cellini into the *tonaca* (lit. "tunic"), or outer surface of clay, which covered the original model of wax and clay. They served the double purpose of ventilating shafts to the interior of the mould and of passages through which to withdraw the melted wax, and to admit the molten metal.

clay such as they use for water and other similar purposes. When I saw that it was thoroughly firm, as well as that method of filling it in, together with the placing of those conduit pipes properly in their places and that those workmen of mine had well understood my plan, the which was very diverse from that of all the other masters in such a profession; being assured that I could put my confidence in them, I turned to my furnace, which I had made them fill with many lumps of copper and other pieces of bronze. And having piled the one upon the top of the other after the fashion that our profession indicates to us, that is to say raised up, so as to make a way for the flames of the fire, whereby the said metal derives its heat quicker, and by it melts and becomes reduced to liquid (*riduciesi in bagno*),<sup>1</sup> I then cheerily told them to set light to the said furnace. And laying on those pieces of pine wood, which from the greasiness of that resin which the pine tree exudes, and from the fact that my little furnace was so well built, it acted so well that I was obliged to run about now upon one side and now upon the other with so much fatigue as was insupportable to me: but nevertheless I kept it up. And it chanced to me besides that the workshop took fire, and we were afraid lest the roof should fall upon us. From the other side towards the kitchen garden the heaven projected upon me so much water and wind, that it cooled my furnace. Combatting thus for several hours with these perverse chances, employing so much more effort than my strong vigour

<sup>1</sup> In Chaps. III and IV of CELLINI'S *Treatise on Sculpture* (ed. cit., pp. 765 and 772) we read again how this liquefying of the molten metal came about.



of constitution could possibly sustain; in such a way there sprang upon me a sudden fever,<sup>1</sup> the greatest that can possibly be imagined in the world, by reason of which I was forced to go and throw myself into my bed. And thus very ill-content, being compelled to go there by force, I turned to all those who were assisting me, who were about ten persons or more, including the masters in bronze-founding, the labourers, the peasants and the work-people belonging to my own shop (amongst whom was a certain Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello,<sup>2</sup> whom I had trained for several years): and to the said (Bernardino) I said (after that I had besought them all): "Look! My dear Bernardino! Observe the rule that I have demonstrated to you, and do quickly as much as you can, for the metal will soon be in readiness: you cannot make a mistake, and these other worthy men will make the channels quickly, and you will surely be able with these two mallets<sup>3</sup> to drive in the two plugs, and

<sup>1</sup> *Una febbre efimera*: lit. "a fever of one day's duration."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. IX, *supra*, p. 261, n. 3.

<sup>3</sup> BALDINUCCI tells us that the *mandriano* was "a piece of bent iron with a long handle, with which (the craftsmen) struck and drove the *spina* into the furnace, to enable the molten metal to emerge." This agrees with what CELLINI himself tells us in the *Treatise* above mentioned (*ed. cit.*, Chap. III, p. 764): "And this is done with rapidity, keeping up continuously in your furnace a fire of fresh logs, boldly with your *mandriano*—for thus is styled that iron instrument with which one strikes the *spina*," etc., the *spina* being a cone of iron which serves to close the opening in the founders' furnaces through which issues the molten metal. CELLINI again in Chap. IV (*ed. cit.*, p. 772) provides us with further information as follows: "So as not to be a-wanting in care, the above-mentioned orifice that one makes in the brick . . . which serves for the emptying out of the metal . . . is called the orifice of the *spina* . . . because one inserts therein a plug of iron before putting the metal

I am certain that my mould will fill most excellently. I feel more ill than I have ever felt since I came into this world; and I believe for certain that in a few hours this great suffering will kill me." So very ill-content I departed from them and went to my bed.

When I was laid in bed I ordered my women servants to carry food and drink to all in the workshop; and I told them: "I shall not be alive to-morrow morning." They however encouraged me, telling me that my great suffering would pass, and that it had arisen through my over fatigue. Thus two hours passed in this great contest with fever, and I felt it continually increasing, and I kept always saying: "I feel that I am dying." My servant who looked after my entire household, who bore the name of *Mona Fiore of Castel del Rio*: this woman was the cleverest that was ever born and also the most kindly;<sup>1</sup> and she kept continually scolding me, saying that I was

or anything else (into the furnace); and one daubs it with a small quantity of ashes well sifted and moistened like a paste." It is perhaps not out of place to remark here that the *forma*, or "mould," was composed of two parts: the exterior casing, or *tonaca*, and the interior block (perhaps of wax or some other substance afterwards removable) known technically as the *anima*.

[N.B. A somewhat similar instance of figures built up upon blocks (*anime*) may occur to the modern student in connection with the "Leonardo Bust" Controversy, 1909.]

<sup>1</sup> It is somewhat remarkable that CELLINI should subsequently to 1558 write in this laudatory strain of a woman (*Mona Fiore d'Antonio di Stefano da Castel del Rio*) whom we find that some two years previously, after being apparently dismissed more than once and finally taken back, he had driven out of his house it would seem with some ignominy. Cf. *Memorandum* of April 20th 1556, published by TASSI (*op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 66) as follows: "On this very day, April 17th 1556, my Servant *Mona Fiore* departed, who was sent away, never to be taken back again." Strange to say,

frightening myself; and on the other hand she showed me the greatest kindnesses in the way of attention that could ever possibly be done in the world. Consequently, seeing me in such boundless distress and so terrified, in spite of all her brave heart she could not restrain a certain quantity of tears which fell from her eyes; but nevertheless she, as far as she could, she kept herself that I should not see them. Being in this boundless tribulation, I saw enter into the chambers a certain man, who in his appearance seemed to be as crooked as a capital S; and he began to say with a certain doleful tone of sadness (*un certo suon di vocie mesto*), like to those who give spiritual comfort (*il commandamento dell' anima*) to those who have to undergo capital punishment (*andare a giostizia*),<sup>1</sup>

however, in the *Memorandum* of January 31st 1561 (TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. *cit.*, p. 107) we learn that this woman had returned "to lodge in the house of the said Messer Benvenuto, with an agreement that the said Messer Benvenuto should provide her board, and put something upon her person, such as shoes and stockings . . . giving them to her as alms, since she herself demanded it of him, for he did not wish to do it, since she was a thief; and similar articles, according to what might seem good to him. (Mona Fiore) was infirm, and being blind was altogether unfitted to do anything." Once more at the end of the same *Memorandum* appears another entry dated September 1562: "the said woman was sent away as a thief and unsatisfactory in her conduct." It seems difficult in the face of these entries to accept the theory proposed by some critics that the *Mona Piera di Salvatore Parigi* whom CELLINI subsequently married may be identified with this woman. (*Cf. postea*, EPILOGUE).

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, one of those persons who were accustomed to administer ghostly comfort and advice to persons condemned to death. Such were the *Memorabile Compagnia del Tempio, chiamata de' Neri*, the members of which, we learn from VARCHI (*St. fior.*, ed. *cit.*, Vol. II, p. 74), were in the habit of spending the night previous to their execution with condemned criminals.

and he said: "Oh, Benvenuto! Your work is spoiled; and there is no more help for it in this world." Directly I heard the words of that wretch, I uttered a cry so loud that it might have been heard from the firmament of fire:<sup>1</sup> and raising myself from the bed I seized my clothes and began to dress myself. And to the maid-servants, and my boy, and every one who approached to assist me, to all I gave kicks or blows; and I lamented saying: "You traitors, and envious ones! This is a betrayal made on purpose. But I swear by God that I will understand it thoroughly, and that before I die I will leave such a proof of myself to the world that more than one of you will remain in astonishment." Having finished dressing myself I went in an angry spirit towards my workshop, where I saw all those people whom I had left with so much courage: all stood astonished and terrified. I began by saying: "Up! Listen to me! And since you have not either known how, nor wanted to obey me after the fashion that I instructed you, obey me now that I am with you in the presence of my own work, and do not let any one contradict me, for such cases as these have need of help and not of advice." To these words of mine there replied a certain Alessandro Lastricati,<sup>2</sup> and he said: "See here!

<sup>1</sup> According to the Ptolemaic System there existed a sphere of flame between the earth and the moon; to which we find allusion in DANTE, *Paradiso*, Canto I, l. 115:

*Questi ne porta il fuoco in ver la luna.*

This bears away the fire towards the moon.

(LONGFELLOW'S Translation.)

<sup>2</sup> Brother of Zanobi di Bernardo Lastricati, mentioned frequently by VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vols. VI-VIII *passim*) amongst the members of the Academy of Drawing, as an excellent and clever sculptor, who executed many works in marble and casting. As

Benvenuto! you want to set about an undertaking, which the Profession does not allow of; nor can it be done by any means whatsoever." At these words I turned round with such fury, resolved on mischief, so that he and all the others all with one voice said: "Up! Give us your orders, for we will all help you as much as you can order us, as long as we can endure it with our lives:" and I think that they uttered these kindly words supposing that I must after a very little time fall down dead. I went immediately to look at the furnace and saw the metal all congealed; a thing which they call "being made into a cake" (*l'essersi fatto un migliaccio*).<sup>1</sup> I told two labourers to go opposite into the house of Capretta, the butcher,<sup>2</sup> for a load of young oak boughs,

Director of the preparations for the funeral of Michelangelo Buonarroti he fashioned a *Fame* in marble. TASSI found in the *Register* of those persons who were receiving salaries from Duke Cosimo in the year 1560 the name of the said Alessandro, as sculptor, founder, and caster of metals, and in 1565 of his brother Zanobi also, who was born December 13th 1508 and died April 14th 1590. Both these brothers assisted Cellini to prepare the furnace and to cast the *Medusa*, and received for their labours the sum of L.22. 10. This we learn from the accounts for the casting of this same work, dated July 3rd 1548, which still exist in the Archivio di Stato in Florence, and have been published by MILANESI (*Trattati etc. ed. cit.*, p. 249).

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Treatise on Sculpture*, ed. RUSCONI and VALERI *op. cit.*, Chap. III, p. 765: "It is sufficient that they, if they play about in such fashion that the furnace having been neglected the metal becomes congealed (a disaster the mischief of which they can never have any means of redeeming), they style it in their language a *migliaccio* ('cake'); that is to say, that is the name that is employed for it in the profession."

<sup>2</sup> BUSINI in Letter XXI to VARCHI, detailing the reports against Duke Alessandro conveyed to the Emperor in Naples by the exiles, relates that this Capretta affronted (*sfregiò*) Alamanno de'

that had been dried for more than a year, the which wood M<sup>a</sup> Ginevra, the wife of the said Capretta, had offered me: and when the first armfuls had come I began to fill the grate.<sup>1</sup> And because oak of that kind makes a fiercer fire than any other sort of wood (wherefore they employ alder and pine wood for founding artillery, because it makes a gentle fire); oh! when the cake began to feel that tremendous fire it began to clear, and it became luminous. On the other hand I was looking after the channels: and I had sent others (workmen) up on to the roof to keep off the flame, which on account of the greater force of that fire had kindled more violently; and on the side of the kitchen garden I caused to be erected certain boards and some carpets and coarse cloths, which sheltered me from the water. After that I had provided a remedy for all these great disasters, with a very loud voice I kept shouting, now to this man, and now to that: "Bring this here!" and "Take that away!" in such a way that, when they saw the said cake begin to liquefy, all that troop obeyed me with such good will that each one did the work of three. Then I made them take half a pig of pewter (*pane di stagnio*), which weighed about sixty pounds, and I threw it in upon the cake within the furnace, which, together with the other ingredients and the wood, by stirring it up, now with irons, and now with bars, in a short space of time became liquid. Now seeing that I had restored the

Pazzi, and that the said Duke saved his (Capretta's) son from death. Both of them were certainly warm partizans of the Medici.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Treatise cit. ed. cit.*, Chap. IV, p. 774, as follows: "And this pit (beneath the grating of the furnace) is called among artists the *braciainola*, because into it fall all the burning cinders (*brace*)."

dead to life, against the belief of all those ignorant people, there returned to me so much vigour that I did not perceive that I had any more fever, or any more fear of death. All of a sudden I heard a loud noise with a very great flash of flame, which seemed exactly as if a bolt had been discharged there in our presence; by the which unaccustomed appalling fright every one was terrified, and I more than the others. When that great noise and flash had passed, we began to look one another in the face again; and when we saw that the cover of the furnace had burst, and had been lifted in such a way that the bronze was overflowing, immediately I made them open the mouths of my mould, and at the same time I made them drive in the two plugs. And when I saw that the metal did not run with that rapidity that it was accustomed to do, having recognized that the cause was perhaps that the alloy<sup>1</sup> had been consumed by virtue of that terrible heat, I made them take all my plates and bowls and platters of pewter, which were in number about two hundred, and one by one I set them in front of my channels, and part I made them throw into the furnace; in such a way that when every one saw that my bronze had very thoroughly liquefied, and that my mould kept filling, they all assisted and obeyed me cheerfully and with joy; and, now here, now there, I kept giving orders, kept helping, and kept saying: "Oh God! Who with Thy immense Power hast raised Thyself from the dead, and hast ascended glorious into Heaven; in the same way that in a moment my mould has filled itself. For the

<sup>1</sup> *Lega* is the technical name for the "alloy" or interior metal that is employed to *legare* ("bind together") the more important and valuable ones. Cf. *Treatise on Sculpture cit. ed. cit.*, p. 763.

which reason I kneel to you and thank God with all my heart.”<sup>1</sup> Then I turned to a plate of salad<sup>2</sup> that was there on a low bench, and with a great appetite I ate and drank together with all that troop. Afterwards I went to bed healthy and joyful, for it was 2 hours before daybreak; and as if I had never had any ailment in the world, so peacefully did I repose. That excellent servant-maid of mine, without my saying anything to her, had provided me with a fat young capon; in such a way that when I arose from my bed, which was near the dinner-hour, she met me cheerfully, saying “Oh! Is this the man who felt like dying? I believe that those blows and kicks that you gave to us last night, when you were so infuriated, with that diabolical temper which you showed that you had, perhaps struck terror into that so inordinate a fever that you had, so that, lest you should attack it also, it took to flight.” And thus I sent my poor establishment, relieved from so much fear and such inordinate efforts, immediately to purchase, in the place of those plates and bowls of pewter, as many earthen pots, and we dined so agreeably that I never remember in all my life eating with a greater joy, nor with a better appetite.

After dinner there came to see me all those who had assisted me, who joyously congratulated me, thanking God for all that had occurred. And they kept saying that

<sup>1</sup> TASSI and BIANCHI suggest that this prayer is incomplete, and propose the insertion of such words as “assist me in my work” (*aiutami nell’ opera mia*). But it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that our hero would have us to understand that the answer came so suddenly that the invocation was of necessity incomplete.

<sup>2</sup> The words *d’insalata* are absent in the first editions, but are to be found in the margin of the MS. in the handwriting of Cellini’s second amanuensis.



they had learnt and seen how to do things which by other masters were held to be impossible. I too, somewhat puffed up—fancying myself rather talented—prided myself about the matter: and putting my hand into my purse I paid everyone and satisfied them.

That evil man, my mortal enemy, Messer Pierfrancesco Ricci,<sup>1</sup> the Duke's Majordomo, sought with much diligence to learn how the matter had passed off: in such fashion that those two of whom I had always had my suspicions that they had caused that cake to come about, said that I was not a human being: rather I was certainly some powerful fiend, for I had done that which Art could not accomplish; as well as many other important matters, which would have been too much for any ordinary fiend. And since they kept saying much more than had (actually) occurred, perhaps to excuse themselves, the said majordomo wrote immediately to the Duke, who was at Pisa, yet more alarmingly about it, and full of greater marvels than they had told him.<sup>2</sup>

When I had let my (newly) cast work cool for two days I began to uncover it by slow degrees. And I found, the first thing, the head of *Medusa*, which had come out most excellently by reason of the air vents, just as I had told the Duke that the nature of fire was to go upwards.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. VIII, *supra*, p. 250, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Ancora più terribilmente et piene*. So runs the MS.; but CARPANI thinks that the singular number should be used as referring to the *molto più di quello che era seguito*. TASSI and BIANCHI, on the other hand, suggest either that the amanuensis omitted to write *con parole piene* (with words full), or that CELLINI himself, paying no attention to the rules of syntax, intends to refer that adjective to the word *lettere* implied in the verb *scrisse*.

Afterwards I proceeded to uncover the rest, and I found the other head, that is to say, that of *Perseus*, which had likewise resulted very well. And this gave me much more astonishment, because as may be seen it is very much lower than that of *Medusa*. And, since the outlets of the said work were placed up above the head of *Perseus*, and behind his shoulders, I found that all the bronze that there was in my furnace was entirely exhausted in the completion of the head of *Perseus*. And it was a wonderful thing, that in the mouth of the casting not a scrap remained, nor however was anything lacking (to the statue): and this caused me so much astonishment, that it seemed really a miraculous thing, verily guided and directed by God Himself. I went happily forward in completing my uncovering, and always kept finding everything had resulted very excellently, till at length I arrived at the foot of the right leg upon which the statue stands, where I found that the heel had come out, and proceeding onward I saw that it was all complete, in such a way that I rejoiced over it much in one respect, whilst on the other hand I was half discontented, merely because I had told the Duke that it could not come out. However on completing the uncovering I discovered that the toes of the said foot had not come out, and not only the toes, but there was wanting a small portion above the toes, to such an extent that almost half was wanting; and, although that little would increase my labour, I was very pleased if only to demonstrate to the Duke that I did understand what I was doing. And although there had resulted much more of that foot than I had expected, the cause of it had been that, on account of the said so many

divers accidents, the metal was hotter than the rules of our profession prescribe; and also because I had had to supplement the alloy after that fashion that has been described with those plates of pewter, a thing that has never been done by any one else. Now seeing my work so successfully accomplished, I immediately went to Pisa to see my Duke; who gave me as extremely cordial a reception as it is possible to imagine in the world; and the Duchess did likewise: and although that majordomo of theirs had informed them of everything, it seemed to Their Excellencies another thing more stupendous and more wonderful still to hear me relate it by word of mouth. And when I came to that foot of *Perseus*, which had not succeeded as I had previously warned His Most Illustrious Excellency, I saw him filled with astonishment; and he recounted to the Duchess how I had told him of it beforehand. Now when I saw these lords of mine so agreeable towards me, I thereupon begged the Duke to permit me to go to Rome. So he kindly gave me permission, and told me that I must return speedily to finish his *Perseus*, and he wrote me letters of recommendation to his Ambassador, who was Haverardo Serristori.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ambassador in 1537 from Duke Cosimo to the Court of the Emperor Charles V. The Duke directed him to demand from His Imperial Majesty the person of Filippo Strozzi; but he only obtained permission to examine him in a fortress as to his knowledge of the circumstances in connection with the murder of Duke Alessandro. He also represented the Court of Florence in Rome up to 1564. The history of his Embassies with notes has been published by CANESTRINI (Firenze, Le Monnier, 1853). VARCHI in Lib. XV of his *History* says of him, "an illiterate young man, rather greedy than thrifty, but in other respects prudent, eloquent, agreeable, spirited, and extremely loyal."

And these were the first years of Pope Julio de' Monti.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Maria Ciocchi of Monte Sansovino, elected Pope February 22nd 1550, under the name of Julius III. He lived until March 23rd 1555.

At this point in the MS. a whole page has been struck out, perhaps because it occurred to CELLINI that he had anticipated Altoviti's death by some years, and that the relation of other events ought to precede those narrated therein. Here is the omitted passage, the words between the asterisks having been obliterated with special care: "I went to Rome, and I left my workmen to continue their work. The cause of my journey to Rome was the death of Bindo di Antonio Altoviti, who on account of his having been proscribed (*per essersi fatto ribello*), had not wished to give me any longer my income of fifteen gold *scudi* in gold per month, as he was under bond to do; and (that) although the Duke had given orders that my Capital should be restored to me, which amounted to one thousand two hundred gold *scudi* in gold, and set me free as regards my capital,—for the said money was in the hands of the said Bindo for the term of my life,—and the Duke had given directions that it should be restored to me, giving me one hundred *scudi* per month until payment to me should have been completed, which was of very great service to me. But when I realized that those 15 *scudi* (per month) afforded me very great assistance, and besides I feared on account of the \* ill-luck that I had experienced with the Duke,\* so that it made me think that those most wicked envies could injure me so much that I might perhaps stand to lose both contracts: which was, that after the death of the said Bindo the kindness of his two sons had let me understand that they would give me my accustomed income of 15 *scudi*, and that they would pay me up for all the time that had intervened, which amounted to more than three hundred gold *scudi*. When I thought over both cases, and saw that I was childless, I resolved that it would be better for me to take my income and the said 300 *scudi*."

## CHAPTER XII

(1552)

Michelangelo writes to Cellini praising his portrait-bust of Bindo Altoviti.—In April 1552 Benvenuto goes to lodge with Altoviti in Rome.—He is not very cordially welcomed, but he obtains from his host an annuity on his own life.—He pays a visit to Pope Julius III; and he endeavours to persuade Michelangelo to return to Florence.—Returning home Benvenuto is ungraciously received by the Duke, who, however, eventually listens to all that has occurred in Rome in connection with Altoviti and Michelangelo.—Our hero labours by day upon the *Perseus* and in the evening in the Duke's Wardrobe.—The Duchess is enraged with him regarding the valuation of a string of pearls which the Duke, wearied out by the importunities of Bernardo Baldini, the broker, had at last agreed to purchase to please Her Excellency.—Benvenuto's reflections regarding this transaction.

**B**EFORE I started I gave orders to my workmen that they should continue according to the methods which I had shown them. And the reason why I went was that I had made a representation of Bindo d'Antonio Altoviti's <sup>1</sup> head, exactly as large as life, in bronze, and

<sup>1</sup> Bindo d'Antonio Altoviti, a member of one of the most illustrious Florentine families, and a rich merchant in Rome, was a patron of the Arts and artists, and an enemy of the Medici. For this reason he was a generous protector of the exiles, and a staunch defender of the liberties of his country, in support of which he expended large sums of money. He lived in great splendour, honour, and esteem at the Papal Court; nor could the Medici injure him



PORTRAIT BUST OF BINDO ALTOVITI

Collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Boston, Mass.

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when I sent it to him in Rome, he set this portrait of himself up in his study, which was most richly adorned with antiquities and other fine things; but the said study was not adapted for sculptures, still less for pictures, because the windows came below the said fine works in such a way that these sculptures and paintings, having the light opposite to them, did not show as well in that way as they would have done if they had had their proper lighting. One day it chanced that the said Bindo was at his own door, and as Michelagnuolo Buonaroti the sculptor hap-

until the death of Paul III. Cosimo, under pretext that Bindo had uttered insulting words against himself, demanded his surrender from the new Pope, Julius III, who, however, refused to give him up. Altoviti, more furious than ever, took up the cause of Piero Strozzi, even sending one of his sons with supplies to the camp of that leader. For this reason he was declared a rebel, and all his goods were confiscated, even to the dowry of his wife, Fiammetta Soderini, who had refused to abandon her husband. He was born September 26th 1491, and died in 1557. A celebrated portrait of him in his youth was painted by Raphael (see MUNTZ, *Raphael*, Paris, Hachette, 1886, 2nd edition). Regarding this bust, somewhat larger than life, MICHELANGELO wrote to Cellini under date 1552 (*ed. G. MILANESI*, p. 532) as follows: "Messer Bindo Altoviti took me to see a bust of his likeness in bronze, and told me that it was your handiwork; it gave me great pleasure." (It is to be observed how much capital our hero makes of this scanty praise bestowed upon him by his idol.) After many centuries sojourn in the Altoviti Palace in Rome it has now been transported to the Collection of Mrs. John Gardner, Fenway Court, Boston, U.S.A. Even the most severe modern critics have nothing but admiration to bestow upon this really fine work. Cf. MOLINIER, *Benvenuto Cellini*, *op. cit.*, pp. 86-88. There exists also a medal attributed to Cellini which bears on the obverse the bust of Altoviti with the legend BIND. I. B. ALTOV: and on the reverse *A woman leaning against a column*. Cf. SUPINO, *Il Medagliere Mediceo nel R. Museo Nazionale*, p. 103.



pened to be passing by, he besought him that he would deign to enter his house to see his study; and so he took him in. Immediately on entering and looking round it he said: "Who is this master who has portrayed you so well, and in such fine style? Know that that head pleases me as much and somewhat more than do those antiques; and yet there are some good things to be seen amongst them; and if those windows were above them, instead of below them, they would show off so much better; so that great honour would be done to that portrait of yours amongst these many fine works of art."

Directly the said Michelagnolo had left the house of the said Bindo he wrote me a most amiable letter, which ran as follows: "Benvenuto mine! I have known you for so many years as the greatest goldsmith regarding whom we have ever had any information: and now I shall recognize you to be a sculptor of a similar (renown). Know that Messer Bindo Altoviti took me to see a portrait head of himself in bronze, and told me that it was your handiwork. I received much pleasure from it. But I took it very ill that it was placed in a bad light, for if it had been in its proper light it would show what a fine work it is." This letter was full of the most kindly words and most complimentary expressions toward me: so that before I left to go to Rome I showed it to the Duke, who read it with much interest and said to me: "Benvenuto! If you are writing to him and could cause him to be willing to return to Florence I would make him one of the Forty-Eight.<sup>1</sup> So I wrote him such

<sup>1</sup> Under the reforms of 1532, according to the directions of Clement VII, there were created, for the future government of Florence, three Councils: first, that of the *Dugento* (Two Hundred);

a kindly letter,<sup>1</sup> and in it I said on behalf of the Duke one hundred times more than I had had directions to do. And since I did not want to make a mistake, I showed it to the Duke before I sealed it; and I said to His Most Illustrious Excellency: "My Lord! I have perhaps promised him too much." He answered and said: "He deserves more than you have promised him; and I will moreover keep to it." To this letter of mine Michelagnolo never made any reply, for the which reason the Duke showed me that he was very indignant with him. Now when I arrived in Rome, I went to lodge in the house of the said Bindo Altoviti: and he immediately told me that he had shown his portrait in

secondly, that of the *Quarantotto* (Forty-Eight) which formed the Senate; and lastly, a body of four persons chosen from out of the Senate, denominated *Gli Ottimati* (the Magnates), who held office for but three months only.

Cosimo had before this intimated to Michelangelo that he would create him a Senator, and would confer upon him whatever appointment he pleased; but the great artist excused himself from returning to Florence on account of his advancing years, and the vast works that he was carrying out in Rome. A Letter is extant from Bishop Tornabuoni to Giov. Francesco Lottini, the Duke's secretary, dated October 2nd 1546 (*cf.* GAYE, *Carteggio cit.*, Vol. II, p. 352, and GOTTI, *Vita di Michelangiolo Buonarroti cit.*, Vol. I, p. 302, and Vol. II, p. 128), in which occurs the following passage: "I asked His Excellency for a letter for Michelagnolo, the divine sculptor, which should be reliable, and I besought him to give me authority and commission to promise him great things in order to induce him to return, even to making him one of the Forty-Eight Senators, and later on confer upon him whatever office he might desire," etc.

<sup>1</sup> A letter from CELLINI to Michelangelo, in which he begs him to return to Florence, dated March 14th 1559, is published in the *Miscellanea d'erudizione e storia: Due lettere inedite di Benvenuto Cellini a Michelangelo Buonarroti*, by I. DEL BADIA. Fasc. 20.

bronze to Michelagnuolo, and that he had praised it very much. So we discoursed upon this matter a very long time. But because he had in hand one thousand two hundred gold *scudi* in gold belonging to me, the which the said Bindo had held for me, together with five thousand similar *scudi*, which he had lent to the Duke: that is four thousand were his own<sup>1</sup> and my money was in his name, and he gave me the income (*hutile*) of my part as it became due to me; which was the reason for my setting myself to make the said portrait (bust). And since, when the said Bindo saw the wax (model) he sent to me as a gift 50 gold *scudi* by Ser Giuliano Paccalli, one of his notaries, who lived with him: which money I did not want to take, and sent it back by the same person, and afterwards said to the said Bindo: "It is sufficient for me that you keep my money alive, so that I may gain something out of it." And I perceived that he had an evil disposition, for instead of performing courtesies to me, as he had been accustomed to do, he behaved haughtily towards me; and, although he kept me in his house, he never showed himself sincere to me, rather he was surly. However we settled it in a few words: I lost my labour (*fattura*) upon his portrait and the bronze also: but we agreed that he should keep my money at 15 per cent. during my natural life.<sup>2</sup> First I went to kiss

<sup>1</sup> If four thousand *scudi* of this loan belonged to Altoviti the total sum lent to the Duke must have been five thousand two hundred.

<sup>2</sup> This contract for the annual payment of rent-charge by Altoviti to Cellini, dated April 9th 1552 (a ratification of which under date May 17th in the same year is preserved among the files of Ser Sigismondo Manni in the Archivio dei Contratti in Siena, and is printed among the *Nuovi documenti per la storia dell' arte senese*,

the feet of the Pope: and whilst I was conversing with the Pope there came in Misser Haverardo Serristori,<sup>1</sup> who was the Ambassador of our Duke. And since I had raised certain discussions with the Pope, by which I believe that I should easily have come to an agreement with him, I would willingly have returned to Rome, on account of the great difficulties that I ex-

etc., S. BORGHESI and L. BANCHI, *App. alla Raccolta MILANESI*, Siena, 1897, p. 327), is to be found in TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, pp. 26-34. It was attested by the notary Ser Adamo de Invidia of Siena, and ratified by the Consuls and Councillors of the Florentine Nation on the 30th of the same month, and by it Librogoro Librodori, Florentine Citizen, proctor on behalf of Benvenuto Cellini, then absent (*cf.* Book I, Chap. III, Vol. I, p. 57, n. 3), agrees with the magnificent Bindo Altoviti that *durante vita naturali dicti D. Benvenuti et donec naturaliter vixerit, et non ultra, unum annum Censum, seu annuam praestationem et redditum scutorum centum octuaginta auri in auro, quos scutos centum octuaginta auri in auro pro censu et praestatione praedicta, idem Magnus Dominus Bindus per se et suos haeredes et successores solvere promisit et convenit dicto Domino Benvenuto quolibet anno durante vita naturali ipsius Domini Benvenuti, hoc modo videlicet, de mense in mensem, scuta quindecim auri in auro, et sic ad dictam rationem dicta scuta centum octuaginta per annum, et quolibet anno durante vita naturali praedicta, incipiendo facere primam pagam in fine praesentis mensis Aprilis praesentis anni millesimi quingentesimi quinquagesimi secundi*, etc. Regarding this contract many *Memoranda* are to be found amongst our hero's papers. On January 3rd 1555, in consequence of the confiscation in the previous year of the Tuscan property belonging to Altoviti, CELLINI petitioned the "magnificent Captains of the Guelf Party that, since he was unable to recover his capital, they would insure him a payment of fifteen *scudi* per month." His difficulties in this matter were terminated by a Ducal Rescript on July 30th of that year (1555), directing the payment to him of one hundred *scudi* per month until the whole sum of twelve hundred *scudi* with interest should be restored to him.

<sup>1</sup> *Cf. supra*, p. 328, n. 1.

perienced in Florence; but I perceived that the said Ambassador had worked in opposition to me. I went to see Michelagniollo Buonaroti and I repeated to him that letter which I had written him from Florence on behalf of the Duke. He replied that he was employed on the Fabric of St. Peter's, and for such a reason he could not depart thence. Thereupon I told him that as soon as he had resolved upon the model for the said Fabric, he could leave his (pupil) Urbino, who would obey very excellently whatever he might order him; and I added many other promises (*parole di promessa*) speaking on behalf of the Duke. He immediately gazed fixedly at me, and said slily: "And how are you satisfied with him?" Although I said that I was very content, and that I was very well treated, he showed that he knew the greater part of my annoyances; and so he answered that it would be difficult for him to be able to leave. Thereupon I rejoined that he should do best to return to his own country, which was ruled over by a most just lord and a greater lover of talent than any other lord that was ever born in the world. As I have said above he had with him an apprentice of his, who was from Urbino,<sup>1</sup> who had been with him for many years and

<sup>1</sup> Francesco di Bernardino d'Amadore of Casteldurante, generally known as *Urbino*, between whom and the great sculptor the tie of affection was as close as that of father and son. He died on December 3rd 1555, nine years before his beloved master, who the day after his pupil's death writes thus to his own nephew Lionardo: "You must know that yesterday evening, the 3rd day of December at 4 o'clock there passed from this life Francesco, usually styled *Urbino*, with greatest anguish to myself, and left me much afflicted and distressed, so much so that it would be sweeter to me to die along with him, on account of the love that I bore him; and no

had served him more as a personal attendant (*ragazzo*) and housekeeper (*serva*) than anything else, which was evident, as it could be seen that the said youth had not learnt anything about the profession; and because I had constrained Michelagnuolo with many so excellent arguments that he knew not how to answer me at once, he turned to his Urbino for the purpose of asking him how the matter appeared to him. This Urbino of his immediately, with one of his rustic gestures, in a very loud voice spake thus: "I do not want ever to separate myself from my Messer Michelagnuolo, until either I shall flay him, or he shall flay me." At these silly words I was compelled to laugh, and without saying "Good-bye," with lowered shoulders I turned and departed.

Since I had conducted my business with Bindo Altoviti so badly, with the loss of my bronze head and the giving him my money for (the term of) my life, I learnt clearly of what sort is the faith of merchants, and so discontentedly I returned to Florence. I went immediately to the Palace to visit the Duke, and His Most Illustrious Excellency was at Castello, above the bridge at Rifredi.<sup>1</sup>

less did he deserve it, for he was a clever man, full of faith and loyalty," etc. Cf. *Lettere di Michelangiolo Buonarroti*, ed. G. MILANESI, Firenze, 1875, and A. GOTTI, *Vita di Michelangiolo Buonarroti cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 332-333, Vol. II, p. 137. The great artist also composed a *Sonnet* addressed to Monsignor Lodovico Beccadelli upon the death of this beloved friend. This *Sonnet* has been charmingly translated by the late Mr. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (*Sonnet LXVIII*).

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this celebrated Villa, situated some few miles out of Florence, cf. MORENI, *Notizie storiche dei contorni di Firenze*, Firenze, 1793-1795, Vol. I, p. 101, and ANGUILLIESI, *Notizie storiche dei Palazzi e Ville appartenenti alla R. Corona di Toscana*, Pisa, 1815, p. 314.

I found in the Palace Misser Pierfrancesco Ricci, majordomo, and when I wished to address my accustomed salutations to the said man, he immediately said with unbounded astonishment: "Oh! So you are returned!" and with the same (air of) astonishment, striking his hands together he said: "The Duke is at Castello:" and turning his back upon me he departed. I could neither understand nor imagine the reason why that beast had performed such acts. I went immediately to Castello, and having entered into the garden where the Duke was, I saw him from a distance, so that when he saw me he made a gesture of astonishment, and gave me to understand that I must go away. I, for I had promised myself that His Excellency would show me the same courtesies and even greater ones than he had displayed towards me when I went away (to Rome), now seeing such strange conduct returned to Florence very ill content; and having taken up my business again, endeavouring to bring my work to an end, I could not think of any chance from which that circumstance could proceed: noticing however in what way Misser Sforza<sup>1</sup> and certain others of the Duke's special intimates regarded me, the desire came to me to ask Misser Sforza what was the meaning of it; who smiling meaningly (*costi*), said: "Benvenuto! Attend to being an honest fellow, and take no notice of any thing else."

A few days after I was given the opportunity of speaking to the Duke, and he showed me certain troubled (*torbide*) civilities, and asked what I had been doing in Rome: so that the best I knew how I kept up the conversation and told him of the head that I had made

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. X, *supra*, p. 295, n. 1.

in bronze for Bindo Altoviti, with all that followed. I saw that he was listening to me with great attention: and I told him likewise all about Michelagnuolo Buonarroti. He showed some annoyance<sup>1</sup> and at the words of his Urbino, which he had said about the flaying, he laughed loudly. Then he said: "So much the worse for him (*suo danno*);" and I departed.

It is certain that that S. Pierfrancesco, the majordomo, must have done me some evil office with the Duke, which did not succeed: because God, the Lover of Truth defended me, as always up to this period of my life He has saved me from so many countless perils, and I hope that He will save me up to the end of this my life of mine troubled though it be: nevertheless I go boldly forward, in His Strength alone, nor does any rage of fortune or of perverse planets terrify me; so God only maintain me in His Grace.

Now listen, most kindly reader, to a most terrible mishap. With as much diligence as I knew and was able, I kept my attention to the completion of my work, and in the evening I went to pass the time in the Duke's Wardrobe, assisting those goldsmiths who were labouring for His Most Illustrious Excellency; for the greater part of those works which they were carrying out were

<sup>1</sup> Duke Cosimo again endeavoured to put pressure upon the artist to return to Florence in 1557, causing letters to be written to him both by his own secretary, Lionardo Marinozzi, and by VASARI, under the belief that the works at St. Peter's had been suspended by the Pope's orders. On May the 8th in the same year he also wrote himself. And to the *Letter* of May 24th 1558, from Cardinal da Carpi, wherein that prelate put forward excuses for Buonarroti, the Duke responded not merely with anger, but with disgust and bitterness.



after my designs. And, since I saw that the Duke took great pleasure in it, as much in seeing us work as in chatting with me, it seemed to me appropriate to go thither also some times by day.

Being one day amongst the others in the said Wardrobe, the Duke came according to his custom; and much more willingly, because His Most Illustrious Excellency knew that I was there. And directly he arrived he began to discourse with me on many divers and most agreeable matters; and I answered accordingly, and I charmed him in such a manner that he showed himself more amiable towards me than he had ever shown himself in the past. All of a sudden one of his secretaries appeared, who speaking in His Excellency's ear (for it was perhaps a matter of much importance) the Duke rose directly and went into another chamber with the said secretary. And since the Duchess had sent to see what His Most Illustrious Excellency was doing, the page reported to the Duchess: "The Duke is chatting and laughing with Benvenuto, and in an amiable mood." When she heard this, the Duchess immediately came into the Wardrobe, and not finding the Duke, sat herself down near us. And when she saw that we had a piece of work on hand, with much amiability she turned to me and showed me a necklace of large and really very rare pearls; and on asking me what I thought of it, I told her that it was a very beautiful thing. Thereupon Her Most Illustrious Excellency said to me: "I want the Duke to buy it for me. Therefore, Benvenuto mine! Praise it to the Duke as much as ever you know how and can." At these words I, with as much courtesy as I knew, confessed myself to the Duchess, and said: "My Lady, I thought that this neck-

lace of pearls belonged to Your Most Illustrious Excellency; but now that I know that it does not belong to Your Most Illustrious Excellency, since reason does not compel me to refrain from saying any thing that it occurs to me to say, rather it is necessary for me to say it. Your Most Illustrious Excellency must know that, since it is my own particular profession, I recognize in these pearls very many defects, on account of which I should never advise Your Excellency to purchase it." At these words of mine she said: "The merchant offers it to me for six thousand *scudi*; but if it had not had some of those small defects, it would be worth more than twelve thousand." Thereupon I said, that even if that necklace had been of entirely complete quality I would never advise any one to go up to five thousand *scudi* for it. For pearls are not precious stones; pearls are a kind of fish-bone and in course of time must deteriorate; but diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires do not grow old. These four are (real) precious stones, and these one ought to buy." At these words of mine the Duchess said to me somewhat indignantly: "I have a desire now for these pearls, and therefore I beg you to carry them to the Duke, and praise them as much as ever you can and know how to; and although it may seem to you that you are uttering some small amount of falsehood, say it to do me service, for it will be well for you."

I, who have always been most devoted to the truth and the enemy of lies, being (compelled) by necessity, anxious not to lose the favour of so great a princess, thus ill-content took those accursed pearls, and went with them into that other chamber, whither the Duke had

retired. Directly he saw me he said: "Oh! Benvenuto! What are you doing here?" Displaying those pearls I said: "My Lord! I am just come to show you a very beautiful necklace of pearls, a most rare one and truly worthy of Your Most Illustrious Excellency. And for eighty pearls I do not believe that there were ever so many put together that showed off better in a necklace. Therefore purchase them, My Lord! for they are miraculously (fine)." The Duke immediately said: "I do not want to buy them, for they are not such pearls, nor of that excellence of which you say they are; and having seen them they do not please me." Thereupon I said: "Pardon me, My Lord! These pearls exceed in infinite beauty all the pearls that were ever arranged for a necklace." The Duchess had risen up, and was standing behind a door, and she heard all that I was saying: in such a way that when I had said more than a thousand things—more than I write down here—the Duke turned to me with a benign expression, and said to me: "Oh! Benvenuto mine! I know that you understand the subject very well; and if these pearls were possessed of so many of those rare merits that you attribute to them, there would not appear to me to be any difficulty about purchasing them, whether to please the Duchess, or merely in order to possess them; for I have need of these things, not so much for the Duchess, as for my other arrangements for my sons and daughters." And I at these words of his,—since I had begun to tell lies,—with yet greater boldness continued to utter them, giving them greater colour of truth in order that the Duke might believe me, trusting to the Duchess that at the proper time she would help me. And although I anticipated for myself more than two

hundred *scudi* for making such a bargain, and the Duchess had hinted as much to me, I had resolved and determined to be unwilling to take a single *soldo*, merely for my own security, in order that the Duke should not think that I had done (the job) out of avarice. Again the Duke, with most amiable expressions, began saying to me: "I know that you understand these things very well. Consequently if you are that sort of honest man that I have always thought that you were, now tell me the truth." Then, reddening up to my eyes, which became somewhat suffused with tears, I said: "My Lord! If I tell the truth to Your Most Illustrious Excellency the Duchess will become my most mortal enemy; for the which reason I shall be obliged to depart at once and my enemies will immediately revile the credit of my *Perseus*, which I have promised to this most noble School of Your Most Illustrious Excellency: therefore I commend myself to Your Most Illustrious Excellency." The Duke having understood that all that I had affirmed I had been made to say as if under compulsion, said: "If you have faith in me have no doubt about anything in the world." Again I said: "Alas! My Lord! How can it be possible that the Duchess will not hear of this?" At these words of mine the Duke took an oath,<sup>1</sup> and said: "Count upon having buried this in a casket of diamonds." At these noble words I immediately related the truth as I understood it about those pearls, and that they were not worth very much more than two thousand *scudi*.

The Duchess having heard us stop talking, for we were speaking, as far as it was possible to speak, in a low voice, came forward, and said: "My Lord! Will Your

<sup>1</sup> *Alzò la fede*: lit. "lifted his hand in sign of taking an oath."

Excellency of your kindness buy me this necklace of pearls, for I have a very great desire for it, and your Benvenuto has said that he never saw a more beautiful one." Thereupon the Duke said: "I do not want to buy it." "Why, My Lord? does not Your Excellency wish to please me by buying this necklace of pearls?" "Because it does not please me to throw away the money." The Duchess again said: "Oh! How do you throw away the money, for your Benvenuto, in whom you deservedly put so much faith has told me that it would be cheap at more than three thousand *scudi*?" Thereupon the Duke said: "My Lady! My Benvenuto has told me that if I buy them I shall be throwing away my money, for these pearls are neither round nor equal in size, and many of them are old. And that this is the truth now look at this and at this other, and see here, and there. Therefore they are not in my way."

At these words the Duchess looked at me with a most malevolent expression, and, threatening me with her head, departed thence in such a fashion that I was tempted to go away at once and disappear from Italy. But because my *Perseus* was almost finished I did not want to lose the chance of exhibiting it: nevertheless let every man consider in what serious tribulation I found myself. The Duke ordered his porters in my presence that they should always permit me to enter the chambers and to wherever His Excellency might be: and the Duchess commanded those very same persons that every time that I arrived at the Palace, they should drive me away; in such a way that when they saw me, they immediately came out of those doors and drove me away. But they watched that the Duke should not see them; for if the Duke saw

me before these wretches did, he either summoned me or made a signal to me that I should come to him. The Duchess summoned that Bernardone, the agent, of whose roguery and vile worthlessness she had so often complained to me, and commended herself to him, as she had done to me; who said: "My Lady! Leave the matter to me." This big villain went into the Duke's presence with this necklace in his hand. The Duke, directly he saw him, said that he must take himself off. Thereupon that said big villain with that great ugly voice of his, which he sounded through his big ass's nose, said: "Pray! My Lord! Buy this necklace for that poor lady, who is dying of desire for it, and cannot live without it." And adding many other stupid ugly expressions, and becoming a nuisance to the Duke, he said: "Oh! Go away from here, or puff yourself out at once."<sup>1</sup> This big ugly villain, who knew very well what he was doing, for, whether by way of puffing out, or by singing *La Bella Franceschina*,<sup>2</sup> he could contrive that the Duke should make that purchase, he would gain the thanks of the Duchess, and his brokerage besides, which amounted to several hundreds of *scudi*; and so he puffed and the Duke gave

<sup>1</sup> This is a curious and somewhat difficult passage to explain. The Duke from what follows appears to suggest as an alternative to Baldini's immediate withdrawal, that he should *gonfiare*, i.e., "puff out" his cheeks in order that His Excellency might enjoy the somewhat questionable and undignified satisfaction of smacking them. The passage might perhaps read: "If you don't go I'll box your ears."

<sup>2</sup> A typical old popular ballad. CARO (*Opere, ed. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 106) in a letter to Pier Luigi Farnese describing the entry of the Queen of Francis I, King of France, into Brussels, says: "In this country the bells even rang out the tune of *La Bella Franceschina*."

him several heavy slaps on those big ugly chaps of his, and in order to get rid of him, he gave them a little more violently than he was accustomed to do. At these heavy blows on those ugly chaps of his, not only did they become over red, but the tears rolled down. With these he began saying: "See! My Lord! I am a faithful servant of yours, who seeks to do right, and is content to endure every sort of discomfort, in order that that poor lady may be happy."

Since this wretched fellow had become such a nuisance to the Duke, and on account of the slaps in his face, and for love of the Duchess, whom His Most Illustrious Excellency always wanted to please, he (the Duke) immediately said: "Get away with the evil luck (*malanno*) that God may bring upon you, and go make the bargain, for I am content to do all that the Lady Duchess desires." Now here may be seen the wrath of evil fortune against a poor man, and the shameful luck that favours a scoundrel. I lost all the favour of the Duchess, which was good cause for taking from me also that of the Duke; and he (Baldini) gained that large brokerage and their favour. Therefore it is not sufficient to be an honest and virtuous man.

## CHAPTER XIII

(1552—1553—1554)

On account of the war with Siena it becomes necessary to fortify Florence.—The Porta al Prato and the postern leading to the Arno are entrusted to Cellini.—His quarrel with the Lombard captain on guard at the Porta al Prato.—He fortifies the bastion and returns to the completion of the *Perseus*.—A figure of a *Chimæra*, together with a number of antique bronze statuettes, is discovered in the district of Arezzo: the Duke amuses himself cleaning some of these antiques, whilst Cellini restores them.—The Duke's sons take great pleasure in Cellini's company.—He transports to the Palace the statuettes for the base of the *Perseus*.—The Duke is very pleased with them, and presents him with a house.—Benvenuto is insulted by Bernardo Baldini, and revenges himself in a satirical epigram.—The Duke compels our hero, in spite of his opposition, to uncover the *Perseus* whilst still incomplete.—Congratulatory and laudatory poems received by the artist upon that occasion.—The Duke's doubts regarding the eventual criticism of the statue.—In April 1554 the completed *Perseus* is exhibited.—Everyone admires it, and the Duke overhears their praises from the Palace windows.—The Duke on visiting Cellini bestows upon him much commendation and many promises.—The artist begs permission to go for an eight days' pilgrimage to Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Vernia, etc.—He leaves behind him a *Petition* that he may be recompensed for his *Perseus*.

AT this time there broke out war with Siena.<sup>1</sup> And since the Duke desired to fortify Florence, he distributed the gates amongst his sculptors and archi-

<sup>1</sup> This war broke out in 1553, on the arrival in Siena of Piero Strozzi, Marshal in the army of the French King, Henry II. Duke Cosimo, relying upon the support of the Emperor, took up arms



fects. Wherefore to me was assigned the gate towards Prato and the postern leading to the Arno, which is in the meadow as one goes to the Mills; to Cavaliere Bandinello the gate at San Friano; to Pasqualino d'Ancona<sup>1</sup> the gate at Sanpier Gattolini; to Giuliano di Baggio d'Agnolo, the joiner,<sup>2</sup> the gate at San Giorgio; to Particino, the joiner,<sup>3</sup> the gate at Santo Niccolo; to Francesco da Sangallo, the sculptor,<sup>4</sup> called *Margolla*,

against Strozzi. After hostilities had proceeded with varying fortunes for several months, culminating in a crushing defeat of the allied French and Sienese troops at Marciano, the Florentines laid siege to Siena itself, which city, after a brave defence, finally capitulated on April 12th 1555. In the earlier stages of the conflict, however, Florence herself was seriously menaced by the invading army.

<sup>1</sup> A member of the family of Boni of Ancona. Certain letters of his, found among the *Correspondence* of Duke Cosimo in the Archivio di Stato in Florence, have been published by his fellow-countryman COUNT CORRADO FERRETTI.

<sup>2</sup> This son of Baccio d'Agnolo was also an excellent architect, and succeeded his father in the Directorship of the Opera del Duomo in Florence. He died in 1555. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. V, pp. 354-361.

<sup>3</sup> VASARI in his *Life of Bastiano detto Aristotile da San Gallo* (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 450) informs us that Antonio Particini possessed certain drawings by that painter and architect, "amongst which . . . some sheets drawn in perspective were very beautiful." And in a *Letter* from the same writer to Pietro Aretino (*Lettere Pittoriche, etc., cit.*, Vol. III, p. 39), dated May 1536, he designates him "a rare master in wood-carving."

<sup>4</sup> Son of Giuliano di San Gallo (cf. Book I, Chap. XXI, Vol. I, p. 377, n. 1). He was born March 1st 1494, and died February 17th 1576. He was a sculptor and architect, and many examples of his skill remain. He had before this period been employed in the alteration and repair of the City fortifications on behalf of the State (*Otto di Pratica, Deliberazione di 16 Dicembre* 1530), and he was further chosen at the same time as Chief Director and Engineer



PANORAMA OF FLORENCE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY  
FLORENCE, PALAZZO VECCHIO, HALL OF CLEMENT VII



was assigned the Porta alla Croce; and to Giovanbatista, called *il Tasso*,<sup>1</sup> was given the Porta a Pinti; and similarly various other bastions and gates were allotted to different engineers whom I do not remember, nor does it make any difference to my argument.<sup>2</sup> The Duke, who really was always of excellent ability, of his own accord went around his own city. And when His Most Illustrious Excellency had well examined it, and made up his mind, he summoned Lattanzio Gorini<sup>3</sup> who was one of his paymasters. And since this man also dabbled somewhat in this profession, His Most Illustrious Excellency directed him to design all the methods wherewith he desired the said gates to be fortified, and to each one of us he sent the design for his gate; in such a way that when I saw that (design) which was allotted to me, and it seemed to me that the manner of it was not in accordance with common sense, rather that it was most incorrect, I immediately with this design

to attend "to the care of the bastions aforesaid, the artillery, and whatsoever was needed by their Government" (*Deliberazioni e Stanziamenti degli Otto di Pratica*, Archivio di Stato di Firenze). Cf. also VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. IV, p. 207 *e segg.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. III, Vol. I, p. 45, n. 2, and *supra*, p. 253.

<sup>2</sup> Among the *Deliberazioni e Stanziamenti* of the *Otto di Pratica* in the Archivio above mentioned, on the back of page 22, under date August 23rd 1554, we read as follows: "The aforesaid magnificent Lords, the Eight, had agreed that to Tasso, to Cellino, to Francesco da S. Gallo, and to the son of Baccio d'Agnolo, occupied and employed on work of the fortifications, or rather the bastions erected at some of the gates of the City of Florence, be paid at the public expense at the rate of ten *scudi* in money per month for all that which they can demand for their labours and time spent upon the said bastions."

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. VIII, *supra*, p. 251, n. 2.

in my hand went to see my Duke; and being desirous of pointing out to His Excellency the defects of that design which had been given to me, no sooner had I begun to talk, than the Duke infuriated turned upon me and said: "Benvenuto! In the making statues most excellently I will yield to you, but in this profession I wish you to yield to me. Therefore carry out the design that I have given to you!" To these bullying (*brave*) words I answered as gently as I knew how in this world, and I said: "Even, My Lord! in the fine method of making statues I have learnt something from Your Most Illustrious Excellency, wherefore we have always disputed together to some small extent; so in this matter of fortifying your city,—a matter of far greater importance than the making of statuary,—I beseech Your Most Illustrious Excellency that you will deign to listen to me. And discussing thus with Your Excellency, you will be the better able to demonstrate to me the manner in which I can serve you." Whereupon, at these most courteous words of mine, he kindly began a discussion with me; and on demonstrating to His Most Illustrious Excellency with vivid and clear reasonings that it would not be satisfactory (to fortify) according to the method which he had designed for me, His Excellency said to me: "Oh! Go and make a design yourself, and I will see if it pleases me." So I made two designs for fortifying those two gates according to the correct rule, and I took them to him; and when he had recognized the true from the false, His Excellency said to me courteously: "Oh! Go and do it in your way, for I am content." Thereupon with great diligence I commenced. There was on guard at the Porta al Prato a Lombard captain. This man was a fellow of tremendously robust

figure and of very coarse speech; but he was presumptuous and very ignorant. This man immediately began asking me what I wanted to do; upon which I courteously exhibited to him my designs and with extreme trouble I gave him to understand the method in which I wanted to carry them out. Then this vulgar beast, now shook his head, now turned this way, now that, frequently changing the position of his legs and twisting the ends of his moustache, which he wore very long; and he kept frequently pulling down the peak of his cap over his eyes, repeatedly saying: "Plague upon it! I don't understand this business of yours." Wherefore, the beast becoming an annoyance to me, I said: "Let me then do it for myself, for I do understand it:" but as I turned my back to him to go to my work, the man began threatening me with his head; and with his left hand, which he placed upon the pommel of his sword, he raised the point of it somewhat and said: "Ho there! Master! So you want to bring me to the point of bloodshed (*che io facci quistion teco al sangue*)."

I turned me round in great wrath, for he had aroused my anger, and I said: "It will seem less trouble to me to fight with you than to build a bastion for this gate." In a moment we both laid hands upon our swords, but we had not entirely unsheathed them, when there immediately came upon us a number of honest men, some being our Florentine fellow-citizens and others courtiers. And the greater number of them scolded him, telling him that he was in the wrong, and that I was a man able to pay him back, and that if the Duke were to know of it, woe to him. So he went about his business; and I began upon my Bastion. And when I had given my directions for

the said bastion, I went to the other postern on the Arno, where I found a captain from Cesena, the most courteous man of worth that I ever knew in such profession: and he appeared to be like a charming young maiden,<sup>1</sup> and yet in time of need he was the bravest of

<sup>1</sup> Many are the theories regarding the identity of this personage, whose "ladylike" manners so charmed our hero. GUASTI proposes that it may have been that *Giustiniano da Cesena*, of whose family nothing is known, but who, according to VARCHI (*Stor. fior., ed. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 186), was one of the company that attended Duke Alessandro as far as the Piazza San Marco on the night of his assassination by Lorenzino (January 6th 1537). But if he were already captain at that date, sixteen years later he must certainly have been more than mature, and could scarcely have resembled a *gentil donzelletta*. This theory may therefore be abandoned.

For a very different reason we cannot admit the possibility that this brave, but gentle, soldier was *Malatesta di Leonida Malatesta*. Not only was that personage morally anything but gentle, but he was only sixteen at this period; and notwithstanding that he certainly took part in the various engagements in this war, we know that he was only there as a messenger and scout.

SERAFINO ZANOTTI puts forward yet another name: that of *Captain Giovanni Masini*: a supposition which is much more plausible. But Giovanni Masini (son of that Giacomo, who at the age of twenty had the courage to oppose Cesare Borgia, and who seven years later in an heroic duel set free his country from the arrogance of Giorgio Mainardi of Susinana) who was knighted by the Duke of Urbino, had only been a Captain since 1549, so that he too would at this time be very young in years, for he could not have been born before about 1515, or even later. He was a most brave youth, and so jealous of his own honour that he faced on its behalf every kind of danger including even imprisonment; and he was moreover endowed with every species of gentleness (*gentilezza*). We know besides from himself (let alone what historians tell us of him) that he lent his services to Duke Cosimo in the second Siennese War, *i.e.* the hostilities which the Duke commenced a year after the departure of the Imperial troops, and by which he secured dominion over that City. Masini found him-

men and the most bloodthirsty that can be imagined. This agreeable person watched me so attentively that many times he made me bashful; and he desired to understand (what I was doing), and I courteously explained it to him. It is sufficient that we endeavoured which of us could show the greater courtesies to one another; in such a way that I made this bastion much better than that other one. When I had almost com-

self at the head of a company of mounted crossbowmen under the command of the Conte di Bagno. The fact that, even before this second Sienese War, he would be affording assistance to Duke Cosimo is rendered even more probable yet by an important circumstance; namely, that his father himself had also served that Prince—it may be as a soldier to protect Piombino from the Turks, or it may be as intermediary in two embassies to the Viceroy of Naples and to the Governor of Milan—and had died of what was then described as the “putrid fever” at Pisa in December 1546. It would be very natural therefore that Giovanni Masini should be found in Cellini’s company directing the fortifications of the postern giving upon the Arno. Nor can such a supposition be weakened by the contrary argument that in July 1553 he was at Cesena, where he repulsed the attacks of Giacomo Malatesta. There was ample time for him to have taken part in the fortification of Florence in the winter and to have got to Cesena in the summer. For, though he unquestionably took part in the second Sienese War, twelve days after the fall of that City he was back in his own country. Masini was highly esteemed by many of the great men of his day, and was especially dear to Guidobaldo della Rovere, Duke of Urbino who, besides the favours above mentioned, conferred frequent marks of confidence upon him; often sent him upon embassies, involving many very delicate negotiations such as could not be confided to writing; and sought his advice upon many points. Cosimo de’ Medici in 1565 conferred upon him the Order of San Stefano, of which Order he became Governor in 1578. His judgement was referred to on many military and knightly questions. He married Laura, daughter of Giovanni Naldi, Governor of Faenza, but had no children. He died about 1587.



pleted my bastions, in consequence of an attack<sup>1</sup> having been made by certain soldiers of those troops of Piero Strozzi's, the district of Prato was so terrified that (the inhabitants) all deserted their homes, and on this account all the carts in that district came laden, every one conveying their property to the city. And since the carts jostled each other, for there was a very great number of them, when I saw such a disorder I warned the sentries at the gates that they must take heed lest there should occur at that gate a disturbance such as happened at the gates of Turin;<sup>2</sup> for if it were necessary to have recourse to the portcullis (*saracinesca*), it could not do its duty, since it would remain suspended upon the top of one of those waggons. When that great beast of a captain heard these words of mine, he turned upon me with insulting expressions, and I answered him accordingly; in such fashion that we were about to enter upon a much worse (quarrel) than the first time. Wherefore we were

<sup>1</sup> More properly *fatta una scorreria*. Regarding these incursions of Strozzi in June 1554, cf. ADRIANI, *Storia de' suoi tempi*, Lib. XII, Cap. II.

<sup>2</sup> TASSI, *op. cit.* (quoting PINGONIO, as reported by GREVIO in *Thesaurus Antiquitatum et Historiarum Italiae*, Vol. IX, Part VI, p. 50, and FERRERO, *Istoria di Torino*, P. II, p. 698), tells us that in February 1543, when Turin was occupied by French troops, the Imperial Commander, Cesare Maio of Naples, by agreement with one of the French sergeants, endeavoured to introduce some of his own men into the besieged city by hiding them in six carts laden with hay. They were thus to intercept the fall of the portcullis, and so provide an entrance for their comrades. The plot, however, was frustrated through the chattering of the sergeant, whereby the Governor was warned, the portcullis closed down upon the entering carts, and the soldiers in them attacked by the defenders.

separated, and I, having finished my bastions, unexpectedly received several *scudi*, which delighted me, and gladly returned to finish my *Perseus*.

During these days there were found in the district of Arezzo certain antiques, amongst which was the *Chimaera*,<sup>1</sup> which is that bronze lion which may be seen in the chambers adjacent to the Great Hall of the Palace. And along with the said *Chimaera* there were found a number of small statuettes, also of bronze, which were covered with earth and rust; and since to each of these there was wanting either the head or the hands or the feet, the Duke took great pleasure in cleaning them himself with certain small goldsmith's chisels. It chanced that I happened to speak to His Most Illustrious Excellency, and whilst I was chatting with him, he handed me a little hammer, with which I struck those little chisels that the Duke was holding in his hand, and in that way the said little figures were cleared from the earth and from the rust. When several evenings had thus passed away, the Duke set me to work, whereupon I began to remake those limbs which were wanting to the said little figures. And since His Excellency took so

<sup>1</sup> VASARI also in the *Preface* to his *Lives* (ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. I, p. 22) and in his *Third Discourse* speaks of the *Chimaera* and the small bronze figures found in 1554 "in the making of the entrenchments, fortifications and walls of Arezzo . . . which figure has been to-day, on account of its beauty and antiquity, placed by the lord Duke Cosimo in the Hall of the new suite of apartments in his Palace, where were painted by me the deeds of Pope Leo X. And besides this there were found in the same place many little figures of bronze after the same style, which are in the possession of the said lord Duke." This *Chimaera* is now preserved in the Museo Archeologico in Florence.

much pleasure in that small matter of these little things, he made me work also by day, and if I delayed in going to him His Most Illustrious Excellency sent for me.

Many times I made His Excellency understand that if I diverted the day time from the *Perseus*, several inconveniences would follow. And the first of these which terrified me most was that the vast amount of time which I saw that my work was taking up would be a reason for causing annoyance to His Most Illustrious Excellency, as subsequently did happen to me; the other was, that I had a number of workmen, and when I was not present they committed two notable abuses. And the first of these was that they ruined my work, and the other that they worked as little as possible; therefore the Duke was satisfied that I should go to him only from twenty-four of the clock onwards. And thus I had pacified His Most Illustrious Excellency so marvellously that, when I came to him in the evening, he kept increasing his courtesies towards me. In these days he was building those new rooms towards the (Via dei) Leoni;<sup>1</sup> so that, when His Excellency wished to retire apart more privately, he had fitted up for him a certain small chamber in these newly built apartments, and he directed me that I should come to him by way of his Wardrobe, whereby I passed very privately across the gallery of the Great Hall, and by way of certain small closets (*pugigattoli*) I used to go to the said small chamber most privately: of which (privilege) in the space of a few days the Duchess deprived me, causing all those conveniences for me to be

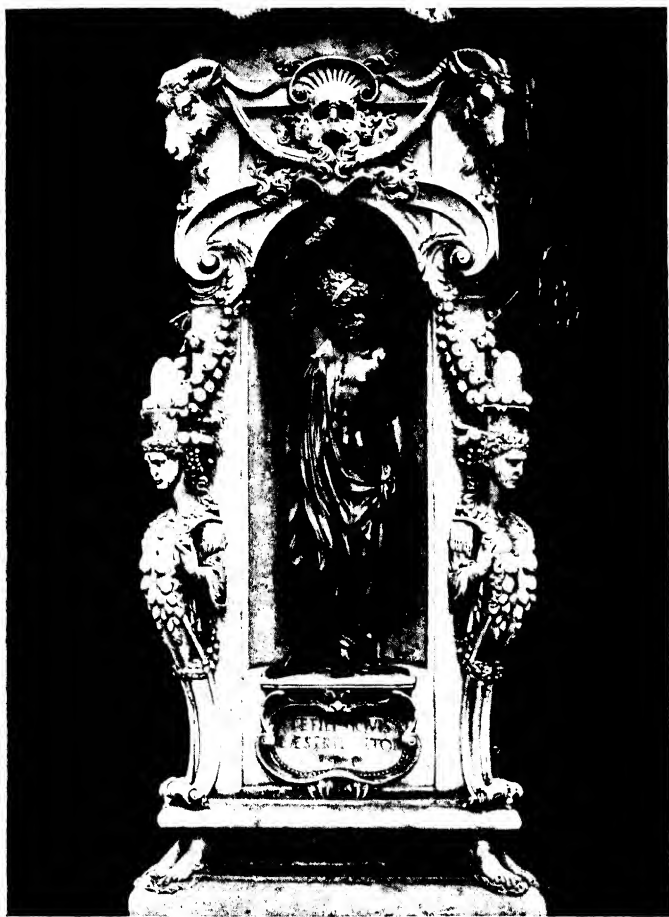
<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, on the side of the Palazzo Vecchio—then the Ducal residence—which looks towards the Via dei Leoni. Mr. J. A. SYMONDS seems to have misunderstood this allusion.

closed up; in such a way that every evening when I arrived at the Palace I had to wait a long time for the reason that the Duchess for her private convenience (*comodità*) remained in those ante-chambers, through which I had to pass; and since she was ailing<sup>1</sup> I never arrived at any time when I did not incommode her. Now for this and for another cause she conceived for me so much dislike, that for no reason could she bear to see me; but in spite of all this my great discomfort and infinite trouble, I continued patiently to go thither. The Duke had however given express commands upon the point, so that directly I rapped upon those doors they were opened to me, and without saying anything to me I was allowed to enter anywhere; in such a way that it happened sometimes that, entering quietly thus unexpectedly by way of those private apartments, I found the Duchess employed upon her own private affairs (*comodità*); who immediately burst out upon me with so much angry fury, that I was terrified, and she kept always saying to me: "When will you ever finish repairing those little figures? For I am now excessively annoyed at this coming and going of yours." At which I gently answered: "My Lady! My sole patroness! I wish for nothing else but to serve you faithfully and with the utmost obedience. But since these commissions which the Duke has ordered of me will last for many months, will Your Most Illustrious Excellency tell

<sup>1</sup> *Infetta*, a participle contracted from *Infettata*, that is to say, in poor health. In fact, GALLUZZI, amongst others, informs us that Eleonora of Toledo died on December 18th 1562, having been for a long time indisposed and unwell; so much so that a cough and constant fever had destroyed her lungs. GALLUZZI, *Istoria del Granducato di Toscana*, ed. cit., Vol. II, p. 1.

me if you do not wish me to come here any more. I will not come for any reason whatsoever, let who will summon me. And although the Duke should summon me I will say that I am ill, and in no sort of way will I ever come here." To these words of mine she replied: "I do not tell you not to come here, and I do not tell you not to obey the Duke. But it appears plainly to me that these works of yours will never have an end." Whether the Duke received some information about it, or that it fell out in some other way, His Excellency began again; as soon as it drew near to 24 of the clock he used to send to summon me; and the person who came to summon me said to me: "I warn you not to fail to come, for the Duke is waiting for you:" and thus I continued under the same difficulties for several evenings. And upon one evening amongst the others, on entering according to my custom, the Duke, who must have been talking with the Duchess, perhaps upon private matters, turned upon me with the greatest fury in the world; and when I, somewhat terrified, wished to withdraw quickly, all of a sudden he said: "Enter, Benvenuto! and go on with your work, and in a little while I will come and join you." As I was passing along, there seized me by the cloak the Lord Don Gratia,<sup>1</sup> a little boy of a few years of age, and he played with me in the most charming manner that such a child could possibly do: whereat the Duke marvelling said: "Oh! What a charming friendship is this that my children have for you." Whilst I was occupied in these articles of small

<sup>1</sup> Don Garzia was then six years of age. CELLINI calls him in vulgar parlance *Don Grazia*, and so the name is to be found in certain prints and MSS.



JUPITER

(BRONZE STATUETTE)

Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence

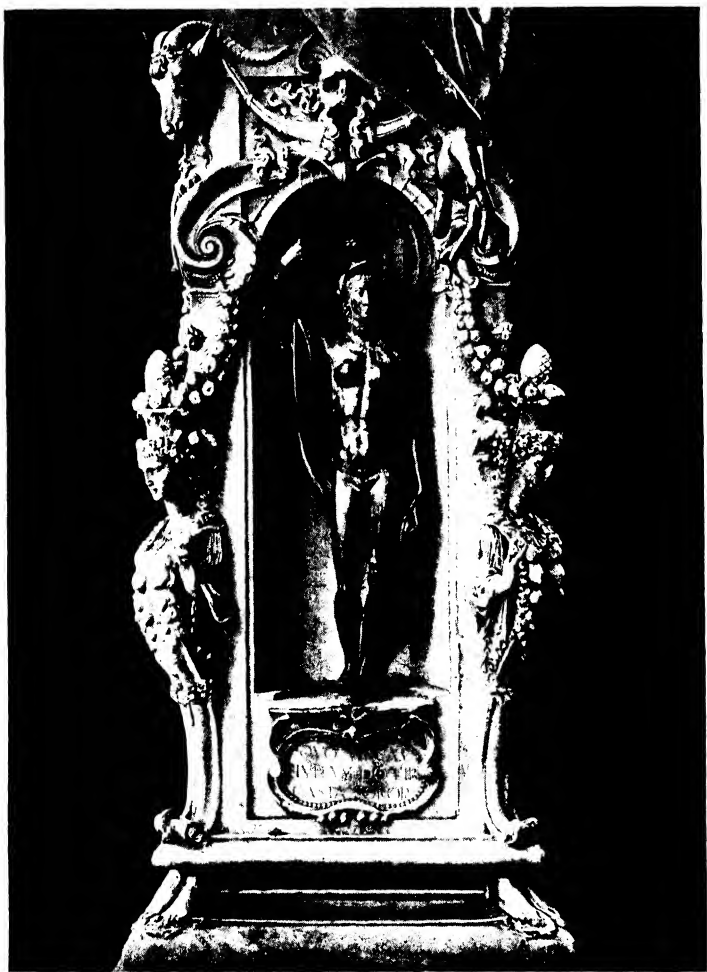


importance, the Prince<sup>1</sup> and Don Giovanni and Don Harnando and Don Gratia used to station themselves behind me every evening, and unseen by the Duke keep poking at me: whereat I used to keep begging them of their kindness to leave off. They used to answer me, saying: "We cannot." And I said to them: "That which is impossible no one expects. Now do as you please! Go on!" All of a sudden the Duke and the Duchess burst out laughing. Another evening, when I had finished those four small bronze figures, which are inserted into the base—which are *Jove, Mercury, Minerva* and *Danae (the mother of Perseus) with her little Perseus (suo Perseino) seated at her feet*—having had them brought into the said chamber where I worked in the evening, I set them in a row a little higher than the point of vision, in such a way that they made a most beautiful effect. The Duke having heard of this, came thither somewhat sooner than was his custom. And since that individual who informed His Most Illustrious Excellency must have reckoned them much higher than what they were (for he told him that they were better than antiques and such similar things), my Duke came, along with the Duchess, chatting cheerily about my work; and I rising immediately went to meet them. He, with those Ducal and fine manners of his, raised his right hand in which he held a pear-shoot as large as it is possible to see, and very fine, and said: "Do you, Benvenuto mine! plant this pear in the kitchen-garden of your house!" To these words I replied pleasantly: "Oh! My Lord! Does Your Most Illustrious Excellency

<sup>1</sup> The Prince, Francesco, the first-born child, was then twelve years old, Don Giovanni ten, whilst Don Ernando (Ferdinando) was but four.



in very truth tell me to plant it in the kitchen-garden of my own house?" Again the Duke said: "In the kitchen-garden of the house which is yours. Have you understood me?" Thereupon I thanked His Excellency, and likewise the Duchess, with the greatest ceremony that I knew how to show in the world. Then they both sat down opposite the said statuettes, and for more than two hours they talked of nothing else but these beautiful little figures; in such a way that there came to the Duchess so immoderate a desire that she thereupon said to me: "I do not want these beautiful little figures to go and be lost upon that base down in the Piazza, where they will run the risk of being injured. Rather do I wish you to arrange them for me in one of my apartments, where they will be preserved with that reverence which their very rare merits deserve." To these words I raised opposition with many elaborate arguments, and when I saw that she was resolved that I should not place them in the base where they now are, I waited until the following day. And I went into the Palace at 22 of the clock, and finding that the Duke and Duchess were out riding, having already prepared my base, I had the little figures brought down and immediately soldered them in as they were intended to be. Oh! When the Duchess heard of it her anger grew so violent, that if it had not been for the Duke who skilfully assisted me, I should have caused her much harm: and on account of that anger in connection with the pearl necklace and of this matter she worked so hard, that the Duke was deprived of that little bit of pleasure; which was the reason why I went thither no more, and I immediately fell back into the same difficulties that I was in before



MINERVA

(BRONZE STATUETTE)

Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence



regarding my access to the Palace. I returned to the Loggia<sup>1</sup> whither I had already conveyed the *Perseus*, and I went on finishing it under the difficulties already spoken of: that is to say, lack of money: and with so many other misfortunes, that the half of them would have terrified a man clad in adamant (*armato di diamanti*). Pursuing my way however according to my custom, one morning amongst the others, having heard Mass in San Piero Scheraggio,<sup>2</sup> there came into my presence Bernardone, the agent, that worthless goldsmith (*horafaccio*): and through the kindness of the Duke he was purveyor to the Mint. And suddenly, as he was just outside the door of the Church, the ugly pig let fly four blasts of wind (*coreggie*) which you might have heard up at San Miniato. At which I said: "Oh! you pig, coward, and ass! Is this the voice of your filthy talents?" and I ran for a stick.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book. II, Chap. VIII, *supra*, p. 247, n. 1. In the *Reports* of the *Soprassindachi* to Duke Cosimo, dated April 19th and May 23rd 1554, regarding the revision of the accounts of "master Benvenuto Cellini, sculptor," we read amongst other items the following: "*E ne' libri del Castello è debitore di scudi 10, 4, 13, 4 piccioli, pagati a maestro Bernardo muratore per condurre il Perseo in piazza.*"

<sup>2</sup> The name of this church arose from an important conduit (in old Tuscan *scheraggio*. Cf. *Dizionario dell' Accademia della Crusca*) that ran near it. It was the most ancient and at one time one of the most important churches in Florence. Before the erection of the Palazzo Vecchio, it was the scene of all the chiefest public assemblies of the State of Florence; in it, for example, in 1292 Giano della Bella raised his voice on behalf of the public liberties. Piece by piece it was from time to time reduced to a mere fragment, the destruction commencing in 1298, when the building of the Palazzo Vecchio was contemplated. In 1561 Vasari in designing that vast pile known as the Uffizi, included in his new building the insignificant remains that then still survived. In 1581 its *Jus Parrocchiale* was withdrawn and transferred elsewhere; and in 1783 it finally disappeared, so

He quickly retired into the Mint,<sup>1</sup> whilst I stood on the threshold of my door, and kept outside a little boy of mine, who should give me a signal when this pig should come out of the Mint. Now when I saw that I had waited some considerable time, becoming bored, and that small amount of irritation having subsided, when I remembered that blows are not given by contract, whereat some inconvenience might ensue, I resolved to take my revenge in another way. And since this event happened about the time of the Feast of our San Giovanni,—within a day or two,—I made these four lines and affixed them upon the corner of the church, at the place where they performed the necessities of nature,<sup>2</sup> and they ran as follows:

Here lies that donkey Bernard, called the Big,  
Pandora's heir, spy, broker, robber, pig:  
All her worst ills are his, and handed on  
By him to Buaccio, his block-head son.<sup>3</sup>

The story and the lines found their way to the Palace, and the Duke and the Duchess laughed at them: and

that no trace of it now remains. Cf. RICHA, *Notizie Istoriche delle Chiese Fiorentine*, Tom. II, pp. 1-18. A reproduction from a painting, in the style of Vasari, in the hall of Leo X, is to be found in the second part of the *Codice diplomatico dantesco* of BIAGI and PASSERINI.

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Mint of Florence stood behind the Loggia de' Lanzi, where the present General Post Office now is (1910): and Cellini stood at the entrance to the screen of scaffolding that surrounded his *Perseus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Dove si pisciava et cacava.*

<sup>3</sup> These lines have been carefully struck out in the MS., so that it is not easy now to decipher them. Some critics are inclined to think that CELLINI here alludes to his other enemy Baccio Bandinelli; but it would seem more probable from what follows that the

before he (Baldini) had perceived them himself, there had halted there a great many people, and they made the greatest merriment in the world. And as they were gazing in the direction of the Mint, and fixing their eyes upon Bernardone, his son Master Baccio perceiving (the lines) immediately tore them down in a great rage, whilst he (Bernardone) bit his thumb,<sup>1</sup> pouring out threats with his great ugly voice, which issued through his nose: he made a great display of bravado.

When the Duke heard that all my work on the *Perseus* could be exhibited as complete, he came one day to see it, and showed by the most clear signs that it satisfied him greatly; and turning to certain lords who were with His Most Illustrious Excellency, he said: "Although this work may appear to us very beautiful, it has also to please the people. Therefore, Benvenuto mine! before you give the last touch to it, I would like you out of affection for me to uncover a little of this part (of the screen) on the side of my Piazza, for half a day, in order to see what the people say about it. For there is no doubt that from seeing it in this enclosed fashion to seeing it in an open space it will produce a different effect from that which it displays shut up thus." To these words I replied

attack is made upon Bernardone's own son, Baccio Baldini. This Baccio was a doctor of medicine and lecturer at Pisa. He was private physician to, and an intimate friend of, Duke Cosimo, whose Biography he subsequently composed: and he was the first person to hold the appointment of Librarian at the Mediceo-Laurenziana Library. He died after 1585. Cf. MAZZUCHELLI, *Scrittori Italiani cit.*; MORENI, *Bibliographia Toscana*; NEGRI, *Scrittori Fiorentini*; TIRABOSCHI, TASSI, and others.

<sup>1</sup> "To bite the thumb," as all students of Italian literature of this period will be aware, was a very usual expression of defiance. Cf. SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Scene 1.

humbly to His Most Illustrious Excellency: "Know, My Lord! that it will show half as well again. Oh! how is it that Your Most Illustrious Excellency does not remember having seen it in the kitchen-garden of my house, wherein it showed so well in such a wide space that from the kitchen garden of the Innocenti Bandinello ' came to see it; and in spite of all his bad and very evil nature he was compelled to, and has spoken highly of it in such a way as he has never spoken well of any one in his life? I perceive that Your Most Illustrious Excellency believes too much in him." At these words of mine, sneering with a little irritability, with many kindly words he said: "Do it, Benvenuto! if merely to give me a small satisfaction." And when he had departed I began to give directions for uncovering it. And since it was lacking in a little gold and certain varnishes and other such trifles, that belong to the completion of the work, I kept murmuring angrily and complaining, cursing that unlucky day which was the occasion of bringing me back to Florence; for I had already seen the very great and certain loss that I had made by my departure from France, and I did not see nor know besides in what way I could hope for prosperity with this Lord of mine in Florence. Since

In CELLINI'S own *Memorandum*, dated September 25th 1557 (TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 75), he writes as follows: "Since it pleased His Excellency, after that the said work was completed, to have it valued, saying that at whatever sum it should be valued, so much did he wish to pay me, he therefore caused it to be valued by men who were the most skilled professors in that art, who valued it for me at 16,000 gold *scudi* in gold. And the valuers of it . . . since they were my rivals, somewhat wished me ill out of envy; but the force of the excellence of the work compelled them to say and to judge the truth."



MERCURY

(BRONZE STATUETTE)

Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence





from the commencement to the middle, and to the end, everything that I had done was always accomplished with much destructive loss: and thus ill content I unveiled it the following day. Now as it pleased God, directly it was seen, so immoderate a cry arose in praise of the said work as was the cause of consoling me somewhat. And the people did not cease from continually attaching (sonnets)<sup>1</sup> to the posts (*spalle*) of the door, at which was kept a little drapery, whilst I gave it its finishing touches. I say that the same day, during which I kept it unveiled for several hours, there were more than twenty sonnets attached (to my door), all in most unmeasured praise of my work. After that I had covered it up again, every day there were affixed a quantity of sonnets, and of verses in Latin and verses in Greek; for, since it was the vacation at the University of Pisa, all those most excellently learned persons and scholars vied with each other (upon the subject). But that which gave me greater content with hope of greater prosperity for myself as regards my Duke was the fact that those members of the profession, that is to say, sculptors and painters, also vied with each other as to who could speak best about it. And amongst the others, the one whom I esteemed the most was the clever painter, Jacopo da Pontorno,<sup>2</sup> and besides him his excel-

<sup>1</sup> Many of these poems, in both Latin and Italian, have been published by TASSI in the oft-quoted Vol. III of his Edition of our hero's *Life*. Some drawn from the *Codice Riccardiano* appear for the first time in the Edition of the *Trattati*, published by Le Monnier of Florence in 1857. Others still were given to the world by MABELLINI in the eighth volume of his *Rime di Cellini*, Torino, 1891.

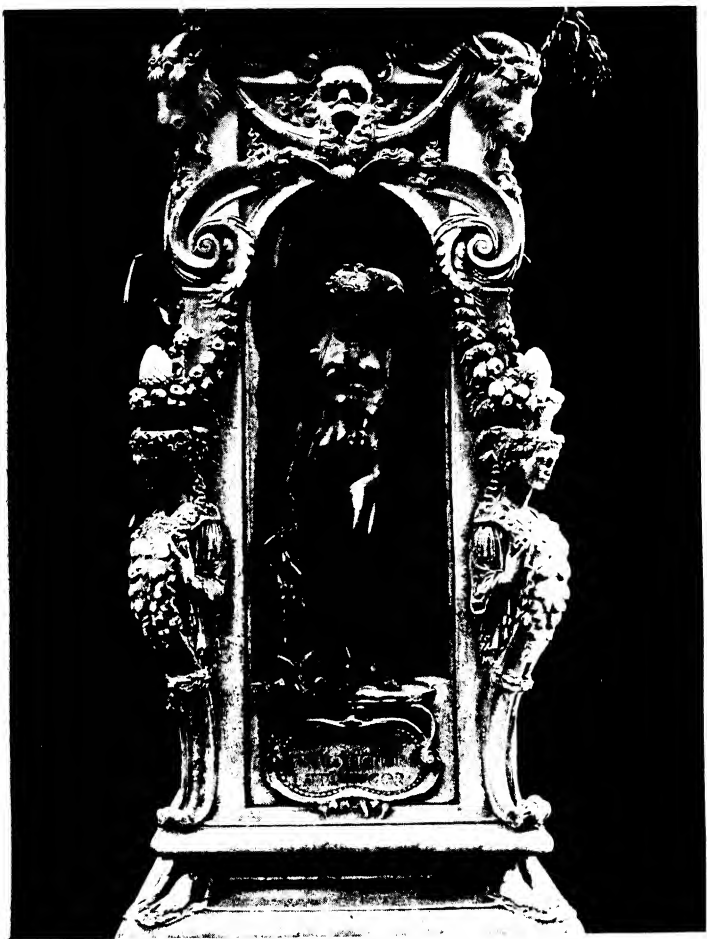
<sup>2</sup> Jacopo di Bartolomeo Carucci, called *Pontorno*, from the fact that his father married a maiden of that place (a hamlet near

lent (pupil) Bronzino<sup>1</sup> the painter, to whom it was not sufficient to cause several to be affixed (to the door), but he sent them by his boy Sandrino<sup>2</sup> to my house, speaking so well (of it) with that charming style of his, which is very rare, that this was the occasion of consoling me somewhat. And so I covered it up again and made haste to finish it. My Duke, although His Excellency had heard of the favour which had been shown to me at that short inspection by this most excellent School, said: "It gives me great pleasure that Benvenuto has had this small piece of satisfaction, which will be the occasion for his bringing the work to its desired completion with more speed and with more diligence. But don't let him think that later, when it shall be seen all unveiled, and one can

Empoli) and settled there. He was born in 1494 and died in 1556. At various periods he was the pupil of masters no less celebrated than Leonardo da Vinci, Mariotto Albertinelli, Piero di Cosimo, and Andrea del Sarto. His early works were remarkable enough to provoke the special admiration of Michelangelo, but in later years a mannerism crept in, which weakened and destroyed their merit. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VI, pp. 245-288.

<sup>1</sup> Angiolo di Cosimo Allori, better known as *Bronzino*, was at first the pupil of Raffaellino del Garbo, and subsequently of Pontormo. He was born in 1502 in the hamlet of Monticelli, beyond the Porta San Frediano, and died in 1572. He was not only a painter of unusual talent, but also a composer of burlesque and lyrical poetry, included by the Accademia della Crusca among their selected examples of the Italian tongue. (Cf. *Rime inedite di Angelo Allori*, ed. D. MORENI, 1822; *I Saltarelli del Bronzino pittore*, published by Prof. P. DAZZI, Bologna, 1863; and VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VII, pp. 593 *e segg.*). Two *Sonnets* written by him in praise of Cellini's *Perseus* still remain.

<sup>2</sup> Alessandro Allori, nephew and pupil of Bronzino, was born in 1535, and died in 1607. Cf. BALDINUCCI, *Notizie dei professori del disegno*, ed. RANALLI, Firenze, 1845-7. Allori.



DANAE WITH THE CHILD PERSEUS

(BRONZE STATUETTE)

Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence



see all round it, that the people will speak of it after this same fashion; rather there will be discovered all the defects that there are in it, and many will be attributed to it which are not there. Therefore let him provide himself with patience." Now these were words of Bandinello addressed to the Duke, along with which he quoted the works of Andrea del Verocchio,<sup>1</sup> who made that fine *Christ and Santommaso* (*sic*) in bronze, which may be seen on the façade of Horsamichele (*sic*); and he cited many other works down to the wonderful *Davitte* (*sic*) of the divine Michelagnuolo Buonaroti, saying that that figure only showed off well when seen in front;<sup>2</sup> and then he spoke about the numerous and abusive sonnets which had been attached to his *Hercules and Cacus* and abused this public (of Florence). My Duke, who believed in him very much, had induced him to utter those expressions, and he thought that for certain the event must come out to a great extent in that way; for that envious (creature) of a Bandinello never left off speaking evil. And upon one occasion amongst many

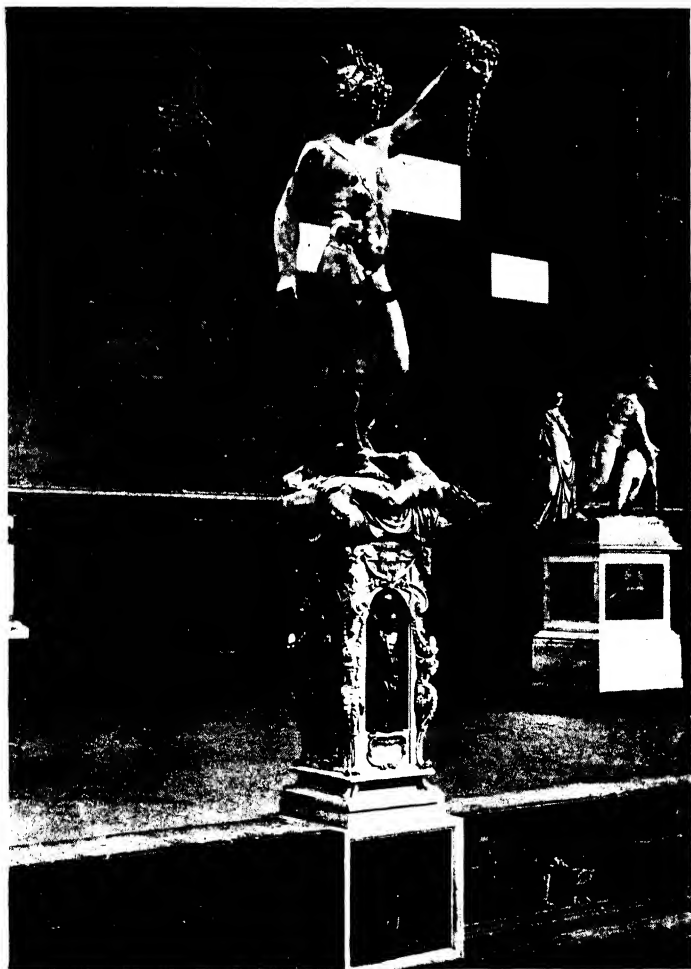
<sup>1</sup> Andrea del Verocchio, goldsmith, painter, sculptor, and architect. A native of Florence, he was born in 1435 and died in 1488. He abandoned painting on finding himself surpassed by his famous pupil, Leonardo da Vinci. The work here alluded to is his celebrated group of *Christ and St. Thomas*, which may still be seen on the façade of the Church of Or San Michele in Florence, on the side facing the Via Calzaiuoli. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. III, pp. 357-377.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. VIII, *supra*, p. 247, n. 2. If CELLINI be correct the judgement of Bandinelli upon this point is both unjust and malignant, and inspired by his rancorous envy of the fame of Buonarroti. The student, for further appreciation of Michelangelo's difficulties in the matter of this celebrated work of art, is referred to VASARI'S *Life* of that famous artist.

others when that great scoundrel (*manigoldo*) Bernardone, the agent, was present, in order to support the words of Bandinello, he said to the Duke: "Know, My Lord! that to make large figures is another species of dish (*minestra*) to making little ones. I don't want to say that he has not made the small figures well enough; but you will see that that one (the large one) will not succeed." And with these evil words he mingled many others, carrying out his business of spy, in the which he mingled a mountain of lies.

Now as it was pleasing to My Glorious Lord and Immortal God I finished it entirely; and one Thursday morning I unveiled the whole of it.<sup>1</sup> Immediately, though it was not yet daylight, there assembled so vast a number

<sup>1</sup> In a letter addressed by CELLINI to N. N. (whom CARPANI supposes to have been Jacopo Guidi of Volterra, Duke Cosimo's Secretary) he says: "After that the Most Illustrious and Most Excellent My Lord and Master commanded me that I must demand and place a price upon my work of *Perseus*, which up to the month of April 1554 I left in the Loggia of His Excellency's Piazza, unveiled and entirely completed," etc. And further in the *Memorandum* of April 27th we read that it was on that particular day that the statue was completed: *Allo illustrissimo Signor Duca Cosimo de' Medici di Firenze, a di 27 aprile 1554, scudi 10000 sono per mia fattura dell' Opera del Perseo, a tutte spese del detto Principe; e detto di si è scoperto e lasciato finito in piazza nel largo della Loggia con gran contento del Principe soprascritto, a chi io l'ho fatto, e dello universale.* (Cod. Riccard. 2788 ac. 25, and cf. *Trattati, etc.*, ed. MILANESI cit., p. 258.) GALLUZZI states that it was unveiled in 1553, but AGOSTINO LAPINI in his *Diario Fiorentino* (ed. CORAZZINI cit., p. 111), though postponing the actual opening one day, tells us: "On the 28th day of April 1554, on Saturday morning, was unveiled the fine *Perseus* in bronze, together with its very beautiful pedestal, placed beneath the first arch of the great Loggia in the Duke of Florence's Piazza, fashioned entirely and carried out by the hand of the excellent Master Benvenuto Cellini 'Pistoiese' (*sic*), which was considered by



PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA

(GENERAL VIEW OF THE COMPOSITION)

Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence





of people, as it is impossible to describe; and all with one voice kept striving which could say the best things about it.<sup>1</sup> The Duke stood at a lower window of the Palace, which is above the door, and thus half-hidden within the window-frame, listened to all that was said about the said work. And after he had listened for several hours, he

everyone a most beautiful (*bellissimama*) thing." (Cf. TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 486, and Vol. III, p. 47.)

<sup>1</sup> That the praise of Cellini's *Perseus* really was universal is of course incredible; for we know that, even setting aside the purely envious and malicious comments of rivals such as Bandinelli, there were other adverse criticisms passed upon it, such as the famous satirical lines by ALFONSO DE' PAZZI (cf. FRANCESCO BERNI, *Opere Burlesche*, Vol. III, p. 242, Leyden, 1824):

*Corpo di vecchio e gambe di fanciulla  
Ha il nuovo Perseo; e, tutto insieme,  
Ci può bello parer, ma non val nulla.*

Modern criticism has not spared its defects either. Considering all the difficulties that had to be overcome, it certainly is, as a casting, a most meritorious piece of work. But as an example of sculpture it is scarcely a masterpiece (cf. CICOGNARA, *Storia della Scultura*, Vol. II, p. 312; PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 217; and MOLINIER, *Benvenuto Cellini cit.*, pp. 82-84). The pedestal, on the contrary, receives almost universal praise as a fine combination of architecture, sculpture, and goldsmith's work. On the four sides are the four statues, *Jove*, *Minerva*, *Mercury*, and *Danae*, with appropriate Latin inscriptions; and below, upon the plinth that supports the pedestal, is an extremely fine bas-relief, representing the *Release of Andromeda by Perseus*. The original of this portion of the composition has been replaced in the Piazza by a copy, having been itself removed for greater security to the Museo Nazionale in the Bargello; where also are to be found the original wax model (cf. above, Book II, Vol. II, Chap. VIII, p. 246, n. 3), and another small model in bronze, apparently intermediate between the wax original and the final complete work. (Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 338, and Pls. 4, 5, 6, and 58, and SUPINO, *Catal. cit.*, pp. 393-395.)

rose with so much courage, and so satisfied, that, turning to his Misser Sforza, he spake thus; "Sforza! Go and find Benvenuto, and tell him on my behalf that I am much more pleased with it than I expected. And tell him that I will satisfy him in such a fashion as will make him marvel. Therefore tell him to be of good courage." So the said Misser Sforza brought me this splendid message, which heartened me; and that day for this good news and because the people kept pointing with the finger, now to this merit, now to that, as a thing wonderful and new. . . .<sup>1</sup> Amongst the rest were two noblemen who had been sent on business by the Viceroy of Sicily to our Duke.<sup>2</sup> Now these two amiable personages encountered me in the Piazza, for I was pointed out to them as they were passing by; so that they came up to me hurriedly, and immediately, with their caps in their hands, made me one of the most ceremonious of speeches, such as would have been too much even for a Pope. I, however, as much as I was able, belittled myself: but they overwhelmed me so much that I began to beg them that of their kindness they would leave the Piazza, for the people were stopping to gaze at me more closely than they were doing at my *Perseus*. And amid these ceremonies they were so pressing that they invited me to go to Sicily, and would have made such a contract with me as would content me; and they told me that Fra Giovanagnolo

<sup>1</sup> The completion of the sentence seems to be wanting. MOLINI points out that at this point CELLINI comes to the bottom of the page, and in turning over appears to have forgotten to finish the previous sentence.

<sup>2</sup> *Per lor faccende*. The Viceroy of Sicily at this date was Don Juan de Vega, who held that post from 1547 to 1557.

de' Servi<sup>1</sup> had made for them a fountain, complete and adorned with many figures, but that they were not of that excellence which they perceived in *Perseus*; and that they had made him very rich. I did not allow them to finish all that they would have liked to say, for I said to them: "I marvel much at you that you should seek to make me leave such a patron, a lover of talent more than any other prince that ever was born, and when I am besides in my native country, the School of all the greatest talents. Oh! If I had an appetite for great gains I could have remained in France in the service of that great King Francesco, who gave me one thousand gold *scudi* for my maintenance (*piatto*), and paid me besides for the cost of production of all my works, in such fashion that every year I gained more than four thousand gold *scudi per annum*; and I have left behind in Paris my labours of four entire years." With these and other words I cut short their ceremonies, and I thanked them for the great praises that they had bestowed upon me, which were the greatest rewards that can be given to one who has laboured conscientiously. And

<sup>1</sup> Fra Giovann' Angiolo, of the Order of the "Servi di Maria," and a native of Montorsoli, a village near Florence. He was a sculptor of very considerable merit, and is usually known in Art History by the name of his birthplace. He designed for the Piazza del Duomo at Messina the fountain here alluded to in 1547 (or 1551), and by it gave so much satisfaction to the people of that city that they bade him construct another on the sea-front, near the Custom-House, which is also a very handsome piece of work. In 1557 he returned to Florence, where he devoted himself to the re-establishment of an Academy of Design, a revival by Duke Cosimo I of the ancient *Compagnia di San Luca*, founded in 1339. He died in 1563. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VI, pp. 629 *e segg.*

(I told them) that they had increased so much my desire to do well that I hoped in a few years' time to exhibit to them another work, which I hoped would please that wondrous Florentine School much more than the (present) one. The two noblemen wanted to recommence their string of ceremonies; whereat I lifting my cap with a low bow wished them "Good-bye."

After that I had allowed two days to pass by, and I saw that the great praises (of my work) kept on continually increasing, I thereupon prepared myself to go and show myself to my Lord the Duke; who with great amiability said to me: "Benvenuto mine! you have satisfied and pleased me. But I promise you that I will content you in such a fashion as will make you marvel. And I tell you besides that I do not wish to delay beyond to-morrow (*che e' passi il giorno di domane*)."

At these wonderful promises, I immediately turned all my highest powers both of soul and body in a moment to God, thanking Him in very truth; and at the same moment I approached my Duke, and thus half-crying with joy, I kissed his robe. Then I rejoined, saying: "Oh! My Glorious Lord! True and most liberal lover of the arts, and of those men who labour upon them! I beseech Your Most Illustrious Excellency to do me the favour of allowing me first to go for eight days to thank God. For I know well the boundless extent of my great toil, and I recognize that my great faith has moved God Himself to come to my aid. For this and for every other miraculous assistance, I want to go an eight days' pilgrimage, continually giving thanks to my Immortal God, Who always helps those who truly call upon Him." Thereupon the Duke asked me whither I wished to go. To which I replied:

"To-morrow morning I will depart and will go to Valle hombrosa; then to Camaldoli and to the Eremo. And I will go as far as the Bagni di Santa Maria, and perhaps as far as Sestile; for I hear that there are some fine antiquities there! Afterwards I will return by San Francesco della Vernia,<sup>1</sup> and always giving thanks to God I will return content to serve you." The Duke immediately said to me cheerfully: "Go and return! For you

<sup>1</sup> Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Vernia, are three famous monasteries situated in the Apennines to the north-east of Florence, upon the slopes that divide Tuscany from the Romagna and the Marches of Ancona. The last of the three is inseparably connected with the story of St. Francis of Assisi. Cf. DANTE, *Paradiso*, Canto XI, l. 106:

*Nel crudo sasso intra Tevere ed Arno  
Da Cristo preso l'ultimo sigillo,  
Che le sue membra dua anni portarno.*

On the rude rock 'twixt Tiber and the Arno  
From Christ did he receive the final seal,  
Which during two whole years his members bore.

(LONGFELLOW'S Translation.)

Of the Eremo at Camaldoli the same poet makes Buonconte da Montefeltro say: (*Purgatorio*, Canto V, l. 94)

*. . . appiè del Casentino  
Traversa un' acqua che ha nome l'Archiano  
Che sopra l'Ermo nasce in Apennino.*

At Casentino's foot  
A river crosses named Archiano, born  
Above the Hermitage in Apennine.

(*Ibid.*)

Bagni di Santa Maria is Bagno in Romagna; whilst Sestile is probably a mistake for Sestino (now Foglia), situated near the source of the river Pisaurus, a spot where in 1536 the Florentine exiles under Piero Strozzi received a disastrous defeat, (cf. SEGNI, *Ist. fior.*, ed. cit., p. 340, and VARCHI, *Stor. fior.*, ed. cit., Vol. III p. 245).

truly please me. But leave me a couple of lines to remind me, and leave the matter to me." I at once wrote four lines, in the which I thanked His Most Illustrious Excellency; and I gave them to Misser Sforza, who gave them on my behalf into the Duke's hand; who took them. Afterwards he gave them into the hand of the said Misser Sforza, and said to him: "Arrange every day to set the matter before me; for if Benvenuto should return and find that I had not hastened it, I believe that he would murder me." And laughing thus His Excellency said that he must be reminded of it. These positive words were repeated to me in the evening by Misser Sforza laughingly, and wondering moreover at the great favour that the Duke was displaying towards me; and he said to me pleasantly: "Go! Benvenuto! And come back again, for I envy you."

## CHAPTER XIV

(1554-1556)

At Bagno Cellini is kindly received by the family of his workman Cesare.—He learns that, by an ill-defended pass over the mountains, Piero Strozzi could succeed in surprising Poppi.—Hastily returning to Florence, he warns the Duke of the danger lest the enemy should invade the Casentino.—Jacopo Guidi, on behalf of the Duke, asks Benvenuto the price of the *Persæus*, which seems to him excessive.—Girolamo degli Albizzi acts as arbitrator, and adjudicates the price at three thousand five hundred gold *scudi* which Cellini, however, finds great difficulty in recovering.—Violent quarrel between the Duke and Benvenuto on the question of arbitration with regard to the *Persæus*.—The latter, enraged, wishes to leave Florence, but is expressly forbidden to do so by the Duke.—The Duke directs him to make some bronze bas-reliefs for the choir of Santa Maria del Fiore (the Duomo) in Florence.—He proposes to the Directors of the Opera del Duomo that he should make a bronze door like those of the Baptistery.—The Directors refer the question to the Duke.—Cellini's proposal to the Duke in this matter, who displays anger but eventually approves of his making models for two pulpits for the said choir.—These are, however, not eventually commissioned.

**I** SET out from Florence in the Name of God constantly chanting psalms and prayers to the Honour and Glory of God throughout the whole of that journey. In the which I took very great pleasure, for the season of summertime was very beautiful and the journey and the country wherein I had never before been, appeared to me



so beautiful that I was both astonished and pleased at it. And because there had come as my guide a young workman of mine, who was from Bagnio and was called Cesere,<sup>1</sup> I was much welcomed by his father and by all his household: amongst whom there was a veteran of more than 70 years of age, a most agreeable man. He was uncle to the said Cesere, practised the profession of a surgeon (*medico cerusico*)<sup>2</sup> and had in him something of the Alchemist. This good man pointed out to me how that this (place) Bagni(o) possessed a mine of gold and silver, and he enabled me to see many very fine things in that district; in such a way that I experienced as great enjoyment as I ever had. When I had become intimate with him to his liking, one day amongst others

<sup>1</sup> Cesare di Niccolo di Mariano de Federigi, a member of a respectable and well-to-do family, was born at Santa Maria di Bagno in the Tuscan Romagna about 1530. He studied sculpture under Tribolo, and on the death of that artist, took service with Cellini, whom he assisted in the work on the pedestal of the *Perseus*. In 1560 he went to Milan to study the art of glass and cameo cutting. He described this work in a letter to Duke Cosimo, dated October 28th 1562, from that place, where he died two years later. In one of CELLINI'S *Account Books* preserved in the Biblioteca Riccardiana (Codice 2788) we read, "*A Cesari da Bagnio, squittore, da dì 15 febraro 1553 (1554) per insino a dì 31 di Marzo 1554, anzi sino a dì 3 d'Aprile 1554, L. dodici, soldi x, datogli en danaro per sue opere, aiutatomi in sulla storia del bassorilievo di bronzo (The Liberation of Andromeda), ducati 1, lire 5, 1, 10.*" Among the expenses incurred in 1563 in connection with the journey of Prince Francesco de' Medici to Milan, we find the following entry: "*A d' 7 (di gennaio) a Cesare da Bagno, per dua ritratti dati a S. Ex<sup>ta</sup> de' Serenissimi Principi, ducati 30*" (Archivio di Stato in Firenze, *Carte Strozziene*, n°. 23).

<sup>2</sup> This uncle of Cesare was named Federigo Federigi. He executed his will on March 26th 1562, leaving as his heir his son Martino; and he died on June 11th following.





he said to me: "I do not wish to omit telling you an idea of mine, to which if His Excellency should lend an ear, I believe it would be a most useful piece of information. And it is this, that in the vicinity of Camaldoli is to be found a pass so unprotected (*scoperto*), that Piero Strozzi<sup>1</sup> could not merely pass through it safely, but he would be able to plunder Poppi without any opposition." And together with this piece of information, having pointed it out sufficiently in words, he took a sheet (of paper) from his wallet, upon which this good old fellow had sketched out all that district in such a fashion that it could be most excellently seen, and it could be clearly understood that the great danger was a real one. I took the plan and departed immediately from Bagnio, and, proceeding as fast as I could by the road through Prato Magnio and San Francesco della Verni, I returned to Florence; and without stopping except to draw off my riding-boots I went to the Palace. And as I was by the Badia I met my Duke, who was coming along the street of the Palace of the Podestà: who directly he saw me gave me a most gracious welcome together with some surprise, saying to me: "Oh! Why are you back so

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI has himself written upon the margin of the MS. the following words: "*In nel tempo che Piero passò e venne con Pesercito a Siena*"; and in his *Petition* to the *Sopraassindachi* dated 1570 (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 570) he repeats: "I pointed out to the Duke on a plan, certain important dangers which existed at Camaldoli for the passage of Piero Strozzi, whereby he ran the risk of losing very much."

On July 14th 1554 Piero Strozzi pitched his camp in the Valdichiana, pillaging that district as far as Arezzo and Laterina, whence he could easily have surprised the fortress of Poppi. *Cf.* AMMIRATO, *Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Lib. XXXIV (at the beginning).

soon? For I did not expect you for these eight days to come." To which I replied: "I have returned on Your Most Illustrious Excellency's service; for I would gladly have spent several days wandering through that most beautiful country." "And what good business brings you?" said the Duke. At which I said: "My Lord! It is necessary that I should speak to you and point out to you matters of great moment." So I went with him to the Palace. When we were arrived in the Palace he took me into his room privately, where we were alone. Then I told him everything, and I exhibited to him that sketch plan, which he showed himself most pleased to have. And when I told His Excellency that it was necessary to remedy such a matter quickly, the Duke remained thus a little while in thought, and then he said to me: "Know that we are in agreement with the Duke of Urbino,<sup>1</sup> who has to look after this matter. But keep it to yourself." And with very great demonstration of his good will I returned to my home. The next day I presented myself, and the Duke after a short chat, said to me cheerfully: "To-morrow without fail I want to hurry up your affair. Therefore be of good cheer." I, who reckoned the matter as most certain, awaited the next day with great longing. When the longed-for day arrived I went to the Palace: and as by custom it seems that it always happens that evil news pass with greater rapidity than do the good,

<sup>1</sup> Guidobaldo della Rovere, who had succeeded his father Francesco Maria in the Dukedom of Urbino, and who died in 1574. He was commander of the Venetian and Pontifical armies, and a friend of scholars and other learned persons, amongst whom was Bernardo Tasso, father of the poet Torquato. (Cf. UGOLINI, *Storia dei conti e duchi d'Urbino*. Firenze, Grazzini, 1859.)

Misser Jacopo Guidi,<sup>1</sup> His Most Illustrious Excellency's Secretary called to me with his pursed-up mouth and haughty voice, and drawing himself all up into himself, with an appearance all stiffened like a ram-rod,<sup>2</sup> he began to speak after this fashion: "The Duke says that he wishes to know from you how much you ask for your *Perseus*." I remained bewildered and astonished; and I answered immediately that I was never in the habit of fixing prices for my labours, and that this was not what His Excellency had promised me two days before. Immediately this man in a louder voice said to me that he commanded me expressly on behalf of the Duke, to tell him what I wanted, under pain of His Most Illustrious Excellency's total displeasure. I, for I had promised myself, on account of the great courtesies shown to me by His Most Illustrious Excellency, not only to have gained something, but I had even greatly anticipated that I had acquired the whole favour of the Duke, because I never asked for any other greater reward than merely (some portion) of his good will; now this method, so unexpected by me, caused me to fly into such a rage; and even more at the manner in which that poisonous toad presented it to me. I said that if

<sup>1</sup> A native of Volterra and, judging from certain letters written to him by BANDINELLI, none too favourably inclined towards Cellini. He was not only, as we are told here, Ducal Secretary, but, owing to his skill in matters of Ecclesiastical Law, was appointed by Pius IV in 1561, Bishop of Penna in the Abruzzi, and was sent by the same Pontiff to take part in the deliberations of the Council of Trent. He died in 1582. Cf. UGHELLI, *Italia Sacra cit.*, Vol. I, c. 151.

<sup>2</sup> *Incamatita*, *come interizzata*. *Camato* or *scamato* is a long knotty stick used to beat wool, whence the word *incamatito* is employed figuratively to express rigidity and stiffness of manner.

the Duke were to give me ten thousand *scudi*,<sup>1</sup> he would not pay me, and that if I had ever thought that I should come to these straits, I would never have stopped here. This spiteful fellow immediately uttered to me a number of insulting remarks, and I did the same to him.

The next day following, when I made my bow to the Duke, His Excellency beckoned to me: whereat I approached him; and he said to me angrily: "Cities and great palaces are built with tens of thousands of ducats." To which I immediately replied, that His Excellency would find a vast number of men who might know how to build cities and palaces; but that for *Persei* he would perhaps not find a single man in the world who knew how to carry out such a work." And I immediately departed without saying or doing anything more. A few days later the Duchess sent for me, and told me that I must consign the difference that I had with the Duke to her, for she boasted herself that she could arrange the matter so that I should be satisfied. To these kind words I replied, that I had never demanded any other reward for my labours than the good favour of the Duke, and that His Most Illustrious Excellency had promised it to me. And that there was no need that I should

<sup>1</sup> In the *Letter* quoted above (*cf.* p. 368, n. 1) which is almost certainly addressed to this Jacopo Guidi, in consequence of this request to fix a price upon the *Perseus*, our hero says: "But since I am a devoted and loving vassal and slave of His Most Illustrious Excellency, I shall be most content if he be pleased to grant me five thousand gold ducats, paid in gold, and five thousand in the equivalent of so much real estate (*beni immobili*)," etc. And in the *Memorandum* of April 27th in the same year he debited against the Duke ten thousand *scudi* "*per mia fattura dell' opera del Perseo.*"

refer to their Most Illustrious Excellencies that which from the first days in which I began to serve them, I had already freely committed to them. And I added besides, that if His Most Illustrious Excellency only gave me for my labours one single penny,<sup>1</sup> which has but the value of five *quattrini*, I should call myself content and satisfied, so long as His Excellency did not deprive me of his good favour. At these words of mine the Duchess smiling somewhat, said: "Benvenuto, you will do better to do what I tell you:" and turning her back upon me she departed from me. I, for I thought that I was doing the best for myself by employing those humble words, chanced to have produced the worse effect for myself: for, although she had had a certain amount of wrath against me, she had afterwards a certain measure of conduct in her, which was kindly disposed. At this period I was very intimate with Girolimo degli Albizi,<sup>2</sup> who was

<sup>1</sup> *Cratia* or *crazia*: the old Tuscan penny.

<sup>2</sup> Girolamo di Luca degli Albizzi was a cousin to Cosimo's mother, Maria Salviati, and one of the most fervent supporters of the Medici. He was suspended in 1529 on suspicion (VARCHI, Lib. XI) and in the same year declared rebel, along with Michelangelo Buonarroti and others of his fellow-citizens. Returning to Florence he became one of the Forty-Eight Councillors of Duke Alessandro, and, after the murder of that prince, supported the accession of Cosimo to the Dukedom of Florence. He held the rank of Commissary-General of the Florentine Ordnance, and died in 1555. The unfounded report ran that he had poisoned his greatest friend Francesco Guicciardini, as an adversary of the Medici (SEGNI, *op. cit.*, Lib. IX. Cf. also E. ZANONI, *Vita pubblica di F. Guicciardini*, Bologna, 1896, p. 584.) From VASARI we learn (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VII, p. 203) that there were in his possession four cartoons by Michelangelo, brought originally from France by our hero. These have now passed into the hands of the Mantuan branch of the Strozzi family.



Commissary of the troops of His Excellency. And one day amongst the others he said to me: "Oh! Benvenuto! It would be a good thing to set to rights this small difference that you have with the Duke. And I tell you that, if you have faith in me, I will put my heart into arranging it, for I know what I am talking about. If the Duke should become enraged in earnest, you will fare very badly in the matter. Let this be sufficient; I cannot tell you everything." And since I had been told by someone—perhaps a mischievous person, after that the Duchess had spoken to me—who told me that he had heard it said that the Duke,—upon I don't know what specified occasion,—had said: "For less than two *quattrini* I would throw away *Perseus*, and thus end all these differences." Now on account of this jealousy<sup>1</sup> I said to Girolimo degli Albizi, that I would entrust the whole matter to him, and that with whatever he did I should be most entirely satisfied, so long as I might remain in the Duke's good graces. This honest man, although he understood most excellently the art of soldiering, especially that of those troops who are all peasant-folk, took no interest in the art of making pieces of sculpture, and therefore understood nothing at all about it; in such a fashion that in talking with the Duke he said: "My Lord! Benvenuto has put himself into my hands, and has besought me to commend him to Your Most Illustrious Excellency." Then the Duke said: "And I also commit myself to you, and I shall be content with all that you adjudicate." Thereupon the said Girolamo composed a very clever letter, and one greatly in my favour, and

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI uses the word *gelosia* in the sense of irritation at the insult paid to his cherished statue.

awarded that the Duke should give me three thousand five hundred gold *scudi* in gold, which should not be taken as payment for such a fine work, but merely as a small sum towards my support;<sup>1</sup> it sufficed that I was to be satisfied; with many other words, which entirely fixed the said price. The Duke agreed to this letter as gladly as I was dissatisfied with it. When the Duchess heard it, she said: "It would have been much better for that poor man if he had committed the matter to me; for I would have made them give him five thousand gold *scudi*." And one day when I went to the Palace the Duchess repeated the same words in the presence of

<sup>1</sup> MILANESI in his edition of CELLINI'S *Trattati, etc.* (ed. cit., pp. 259-260) publishes a copy of a *Letter* written by Albizzi to the Duke, which contains the following passage: "Although Benvenuto's *Persens* may be a wonderful object and rare, and perhaps unique in Italy, nevertheless since Your Excellency has committed to me the valuation of the same figure, it seems to me that you ought to give him three thousand five hundred gold *scudi* which are abundantly (sufficient) for his labour; and it is the labour which has to be paid for, and not the figure itself. And Benvenuto is most satisfied," etc. The Duke was induced to make a *Rescript* that same day (signed by Lelio Torelli) which ran: "His Excellency will remain silent and content with whatsoever he has decided." But that Benvenuto was not satisfied with the decision given by one who did not understand "the art of making sculpture" is shown by his *Memorandum*, dated September 25th 1557 (cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, pp. 583-4), in which he says: "It was adjudicated upon by the said Jerolimo (*sic*), adhering to the side of the Duke rather than to that of Holy Justice and the Right, at three thousand five hundred gold *scudi* in gold, at seven *lire* ten *soldi per scudo*. . . . At this the Prince inspired by avarice to give me as little as he could, thus had me adjudicated upon unjustly by the said Jerolimo degli Albizzi, who was by profession a soldier, and a man of evil life; thus was I ruined and I have placed all my revenge in the hands of God, for too much is the evil that I have received to my great undoing."

Misser Alamanno Salviati,<sup>1</sup> and she made sport of me, saying that all the evil that I had received was good for me. The Duke directed that I should be paid one hundred gold *scudi* in gold per month, up to the said amount, and thus several months passed by. Afterwards Misser Antonio de' Nobili<sup>2</sup> who had had the said commission, began by giving me fifty, and then sometimes he gave me 25, and sometimes he gave me nothing; in such a way that when I saw the matter thus so long drawn out I asked the said Misser Antonio civilly, begging him that he would tell me the reason why he did not complete my payments. He also replied to me courteously; in the which reply it seemed to me that he wandered from the point a little too much, as let him judge who understands the matter. He first of all told me that the reason why he did not continue my payments was on account of the very great shortness (of money) that they were suffering from at the Palace, but he promised me that when money came to him he would pay me; and he added, saying: "Alas! If I do not pay you I shall be a great scoundrel." I was astounded to hear him make such a speech, but on that account he promised me that when he could I should be paid. Wherefore when it turned out exactly the opposite,

<sup>1</sup> Son of Jacopo Salviati and maternal uncle to the Duke. He was an idle person, who took no interest whatsoever in public affairs. Cf. VARCHI, *Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Book III, p. 197.

<sup>2</sup> Comptroller-General of the Treasury to Duke Cosimo from 1553 until his death in 1562. VARCHI (*Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 132) mentions him amongst the supporters of the Medici, for which reason he was declared rebel in 1529. He bore the nickname *Schiaccia* ("man-trap"). He is frequently alluded to by CELLINI in the *Trattati* (*ed. MILANESI cit.*, pp. 262, 302-305). VASARI tells us (*Vite, ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. VII, p. 109) he painted his portrait.

in such a fashion that I saw myself being ill-used, I was enraged with him; and I uttered many fierce and furious words to him; and I recalled to him all that he had told me should happen. Eventually he died and I remain yet up to this present hour, with five hundred gold *scudi*<sup>1</sup> still due to me, which is nearly the end of the year 1566. I was entitled besides to have the remainder of my salary, which it seemed to me that they would pay no more attention to paying me, because about three years had already passed. But there fell upon the Duke a dangerous illness, for he passed forty-eight hours without being able to make water; and when he recognized that the doctors' remedies were of no avail, he perhaps turned himself to God, and on this account wished that everyone should be paid his arrears of salary, and I also was paid. But I was not paid the balance upon my *Perseus*.

I was almost half-disposed to say nothing further about my unlucky *Perseus*; but so notable an event occurred that I am forced to do so, therefore I will take up again the thread for a little, turning somewhat back. I thought I was acting to my best advantage when I told the Duchess that I could no further compromise that which was no longer in my power, for I had told the Duke that I was satisfied with all that His Most Illus-

<sup>1</sup> In CELLINI'S *Petition* to the Duke in 1564 he states that he is still creditor to the Duke for the same five hundred gold *scudi* (cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 557); but in his *Memorandum* dated March 8th 1566 (TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 151) he notes that upon that day he had received from Messer Agnolo Biffoli, who had succeeded Nobili in his post at the Treasury, the sum of "two hundred *scudi* in cash *e lire* 1. 12. which are *per il resto della mia fattura del Perseo*," and that he thereupon signed a receipt in full.

trious Excellency might be willing to give me. And this I said, thinking to gain some favour for myself. And with that little display of humility I sought every likely means of somewhat placating the Duke, for a few days before that he had come to an agreement with Albizi the Duke had shown himself to be much provoked with me, and the reason was that when I was complaining to His Excellency of the most disgraceful injustices that Misser Alfonso Quistello<sup>1</sup> and Misser Jacopo Polverino,<sup>2</sup> the Fiscal, were committing upon me, and more than all of them Ser Giovanbatista Brandini of

<sup>1</sup> Alfonso Quistelli della Mirandola, at first Auditor of the Exchequer and afterwards in 1555 *Capitano di Giustizia* at Siena. His daughter Lucrezia showed great talent for painting, and, having been the pupil of Alessandro Allori, became an able portrait painter, of whom VASARI speaks very highly in his *Life of Madonna Properzia de' Rossi* (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. V, p. 80). She married Conte Clemente Pietra.

<sup>2</sup> Jacopo Polverini of Prato achieved an infamous repute as the author of that most iniquitous Law (styled *La Polverina* out of hatred for him) passed in 1548 against the sons of rebels, who were not alone condemned to infamy and poverty, but also to perpetual exile; and minors under twelve years of age had to obey its provisions immediately on arriving at that age. GALLUZZI (*op. cit.*) tells us that this penalty seemed so excessive to the greedy and inhuman Cosimo, that even he did not in fact wish to observe it, but restored to innocent children the confiscated goods of their guilty parents. SEGNI (*Istor. fior. ed. cit.*, Book XI, p. 450) writes, "having already been made a judge on account of his acts as constable, he had become of great weight, having been appointed first (the Duke's) auditor and then Fiscal," . . . and he seemed "a new Solon in Florence, making every day some law, whereby he acquired the money necessary for his prince, and injury and shame for the public." CELLINI appears to have complained of Quistelli and Brandini in connection with the house which had been presented to him by the Duke.

Volterra. When I explained these arguments of mine thus with some display of passion, I saw the Duke getting into as great a rage as it is possible ever to imagine. And when His Most Illustrious Excellency had come to this pitch of fury he said to me: "This case is like that of your *Perseus*, for which you have demanded ten thousand *scudi*. You allow yourself to be too much overcome by your greed; therefore I wish to have it valued, and I will give you for it all that may be awarded against me." To these words I immediately responded to some small extent too hotly and half furiously, a thing which is not suitable to do with great lords, and I said: "Oh! How is it possible for the value of my work to be reckoned when there is no man to-day in Florence who knows how to do it?" Thereupon the Duke waxed more furious still, and uttered many passionate expressions, amongst which he said: "There is a man in Florence to-day, who should know how to do a thing like that, and therefore he will know very well how to judge it." He wished to allude to Bandinello, Knight of S<sup>to</sup> Jacopo. Then I said: "My Lord, Your Most Illustrious Excellency has given me the privilege of executing in the greatest School in the World an important and very difficult work, which has been praised more than any work that was ever unveiled in this most divine School. And that which makes me more proud is that of those brilliant men who understand, and who belong to the profession, like Bronzino <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI in his excitement has omitted the verb in the first half of this sentence. Probably it should have run *l'han lodata quegli eccellenti*, etc. For Bronzino *cf.* Book II, Chap. XIII, *supra*, p. 366, n. 1.

the painter, this man has gone to work, and has written upon me four sonnets, using the most well-chosen and glorious words that it is possible to employ; and on account of this wondrous man almost the whole city is moved to so great an excitement (*rumore*). And I say well that, if he had devoted himself to sculpture as he does to painting, he would have understood well how to do it. And I say moreover to Your Most Illustrious Excellency that my master Michelagnuolo Buonaroti, although he would have executed such a thing when he was younger, would not have endured less labour than I have done; but now that he is very old<sup>1</sup> he could certainly not have done it at all. So that I do not believe that at the present day we have knowledge of a man, who would understand how to accomplish it. So that my work has achieved the greatest reward that I could desire upon earth. And more than all that Your Most Illustrious Excellency, not only expresses yourself content with my work, but rather that you have praised it more than any other man. Oh! What greater or more honourable reward could a man desire? I say for very surety that Your Excellency could not have paid me more in more glorious coin: nor could he with any wealth whatsoever equal this. Therefore I am over paid and I thank Your Most Illustrious Excellency with all my heart." To these words the Duke replied and said: "Rather you think that I have not sufficient to be able to pay you. But I tell you that I will pay you much more than it is worth." Thereupon I said: "I did not expect to have any other reward from Your Excellency; but I call my-

<sup>1</sup> Buonarroto was eighty years old in 1555.

self most well paid by that first (reward) that the School has given me, and with this I will go right away this very moment (*adesso adesso*), without ever returning any more to that house which Your Most Illustrious Excellency presented to me, nor do I ever care to see Florence again." We were just at Santa Felicita, and his Excellency was returning to his palace. At these angry words of mine the Duke immediately turned in great wrath and said to me: "You are not to go, and take care that you do not go;" in such a fashion that half terrified I accompanied him to the Palace. When His Excellency arrived at the Palace he called Bishop De' Bartolini,<sup>1</sup> who was Archbishop of Pisa, and summoned Misser Pandolfo della Stufa,<sup>2</sup> and told them to tell Baccio Bandinelli on his

<sup>1</sup> Onofrio Bartolini, a native of Florence, appointed Archbishop of Pisa by Leo X in 1518 at the age of about seventeen. In 1527, during the Sack of Rome, he was imprisoned with Pope Clement VII in the Castel Sant' Angelo, and was one of the seven hostages given over to the Imperial forces. In 1529, as a partizan of the Medici, he was declared a rebel, and in 1535 accompanied Alessandro to Naples when the latter went thither to justify himself before the Emperor Charles V. So dear was he to the Medici that he was adopted as a member of their family, and was permitted to bear their arms. He died in 1556 leaving a reputation for great prudence and uprightness of conduct. (Cf. UGHELLI, *Italia Sacra cit.*, Vol. III, p. 481.)

<sup>2</sup> Pandolfo di Luigi della Stufa lived many years in France as cup-bearer to Catherine de Medicis, wife of the Dauphin; but, falling under suspicion of having informed Duke Cosimo of the War which in 1541 King Francis I was contemplating against the Emperor Charles V, he lost favour and was imprisoned for several years, recovering his liberty solely under a solemn engagement to leave the kingdom. Returning to Florence he was kindly received by the Duke, and in 1561 was appointed by him one of the Forty-Eight Senators. He died in 1568. (Cf. MANNI, *Serie dei Senat. fior.* Firenze, 1722, p. 100.) CELLINI repeats the same facts in his



behalf, that he must consider carefully that work of mine of *Perseus*, and that he must value it, because the Duke wished to pay me its just value. These two worthy men immediately found the said Bandinello, and when they gave him the message, he told them that he had very carefully considered that work, and that he knew too well what it was worth; but since he was at discord with me regarding other past matters, he did not want to be mixed up with my affairs in any way whatsoever. Thereupon these two noblemen rejoined and said: "The Duke has said to us that, under pain of his displeasure, he commands you to fix the value, and if you desire 2 or 3 days' time for careful consideration, do you take them: and then tell us what it seems to you that the labour deserves." The said man replied that he had very carefully considered it, and that he could not neglect the commands of the Duke, and that that work had turned out very splendid and fine, to such a point that it appeared to him that it was worth sixteen thousand gold *scudi* and more. Those excellent noblemen immediately reported this to the Duke, who was greatly irritated; and they likewise repeated it to me. To whom I responded that in no way whatsoever would I accept the praises of Bandinello, since this evil man

*Letter to the Soprasindachi of 1570* (see above, p. 377, n. 1), where he says that Bandinelli valued his *Perseus* at sixteen thousand *scudi*: a fact which Bandinelli knew himself and *dalla buona memoria del Vescovo* (Bartolini) *e del detto Messer Pandolfo* (who had died in 1568). Later on we find Benvenuto estimating the value of an oil painting representing the *Magi*, painted by Girolamo Macchietti (styled *il Crocifissaio*) for the private chapel of Pandolfo della Stufa in San Lorenzo in Florence. (Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 636.)

spoke ill of every one. These words of mine were repeated to the Duke, and for this reason the Duchess wanted me to entrust the matter to her. All this is the pure truth: it is sufficient to say that I did my best to leave myself to the Duchess' judgement, in order that I might shortly be paid, and I should have had that reward besides.

The Duke let me know through Misser Lelio Torello,<sup>1</sup> auditor, that he wanted me to make certain histories his on bas-reliefs of bronze around the Choir of S<sup>a</sup> Maria del Fiore; and since the said Choir had been undertaken by Bandinello I did not want to embellish his trashy work with (the results of) my labour; but for all that the said Choir was not after his design, for he did not understand anything in the world about architecture: the design was made by Giuliano di Baccio d'Agnolo the joiner, who spoils the Cupola.<sup>2</sup> It is sufficient that

<sup>1</sup> Lelio Torelli of Fano was summoned by Duke Alessandro upon the Florentine *Ruota*; and Duke Cosimo in 1539 appointed him his principal Auditor, and in 1546 his First Secretary. He published many works on Law; amongst others a new edition of the *Pandects* collated after an early Pisan MS.: a work which entailed ten years' labour, and which did not appear until 1553. He also composed poetry both in Italian and Latin. In 1571 he was appointed Senator by the Grand-duke Francesco I, and died in 1576 at the age of eighty-seven. (Cf. VARCHI, *Stor. fior.*, ed. cit., Book XV; MANNI, *Senatori fiorentini*, p. 104, and A. M. SALVINI, *Fasti Consolari dell' Accademia fior.* Firenze, Tartini, 1717 (Torelli). CELLINI also in a *Sonnet* (cf. *Trattati*, ed. C. MILANESI cit. (*Appendix*), p. 359) confirms the good opinion in which he was held by his contemporaries.

<sup>2</sup> It was Baccio d'Agnolo himself, and not his son Giuliano who designed the still unfinished gallery around the Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore. That Cellini's judgement was not unreasonable may be gathered from the opinion of Michelangelo himself as

there was no talent in it; and for the one reason and the other I did not want in any way whatsoever to execute such a work. But I always kept politely telling the Duke that I would do all that His Most Illustrious Excellency might command me; so that His Excellency commissioned the Directors of the *Opera (operai) di S<sup>ta</sup> Maria del Fiore* that they should make an agreement with me: that His Excellency would merely provide my allowance of two hundred *scudi* per annum, and that he desired that the said Directors of the *Opera* should furnish every other thing from the Fund of the said *Opera*. So that I appeared before the said Directors, who informed me of all the orders that they had received from the Duke: and since it seemed to me that with them I could more safely explain my arguments, I began by pointing out to them that so many histories in bronze would be a very great expense, which was entirely thrown away: and I gave them all the reasons; by which they were fully convinced. The first (reason) was that that arrangement of the Choir was altogether incorrect, and was made without any judgement, nor could one see in it either art, or convenience, or grace, or design;<sup>1</sup> the other was that the said histories were to go into too low a position, that they would come too much below the line of vision,

quoted by VASARI in his *Life of Baccio* (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. V, pp. 349-359).

<sup>1</sup> VASARI in the same *Life of Baccio* describes this Choir and adds "that it was not much praised nor approved as a fine thing by those who have judgement in such matters": and in fact in 1841 the arches and other decorations were removed, leaving only the foundations. Cf. CAVALLUCCI, *S. Maria del Fiore*, Firenze, 1887, p. 186. Portions of it may still be seen in the Museum of the Opera del Duomo.

that they would be a place for dogs to make water upon (*un pisciator' da cani*) and would be continually covered with all sorts of filth, and that for the said reasons by no means whatsoever did I want to execute them. It was only in order not to cast away the remainder of my best years without obliging His Most Illustrious Excellency, whom I desired so much to please and serve. Therefore if His Excellency wanted to make use of my labours he would allow me to make the central door of S<sup>ta</sup> Maria del Fiore, which would be a work that would be conspicuous, and would be much more to the glory of His Most Illustrious Excellency. And I would bind myself by a contract that if I did not make it better than that which is the most beautiful of the doors of S<sup>o</sup> Giovanni, I wanted nothing for my labour; but if I carried them out according to my promise, I would content myself that they should make a valuation, and afterwards give me one thousand *scudi* less than the price at which it was valued by the men of the profession.

These Directors were much pleased by the thing which I had proposed to them, and they went to speak of it to the Duke. There was one amongst the rest, Piero Salviati,<sup>1</sup> who thought that he was saying something that would be most agreeable to the Duke, and it was quite the opposite; for (the Duke) said that I was always wanting to do the exact opposite to that which it pleased him that I should do: and without any other decision the said

<sup>1</sup> Piero d'Alamanno d'Averardo Salviati, born in 1504, was in 1528 at the head of the Florentine youth who were opposed to Medicean rule. Becoming subsequently friendly with Duke Cosimo, he was in 1553 appointed by him amongst the number of the Forty-Eight. He died in 1564. Cf. MANNI, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

Piero departed from the Duke. When I heard this I immediately went to see the Duke, who showed himself somewhat angry with me. I begged him that he would deign to listen to me, and so he promised to do. So that I commenced from the beginning; and with so many fine arguments I gave him to understand the truth of the matter, pointing out to His Excellency that it was a great expense thrown away; in such fashion that I much soothed him by saying that, if His Most Illustrious Excellency was not pleased that I should make that door, there was need of executing for that Choir two pulpits, that they would be two important works, and would be to the glory of His Most Illustrious Excellency, and that I would fashion a great number of histories in bronze in low relief with much decoration: thus I soothed him, and he commissioned me to make the sketch-models. I made many models and endured very great fatigue; and amongst the others I made one with eight panels, with much greater study than I expended upon the others, and it seemed to me that it was much more convenient for the purpose for which it had to serve. And since I had carried them many times to the Palace, His Excellency gave me to understand by Misser Cesere, the Wardrobe-Keeper, that I must leave them. After that the Duke had seen them I perceived that His Excellency had chosen the less beautiful. One day His Excellency had me summoned, and in discussing these said models, I told him and pointed out to him with many arguments that the one with the eight panels would be much more suitable for such a purpose, and much more beautiful to look at. The Duke answered me that he wanted me to make it

square, because it pleased him much more after that fashion; and so he discussed it with me a long time very pleasantly. I did not hesitate to tell him all that occurred to me in defence of the art (in my work). Oh! That the Duke could have known that I spoke the truth; but nevertheless he wanted it made in his own way:<sup>1</sup> and it was a long time before anything more was said to me about it.

<sup>1</sup> GUASTI (*op. cit.*) points out that there can be no doubt that Bandinelli with all the arts of the courtier, and relying upon the favour of the Duchess Eleanora, succeeded in preventing the Duke from employing Cellini to make the door, the bas-reliefs for the Choir, and the pulpits. Further than this VASARI bears witness that Baccio had himself contemplated making in the Choir two pulpits of marble and bronze. Two *Letters* of his, the first bearing date April 10th 1549, addressed to Jacopo Guidi, and the other undated, but also previous to the unveiling of the *Perseus*, addressed to the Majordomo, Pier Francesco Ricci, allude to this project very plainly. In the second of these *Letters* he expresses himself thus: "Your Lordship knows for certain that Benvenuto is much more fitted to clean up similar histories than to make them himself; as in truth may be seen from his figures, for, though they are small he is accustomed to make them full of defects," etc. (*Lettere pittoriche cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 74-75). From documents we learn that Cellini had not only commenced the bas-reliefs and the pulpits, but had even started upon the door. In a *Petition* dated July 13th 1563 (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI *op. cit.*, p. 605), we hear of a "*quadro dell' Adamo*" to which he again refers in a *Letter* of October 13th in the same year. Moreover in the *Inventory* of the goods left after his death we find the entry: "No. 290. *Una storia* [TASSI reads *bozza*] *di basso rilievo di cera, in un quadro di pietra morta, di Adamo ed Eva, rimasto in bottega*" (*Ibid.*, p. 641). Regarding the pulpits we read in a *Petition* addressed by CELLINI to the Prince Don Francesco de' Medici dated August 19th 1567, *Ibid.*, p. 609, as follows: "The Most Illustrious and Most Excellent Lord Duke commanded me to make more models for fashioning the pulpits in S. Maria del Fiore; and so I made three little models differing one from another,

from which His Excellency selected one of them, after which fashion were made those two in wood, which are to-day in the Choir; but they are only the skeletons (*ossature*) of such works, because the work (itself) according to the model is very rich in histories, figures, and many very difficult ornaments. He commanded me also to make a model for those oblong panels which are around the said Choir." And in the *Memorial* to the *Sopraassindachi* of September 20th 1570 (*Ibid.*, *op. cit.*, p. 566) he states: "And besides His Highness having commissioned me to make the Pulpits of Santa Reparata, for which I made the models, and one of them pleased him, he immediately commissioned me to set to work upon it; and the Pulpits that are in wood were made under my directions for the style, in order to be completed (eventually) in marble and bronzes. He ordered me besides to make low reliefs to go round the Choir, which are begun, and one has been almost completed." Finally in another *Memorial* to the same authority in the same year (*Ibid.*, p. 574) CELLINI again says: "After that His Highness caused me to make models of the Pulpits, which were to be a very important work, and I also made the models for the low-reliefs of the Choir. And I had already commenced the work, and had also made designs and models for the Door of the Duomo, and I had promised His Highness to make the Doors more beautiful" [a boastful remark to which BANDINELLI alludes in one of his *Letters*] "than are those of San Giovanni." Of all these much-discussed works none was ever carried out, but we find the following entries in the *Inventary* to which allusion has already been made above: "No. 295. *Due o tre Modellini di Pergamo di S. Maria del Fiore, di cartone*; No. 325. *Modellino di Nostra Donna, di cera*," a figure also intended, no doubt, for one of these pulpits.

## CHAPTER XV

(1559)<sup>1</sup>

Benvenuto goes along the road by way of Poggio a Caiano to see the marble for the *Neptune*.—The Duke tells Cellini to make a model for the same; whereat the Duchess is displeased.—He exhibits to the Duke two small models for the statue.—He carries some small articles of jewelry to the Duchess, who is much offended with him.—He exhibits to the Duke and the Ambassadors from Ferrara and Lucca the model of *Neptune*.—Death of Bandinelli.—Cellini desires to place a *Crucifix* in the Church of Sta Maria Novella, but finding that he would not be allowed to be buried beneath it, he destines it for the Church of the SS. Annunziata.—He continues to make models for the *Neptune*.—He purchases for the term of his natural life the Podere della Fonte without having seen it, valuing it according to the income it is said to produce.—He goes to Vicchio, where he is warmly welcomed by Pier Maria d'Anterigoli, nicknamed *Sbietta*, and his wife.—In the summer he goes to Trespiano, and thence to Vicchio.—Being invited to supper at this latter place he is served upon different crockery from the rest of the party, and Sbietta's wife urges him to eat.—Having taken leave of these people to return to Trespiano, he is taken ill upon the road, and on reaching his destination at night he is seized with dysentery.—Ammannato lets him know that he has acquired the marble for the *Neptune*.—Cellini is attended in his illness by Francesco Catani of Montevarchi the physician and Raffaello de' Pilli, the surgeon.

AT this period the great piece of marble for *Neptune* had been conveyed up the river Arno, and then

<sup>1</sup> The student of CELLINI'S *Autobiography* will scarcely fail to notice that at this juncture there occurs an interval of silence from



1556 to 1559. Benvenuto's own allusions to the events during this interval are of the slightest, being limited to a *Memorandum* preserved in the Biblioteca Riccardiana (*cf.* TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 71), and a number of *Sonnets* (*ibid.*, pp. 418 *e segg.*); but with the assistance of other documents preserved in the Florentine Public Records we can arrive at the reasons both for the silence and the artist's reluctance to allude to it. From Vols. 73 and 74 of the *Partiti dei Signori Otto di Guardia e Balìa*, which cover a period from May to December 1556, we gather that the violent and passionate Benvenuto was lodged in gaol "*because in August 1556, in the Via della Pergola, he assaulted with a cudgel Giovanni di Lorenzo, the goldsmith, and with it struck him 4 blows upon the arms and one upon the head, with fracture and blood, so that the bone was exposed . . . therefore they (the Otto) condemned him to pay 300 florins to the Exchequer according to their orders, etc.*" For this offence he was imprisoned forty-six days, and was only liberated on October 26th in that year (1556) under a guarantee of a thousand ducats not to offend again under pain of a fine of 500 ducats (*cf.* GUASTI, *op. cit.*, pp. 522 and 594, and the unpublished MSS. of MILANESI now preserved in the Biblioteca Comunale at Siena). But this imprisonment was followed by another in the following year, to which the line

*Chi dice ch' io son per Ganimede*

in his XXXIV *Sonnet*, written from his prison cell, no doubt alludes. On February 27th he was condemned on his own confession to a fine of fifty gold ducats and to remain "*for four years in the Stinche (i.e., the Public Prison of Florence) from that day present,*" "*deprived in perpetuity of all public office,*" for having for five years practised unnatural offences with Ferrante da Montepulciano, his apprentice. That this was not the *first*, nor the *only* time that Cellini was accused of these vices the *Autobiography* itself bears witness; but until now he had strenuously defended himself, even by turning the accusation into a joke (*cf.* Book II, Chap. X above). On March 3rd of that same year he appealed to the Duke that his imprisonment might be commuted to confinement "*within the walls of the city, or rather to his own house*" for so long as His Excellency may please, "*for thus,*" says he, "*I can finish the marble Christ, which will be his own particular glory.*" This *Petition* was attached to a *Letter* from his friend Girolamo de' Rossi,

transported by way of the Grieve<sup>1</sup> along the road by Poggio a Caiano, so as to enable it to be more easily conveyed to Florence by that level road, whereon I went to see it. And that although I knew for very certain that the Duchess by her own special favour had caused Cavaliere Bandinello to obtain it; not out of any envy that I bore to Bandinello, but rather inspired by pity for the poor unlucky piece of marble. Observe that, whatever the object may be, if it be subject to an evil destiny, though one may seek to avoid some obvious ill, it happens that one falls into one much worse, as did the said marble at the hands of Bartolomeo Ammannato, regarding whom I will tell the true story in its own place. When I had seen this most beautiful piece of marble, I immediately measured its height and its width from all points, and returning to Florence I made several appropriate models. Afterwards I went to Poggio a Caiano, where were the Duke and the Duchess, and the Prince their son;<sup>2</sup> and finding them all at table—the Duke and the Duchess were eating apart—I set myself to amuse the

Bishop of Pavia (*cf.* Book I, Chap. XXV, Vol. II, p. 75, n. 2, and Book II, Chap. IV, p. 167, n. 1), dated March 12th 1557; and, in fact, on the 27th of the same month the imprisonment was commuted to "*a confinement of four years in his own house, where he must remain continually and not issue forth under penalty of a judgement by the magistrate.*" (*Cf.* for further information upon these points the above-cited unpublished MSS. of the late GAETANO MILANESI, and a rough sketch of an *Article* by him, to be found in *Cod. P. III*, 39. *Cf.* also G. BACCINI, *Bollettino storico del Mugello*, Vol. I, pp. 27-28).

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI has made a mistake here between the Greve, which is to the left of the Arno, and the Ombrone, which passes by Poggio a Caiano.

<sup>2</sup> The Prince, Don Francesco

Prince. And when I had entertained him for some considerable time, the Duke who was in an apartment close by, heard me, and with much courtesy had me summoned. And when I reached the presence of Their Excellencies, with many polite words the Duchess began to chat with me: and in the course of that conversation little by little I commenced to talk about that very beautiful piece of marble that I had seen; and I began by reminding them that their ancestors had made their most noble School so very brilliant solely by causing all the talented men in their profession to enter into competition; and that after that ingenious fashion had been created the wondrous Cupola,<sup>1</sup> and the very beautiful doors of S<sup>to</sup> Giovanni<sup>2</sup> and the so many other fine temples and statues, which formed a crown of such brilliance for their city, which from the older masters onwards has never been equalled. Immediately the Duchess said to me irritably that she knew very well what I wanted to imply, and she told me that I was never again to mention that piece of marble in her presence, for I was causing her displeasure. I said: "Then I cause you displeasure by wishing to act as proctor for Your Excellencies, arrang-

<sup>1</sup> According to VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. II, p. 341) Filippo Brunelleschi proposed to the Directors of the *Opera del Duomo* (Santa Maria del Fiore) and the Consuls of the Woolstaplers that they should summon to Florence a number of architects to prepare schemes for the construction of the Cupola: but that after great difficulties the plans of Brunelleschi himself prevailed. Cf. CESARE GUASTI, *La Cupola di Santa Maria del Fiore, illustrata con i documenti dell' Archivio dell' opera secolare*, Firenze, 1857.

<sup>2</sup> The competition for the doors of San Giovanni was held in 1400, and is described by the victorious artist, Lorenzo Ghiberti, in Paragraph XVI of his *Second Commentary*. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. II, pp. 224-227.

ing everything in order that you may be the better served? Consider, My Lady! if Your Most Illustrious Excellencies were pleased that every one should make a model of a *Neptune*,—although you are resolved that Bandinello should have (the commission),—it would be a reason that Bandinello for his own credit should employ greater care in making a fine model, which he would not do if he knew that he had no competitors: and in this way you, our patrons (*signiori*), would be better served, and would not take away the courage of the talented School; and you will see who excels,—I speak of the fine methods of this wondrous Art,—and Your Lordships will show that you delight in it and understand it.” The Duchess in great wrath told me that I was wearying her, and that she wished that that piece of marble should be Bandinello’s; and she said: “Ask the Duke about it, for His Excellency also wishes that it should be Bandinello’s.” When the Duchess had spoken, the Duke who had continually kept silent, said: “It is twenty years since I had that fine piece of marble quarried expressly for Bandinello, and so I wish Bandinello to have it and it shall be his.” I turned at once to the Duke and said: “My Lord! I beg Your Most Illustrious Excellency that you will grant me the favour that I may speak to Your Excellency four words in your service.” The Duke told me that I might say all that I wished, and that he would listen to me. Thereupon I said: “You know, My Lord, that that marble out of which Bandinello made *Hercules and Cacus* was quarried for that wondrous Michelagnuolo Buonaroti, who had made a model of a *Samson* (*Sénsonne*), (a group of) four figures, which would have been the finest work (of art) in the world, and your Bandinello extracted from it but

two figures only, badly executed and entirely botched; wherefore the talented School still complains of the great wrong that was done to that fine piece of marble. I believe that there were attached to it more than one thousand sonnets in abuse of that abominable work, and I know that Your Most Illustrious Excellency remembers that very well. And therefore, My Noble Lord! if those men who had such a charge were so unwise that they took from Michelagnuolo that fine piece of marble which was quarried for him and gave it to Bandinello, who spoiled it as may be seen, oh! will you ever tolerate that this still much more beautiful piece of marble should, although it does belong to Bandinello who will spoil it, not be given to some other talented man who will use it befittingly? Direct, My Lord! that every one who will, shall make a model, and then all shall exhibit them to the School and Your Most Illustrious Excellency will hear what the School says. And Your Excellency with that excellent judgement of yours will know how to choose the best, and in this way you will not throw away your money, nor even less take away the desire for merit from so admirable a School, which is to-day unique in the world: for the entire glory of it belongs to Your Illustrious Excellency." The Duke when he had listened to me very kindly, immediately rose from the table, and turning to me said: "Go, Benvenuto mine! and make a model, and earn that fine piece of marble, for you are telling me the truth and I recognize it."<sup>1</sup> The Duchess,

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this statue of *Neptune* CELLINI makes several allusions in his *Sonnets*, more especially in that entitled "*Sogno fatto in nel sonnellin dell' oro*" ("Dream made in a golden slumber") and upon the line "*Giunse Nettuno, il quale ognun*

threatening me with her head, indignantly began murmuringly I don't know what. And I made my bow to them and returned to Florence, for it seemed to me a thousand years ere I set my hand to the said model. When the Duke came to Florence, without letting me hear anything further, he came to my house, where I displayed to him two small models, differing one from another. But although he praised them both to me, he told me that one pleased him more than the other, and that I must finish thoroughly that which pleased him, for it would be to my advantage. And since His Excellency had seen the one which Bandinello had made, and also some of the others, His Excellency praised mine at much greater length, for so was I informed by many of his courtiers who had heard him. Amongst other remarkable things to be remembered, and to make special note of, it happened that there came to Florence the Cardinal of Santa Fiore. And as the Duke was taking him to Poggio a Caiano, on the way thither in passing, on seeing the

*lonora*" he makes the following commentary: "I'd like to say that when there came into the field this so fine and rare occasion for making a *Neptune*, all those distinguished geniuses were very delighted; wherefore, says he, that since he (Neptune) has arrived, they give him all reverence and honour, and each of them carefully sharpens his little tools to enter into competition with the other clever men (*virtuosi*) his equals . . . and since this piece of marble was perhaps the largest that had ever been quarried, and was then dedicated to so great and wondrous a god as Neptune, all this School of Florence rejoiced exceedingly, and with greatest care got ready, each, with such power as he was able, being desirous with his talent to gain so honourable a reward." VASARI in his *Life of Bandinelli* (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 187), also speaks at length of this competition, in which Cellini, Bandinelli (the favourite of the Duke and Duchess) Ammannato and others took part.

said piece of marble, the Cardinal praised it greatly, and then asked to whom His Excellency had consigned it<sup>1</sup> to be worked upon. The Duke immediately answered: "To my Benvenuto, who has made a most beautiful model for it." And this (statement) was repeated to me by men of credit. For this reason I went to visit the Duchess, and I carried her some pretty little examples of my trade, which Her Most Illustrious Excellency liked very much. Then she asked what I was labouring upon; to which I replied: "My Lady! I have undertaken for pleasure to carry out one of the most laborious tasks that was ever done in the world. And this is a Crucifix of very white marble, upon a cross of very black marble; and it is of stature large (*grande*) as a living man." She immediately asked me what I wanted to do with it. I said: "Know, My Lady! that I would not give it to any one for two thousand gold ducats in gold. For into such a work no man has ever put so vast an amount of labour. Still less would I have contracted to make it for any lord whatsoever, for fear lest I should be shamed by it. I bought the pieces of marble with my own money, and I have kept a lad for about two years, who has assisted me; and what with the pieces of marble and the irons upon which it is kept steady, and wages it has cost me more than three hundred *scudi*. Therefore I will not give it up for two thousand gold *scudi*. But if Your Most Illustrious Excellency wants to confer upon me a very reasonable favour, I will willingly

<sup>1</sup> *Dedicato*: here used in the sense of "allotted." This Cardinal was Ascanio Sforza (*cf.* Book I, Chap. XXIV). He was sent by Pius IV in February 1560, in company with Cardinal Ludovic of Lorraine, to carry the scarlet hat to Don Giovanni, the second son of Duke Cosimo, then a lad of but fifteen or sixteen years of age.

make you a free present of it. Only I beg Your Most Illustrious Excellency that you will not show disfavour to me,—still less not favour me,—with regard to the models of *Neptune* that His Most Illustrious Excellency has commissioned to be made for the great block of marble." She said with much wrath: "Then you do not value my help nor my opposition at all?" "Rather, I do value it, My Lady! or why do I offer to present to you an object that I value at two thousand ducats?"<sup>1</sup> But I put my trust so much in my own laborious and painstaking studies, that I anticipate winning the prize for myself, even though it had been against that great Michelagnuolo Buonaroti, from whom, and never from any other, have I learnt all that I know: and it would be much more pleasing to me if he should make a model, who knows so much than these others who know so little; for with that so great a master of mine I could profit very much, whereas with these others one cannot profit anything." When I had spoken these words she half-angrily rose, and I returned to my work, putting forward my model as much as I was able. And when I had finished it the Duke came to see it, and there were with him two Ambassadors, the one from the Duke of Ferrara and the other from the Signioria of Lucca,<sup>2</sup> and they were thus greatly pleased;

<sup>1</sup> In the *Memorandum* of February 3rd 1565 (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 586) CELLINI notes that whilst he was working upon the model for *Neptune*, he desired Bartolommeo Concino to offer his great Crucifix to the Duchess, who replied that Her Excellency did not wish for it as a present, but that if she should have need of it she would pay its full value. In this way he adds "*io fui disobbligato del dono*" ("I was released from my gift.")

<sup>2</sup> From information gathered by TASSI (*op. cit.*, Vol. II, pp. 535-536) and CARPANI, we learn that these two Ambassadors were



and the Duke said to these lords: "Benvenuto really deserves to have it" (*i.e.*, the commission). Then the said men both spoke highly in my favour, and more especially the Ambassador from Lucca, who was a well-read person, and a doctor (*dottore*). I, for I had gone a little way off, in order that they might be able to say all that seemed good to them, hearing them speak in my favour, immediately drew near, and turning to the Duke I said: "My Lord! Your Most Illustrious Excellency ought again to give another special (*mirabil*) trial: to give orders that whoever wants to may make another model in clay of the same size exactly as (the statue) is to result out of that marble; and in that manner Your Most Illustrious Excellency will see much better who deserves it. And I tell you, that if Your Excellency gives it to one who does not deserve it, you will not wrong the one who does deserve it, rather you will wrong your own self, for you will acquire injury and shame: whereas by doing the opposite, by giving it to him who does deserve it, you will, in the first place, acquire very great glory, and you will spend your treasure well, and talented persons will then believe that you do like and understand these things." Directly I had uttered these words, the Duke shrugged his shoulders, and as he was starting to go away the Ambassador of Lucca said to the Duke: "My Lord! This Benvenuto of yours is a formidable man." The Duke replied: "He is much more formidable than you say he is, and it would be well for him if he were not so formidable, because he would at this present time have had commissions that he has not

Cavaliere Conegrano from Ferrara, and Girolamo Lucchesini (a very learned and cultured person) from Lucca.

had."<sup>1</sup> These particular words the same Ambassador repeated to me, as if reproving me that I ought not to act thus. To whom I replied, that I loved my lord as his loving faithful servant, and I did not know how to act the flatterer. After several weeks had passed Bandinello died:<sup>2</sup> and it was believed that, over and above his ailments, this disappointment at witnessing the loss of the piece of marble was the principal cause of it.

The said Bandinello had heard that I had made that *Crucifix* of which I have spoken above. He immediately set his hand to a piece of marble and made that *Pietà* that may be seen in the Church of the Nunziata. And since I had destined my *Crucifix* for Santa Maria Novella, and I had already fixed the staples for setting it up, I only asked leave to make in the ground beneath the feet of my *Crucifix* a little sepulchre to enter into after I was dead.<sup>3</sup> The said monks told me that they could not grant me such a thing without asking the Directors of their Fabric (*Operai*). To whom I said: "Oh! my brothers! why did you not ask the Directors

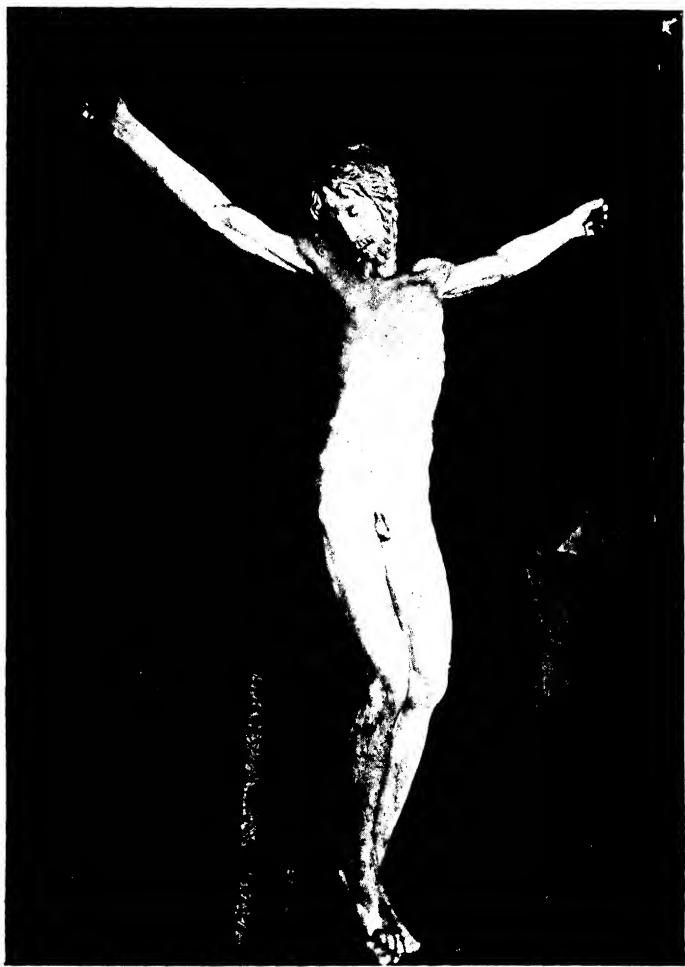
<sup>1</sup> This reply of the Duke (*Gli e molto* down to *à aute*) is written below in the MS. It is probable that CELLINI would remember how he wrote not much further back, that hasty language was scarcely befitting from a subject to his prince; still less to a prince such as Duke Cosimo, who delighted in flatterers like Bandinelli.

<sup>2</sup> He died on February 7th 1560 (*Common Style*) at the age of seventy-two, according to VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VI, p. 120), since in the *Libro dei Battezzati* in the Archivio dell' Opera del Duomo di Firenze his birth is registered upon October 7th 1488. In the *Terzo Libro dell' Eta*, however, the statement is asserted that he was born on November 12th 1493.

<sup>3</sup> In Chapter VI of his *Treatise on Sculpture* CELLINI mentions again that this *Crucifix* was destined for his own sepulchre.

at first, when providing a place for my beautiful *Crucifix*, for which without their permission you have allowed me to fix the staples and other things?" And for this reason I would not any more give the results of my so severe labours to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, although subsequently those Directors came to see me, and besought me for it. I immediately turned to the Church of the Nunziata, and when I proposed to give it to them on those terms which I wanted to make at Santa Maria Novella, those pious monks of the said Nunziata all with one accord told me that I might set it up in their church, and that I could make my sepulchre in any way that seemed good to me and pleased me. Bandinello having got wind of this, set to work with great diligence to finish his *Pietà*, and demanded of the Duchess that she should enable him to have that chapel which belonged to the Pazzi; the which he got with difficulty. And directly he got it, with great haste he set up his piece of work there;<sup>1</sup> the which was not completely finished when he died. The Duchess said that she had assisted him in life, and that she would aid him still in death; and that although he was dead, I must never cherish any idea of securing that piece of marble. Wherefore Bernardone the agent told me one

<sup>1</sup> The Pazzi family on May 2nd 1559 (*cf.* GAYE, *Carteggio*, etc., Vol. II, pp. 283, 284) conceded permission to Bandinelli to form a family vault and to erect a marble altar in their chapel in the Church of the SS. Annunziata; retaining, however, their own right of patronage over the said chapel. Here was erected the *Pietà*, of which CELLINI speaks, begun by Bandinelli's natural son, Clemente. The tomb and marble group are still in existence; and the former bears bas-relief portraits of the sculptor and his wife. (*Cf.* VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 189.)



LIFE-SIZE CRUCIFIX IN MARBLE

Escorial, Madrid



day, on meeting me in the country, that the Duchess had given away the piece of marble. To whom I said: "Oh! Unfortunate marble! It is certain that it would have come off badly in the hands of Bandinello, but in the hands of Ammannato it has come off one hundred times worse."<sup>1</sup> I had received orders from the Duke to make the clay model, of the size that it would result in marble, and he had caused me to be provided with the wood and the clay; and directed them to make me a little screen in the Loggia, where is my *Perseus*, and he paid for a labourer for me. I set to work with all the diligence that I could, and I made the skeleton of wood according to my excellent rule; and I brought it happily to its termination, not caring about making it in marble, for I knew that the Duchess was determined that I should not have it, and

<sup>1</sup> Bartolommeo d'Antonio Ammannato was born (according to the *Libro dei Battezzati*) September 15th 1511, and died April 14th 1592. He studied sculpture under Jacopo Sansovino, and also turned his attention to architecture. All the historians of his day, as well as CELLINI'S *Memoranda*, attribute to him the reconstruction of the Ponte SS. Trinità after the famous inundation in September 1557, and he also superintended the rearrangement of the Palazzo Pitti. BENVENUTO praised him in two *Sonnets* addressed to him and to the celebrated poetess Laura Battiferri, his wife, of whom presently (*cf. Trattati*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Nos. LVII and LVIII, pp. 355-6); but he subsequently abused Ammannato roundly in connection with this statue of *Neptune* (*Ibid.*, No. LV, p. 354). From VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 191) we learn that when Benvenuto heard that Ammannato had secured the commission from the Duke to make a large model for this statue, beneath an arch in the Loggia de' Lanzi, "he rode to Pisa where the Duke was; where he told him that he could not tolerate that his talent should be trampled upon by one who was inferior to him . . . the Duke wished to content him and gave him permission to board up the other arch of the Loggia," etc.

for this reason I did not trouble about it. It merely pleased me to endure that labour with which I promised myself, so that when I had finished it, and the Duchess, who was after all a person of intelligence, might chance later to see it I promised myself that she would be very distressed that she had inflicted upon the piece of marble and upon herself so unmeasured a wrong.<sup>1</sup> And Giovanni the Fleming<sup>2</sup> made a model in the cloisters of S<sup>ta</sup> Crocie, and Vincentio Danti<sup>3</sup> of Perugia made one in the house

<sup>1</sup> In the oft-quoted letters addressed by CELLINI to the *Soprasindachi* (cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, pp. 565-575) frequent mention is made of the details concerning this commission for the *Neptune*, and the artist adds that the Duchess in company with the Duke visited his house, saw the *Crucifix* and "the model of the *Neptune*, together with all the decorations for the Fountain," and she was so pleased with it that she repented having taken the commission from him. Wherefore "she commanded a man of great authority to cause a piece of marble to be quarried of the same size, or larger, than that one, and she wished me at all costs to carry out that fine work. At this juncture Her Most Illustrious Excellency went to Pisa, and a short time afterwards died, and with her died my every hope." We have already stated that the death of the Duchess Eleanora occurred on December 18th 1562.

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated Gian Bologna, or Giambologna (*Jean de Boulogne*), known also as Giovanni Fiammingo. He was born at Douai about 1525, and died on August 13th 1608. His most celebrated works are the *Rape of the Sabines* in the Loggia de' Lanzi, the *Mercury* in the Museo Nazionale, the *Equestrian Statue of Cosimo I* in the Piazza della Signoria, the decorative *Fountain* in the Boboli Gardens in Florence, and the great *Neptune Fountain* in the Piazza Nettuno at Bologna. He was buried behind the Choir at the SS. Annunziata (cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vols. VI, p. 191; VII, p. 584; and VIII, p. 619).

<sup>3</sup> A Perugian goldsmith and sculptor, born in 1530 and died 1576. He was brother to the celebrated mathematician, the Dominican monk Egnazio Danti. (Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. I, p. 308, and *passim*.)

of Misser Ottaviano de' Medici; another the son of Moschino<sup>1</sup> began at Pisa, and another Bartolomeo Ammannato made in the Loggia, which we had divided between us. When I had well sketched it all out, and I wanted to begin finishing the head, to which I had already given a small part of its first touches, the Duke came down from the Palace, and Giorgetto the painter<sup>2</sup> took him into the apartment of Ammannato, to show him the *Neptune*, upon which the said Giorgino had laboured with his own hand for many days, along with the said Ammannato and with all his workmen. Whilst the Duke was looking at it I was told that he was very little satisfied with it; and although the said Giorgino wanted to fill him up with those chatterings of his, the Duke shook his head, and turning to his Misser Gianstefano,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This sculptor was *not* the son of Moschino, but Moschino himself; i.e., Francesco di Simone Mosca, who bore the nickname of *delle Pecore* ("of the Sheep"). This Francesco had a son named Simone who died in 1610. He was also a sculptor, but he would not at this date (1559) have been old enough to have entered into competition with men of the age and reputation of Ammannato, Danti and Cellini. Moreover, in 1563-64 Moschino was sent to Pisa by Duke Cosimo to execute certain work on the Duomo there. (Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VI, p. 310, and TANFANI, *Not. d'Artisti*, etc. cit.)

<sup>2</sup> By "Giorgetto" and "Giorgino," CELLINI indicates GIORGIO VASARI, whose good-will towards Ammannato is clearly shown by his allusions to him (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VI, pp. 187-192). He even conveyed, for his approval, so he tells us (p. 191), to Michelangelo in Rome a small wax model of Ammannato's proposed statue.

<sup>3</sup> CARPANI thought that this might be Stefano Lalli of Norcia, but in truth the person here mentioned is Stefano Alli, a Roman, one of the most trusted chamberlains of Duke Cosimo, by whom—and even more by the Grand-Duke Francesco—as we learn from



he said: "Go and ask Benvenuto if his giant is sufficiently advanced that he will be willing to give me a glimpse of it." The said Misser Gianstefano very briefly and most courteously gave me the message on behalf of the Duke: and he told me besides that if my work did not seem to me to be yet fit to exhibit I must freely say so, for the Duke knew very well that I had had very little help in so vast an undertaking. I told him that he might come with pleasure, and although my work was little advanced the intelligence of His Most Illustrious Excellency was such, that he could very well judge how it would result when finished. So the said nobleman took my message to the Duke who came gladly; and directly His Excellency entered the apartment, having cast his eyes over my work, he showed that he found much satisfaction therein. Afterwards he went all round it, stopping at the four points of view, in no other way than one most expert in the profession would have done. After that he showed many great signs and indications of exhibiting great pleasure, and he merely remarked: "Benvenuto! You have only to give it a last coat."<sup>1</sup> Then he turned to those who were with His Excellency and spoke very highly of my work, saying: "The little model, which I saw in his house pleased me very much, but this work of his has surpassed the excellence of the model."

As it was pleasing to God, who does everything for our advantage:—I speak to those who recognize and

the *Carteggio Mediceo*, he was frequently sent to Rome to procure medals, cameos, and other antiques.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* another coating of plaster, or other diluted substance, for slightly thickening the surface of the statue and sharpening the contours.

believe in Him, God always defends them:—at about this time there fell in my way a certain scoundrel from Vicchio, called Piermaria d'Anterigoli,<sup>1</sup> and (he bore) for his nickname *Sbetta* ("the Wedge") (*sic*): the trade of this man was that of a shepherd, and since he was a near relative of Misser Guido Guidi, the physician, and to-day Provost of Pescia,<sup>2</sup> I inclined my ear to him. This man offered to sell me one of his farms for the term of my natural life. The which farm I did not care to see because I had a desire to finish my model for the *Giant Neptune*, and also because there was no need that I should see it, because he sold it me for the income only: the which the said man had noted down for me in so many bushels of wheat, and of wine, oil, and corn and chestnuts and other profits; the which said produce I reckoned at the period in which we were as worth more than one hundred gold *scudi* in gold, and I gave him six hundred and fifty *scudi*, including the taxes. So that, since he left me a writing in his own hand, that he would always, for as long as I lived, keep up for me the said income, I did not trouble myself to go to see the said farm. But, nevertheless, in the best way that I could, I made enquiries whether the said Sbietta, and Ser Filippo<sup>3</sup> his very own brother, were sufficiently well off to make me secure. Thus by many

<sup>1</sup> In the *Memoranda* he is called *Pier Maria di ser Vespasiano d'Anterigoli*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. IV, *supra*, p. 164, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> This man, as we read presently, was a priest, and CELLINI addressed to him a *Letter* (reproduced in facsimile by TASSI—who owned it—in the first Volume of his edition of the *Autobiography*), requesting the return of a few *lire* disbursed for him, and threatening to summon him before the Bishop of the Diocese.

different persons, who knew them, I was told that I was most secure. We summoned by agreement S<sup>r</sup> Pierfrancesco Bertoldi, notary to the Mercatantia;<sup>1</sup> and first of all I gave into his hand all that the said Sbietta was willing to keep up for me, thinking that the said writing would have been set out in the contract. However the said notary, who attested it, was attending to the twenty-two boundaries, which the said Sbietta was reciting to him and, according to my opinion, he did not remember to include in the said contract that which the said vendor had offered me: and I, whilst the notary was writing, kept on working. And since it took several hours to write out, I did a great piece of the head of the said *Neptune*. So having completed the said contract, Sbietta began to show me the greatest civilities in the world, and I did the like towards him. He presented me with kids, cheese, capons, curds (*ricotte*) and many sorts of fruit, in such fashion that I began to be more than half (*mezzo mezzo*) ashamed; and in return for these courtesies I took him, every time that he came to Florence away from the inn. And many times he was accompanied by some one of his relatives, who came also: and in a pleasant way he began saying to me that it was a shame that I had bought a farm, and that now so many weeks had passed and I had not arranged to leave my business a little for three days to my workmen and to go to see it.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI repeats these facts in a *Memorandum* of September 10th 1556, where he says that the contract was attested *nella Loggia di Piazza del Duca*, and mentions the names of the persons who were present. The *Deed*, which bears date June 26th 1560 is to be found in the Biblioteca Palatina, together with the valuation of the farm and a note of the income derived therefrom. Cf. G. BACCINI in the *Bolletino storico del Mugello*, Vol. I, pp. 124-127.

He succeeded so well in alluring me that in my evil hour indeed I went to see it. And the said Sbietta received me into his house with so many courtesies and with so much honour, that he could not have done more for a Duke. And his wife showed me more civilities than he did. And in this way we continued for a while, until there came to pass all that he and his brother S<sup>r</sup> Filippo had plotted. I did not leave off busying myself about my work upon the *Neptune*, and I had already sketched it all out, as I said above, upon a most excellent rule, such as has never been employed, nor known by any one before me; to such purpose that although I was sure of not having the piece of marble, for the reasons given above, I believed that I should soon have finished it (the model) and immediately allowed it to be seen in the Piazza, —merely for my own satisfaction. The season was warm and pleasant, in such a way, that being made so much of by these two rascals, I started one Wednesday, which was a double festival, from my villa at Trespiano<sup>1</sup> and I made

<sup>1</sup> In a *Memorandum* dated October 26th 1548 (*cf.* TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 20) we find as follows: "I, Benvenuto, son of Giovanni Cellini, have bought of Cristofano Buontalenti, currier, two properties on one agreement; namely, the one at Prati, in the parish of Tresolle; the other at Trespiano, situated between Trespiano and Pian di Mugnone," etc.; a contract which was attested by Ser Niccolo da Corella. And in another *Memorandum* dated August 14th 1556 (*ibid.*, p. 70) we find: "I record here how on the fourteenth day of August 1556 I bought of Francesco di Raffaello Marchi, gold-beater, the half of a farm at Trespiano, a spot called *il Bucine* —for 140 gold *scudi* in cash . . . and the other half I took on lease from him at half the taxes, and with further conditions, as for record may be seen in the *Day-Book* at page 45, attested by Ser Pier Francesco Bertoldi the said day in Florence." Moreover in the *Inventory*, made after Cellini's death, to which we have already

there a good luncheon, so that it was more than twenty of the clock when I arrived at Vicchio, and I immediately found Ser Filippo at the gate of Vicchio; who seemed to know that I was coming. He showed me many civilities and escorted me to the house of Sbietta, where was his shameless wife. She also showed me unlimited courtesies; to whom I gave a very fine straw hat;<sup>1</sup> for she said she had never seen one more beautiful. Sbietta himself was not there then. As it drew near evening we all supped together very agreeably. Afterwards there was allotted to me a splendid bedroom, wherein I reposed myself in a very clean bed; and to my two servants were given the like according to their rank. In the morning, when I arose, there were shown to me the same courtesies. I went to see my farm, which pleased me: and there was handed over to me so much wheat and other (kinds of) corn (*biade*). And after that I had returned to Vicchio, the priest S<sup>r</sup> Filippo said to me: "Benvenuto! Do not be uneasy. For if indeed you have not found everything entirely such as has been

so frequently referred, the following entry appears: "Inventory of the household goods that were in the country, and came to Florence, and that are to-day in the ground floor of the house."

<sup>1</sup> GUASTI (*Rapporto della mostra mandamentale pratese* 1880) points out that this is another proof that the art of straw-plaiting is no new one, as some have asserted. MARIOTTI tells us of a straw hat worn by Santa Caterina de' Ricci, which is still preserved in Florence as a relic. From "this hat of very fine straw," presented by Cellini to Sbietta's wife, we learn also that the Florentines plaited straw for hats at least as early as the sixteenth century. Moreover in the *Registers of the Physicians and Druggists* of the last half of that century are to be found entries of the names of a great many straw-hat makers in the same districts, where they exercise their calling even to the present day.

promised to you, be of good courage, for it will be kept up to your profit, because you are dealing with honest people. And know that we have dismissed this labourer because he was a rogue." This labourer was named Mariano Rosegli, who had told me many times: "Look well after your affairs, for in the end you will know which of us is the greater rogue." This rustic, when he spoke these words to me, smiled in a certain suspicious way, jerking his head, as if to say: "Go thither! that you will see for yourself." I formed rather an evil opinion of the matter, but I never imagined anything of what did happen to me. Having returned from the farm, which is two miles distant from Vicchio towards the Alps, I found the said priest, who with his accustomed courtesies was waiting for me. So we went to take luncheon all together: this was not a dinner, but it was an excellent luncheon. After that, I went walking about in Vicchio. The market had already begun; I found myself gazed at by all those inhabitants of Vicchio as a thing unusual to see, and more than all the others by an honest man who lived many years ago in Vicchio, and whose wife makes bread for sale. He has at nearly a mile from there certain excellent properties belonging to him: he is however content to live in that way. This honest man lives in one of my houses in Vicchio, which had been consigned to me with the said farm, which is called the Farm of the Fountain; and he said to me: "I am living in your house, and at the proper time I will give you your rent. Or if you want it beforehand I will do in all ways as you wish. It is sufficient if you will always be in agreement with me." And whilst we were talking together I observed that this man was fixing his

eyes upon me: in such a way that I, constrained by such a circumstance, said to him: "Pray tell me, my dear Giovanni!<sup>1</sup> why have you gazed at me many times so fixedly?" This worthy man said to me: "I will tell you willingly, if you being such a man as you are, promise me not to say that I have told it you." So I promised him. Thereupon he said to me: "Know that that wicked priest Ser Filippo not many days ago went about boasting of the abilities of his brother Sbetta, saying that he had sold his farm to an old man for his life who would not survive the whole year. You are mixed up with a party of rogues; therefore contrive to live as long as you can, and open your eyes, for you have need to do so. I don't wish to say any more." Whilst strolling through the market, I met Giovanbatista Santini, and he and I were taken to supper by the said priest. And as I said further back it was about twenty of the clock, and I was supping at so early an hour for my convenience, because I had said that I wanted to return that evening to Trespiano: so that they hastily prepared it, and the wife of Sbietta worked hard, and amongst others a certain Cechino Buti, their bravo (*lancia*). When the salads were made and as we began to sit down to table, that said evil priest, making a certain wicked little laugh of his, said: "You must needs pardon me, for I cannot sup with you, because there has occurred to me a matter of great importance on behalf of my brother Sbietta: and

<sup>1</sup> Sardelli, as we learn later on, who rented "a house with a shop and a dwelling-place, kitchen-garden and other appurtenances, situated in the fortified village of Vicchio in the principal street" according to the valuation published by G. BACCINI in *Bollettino storico del Mugello*, Vol. I, p. 127.

since he is not here, it is necessary that I supply his place." We all besought him, but we could not prevail upon him at all. He departed and we began to sup. When we had eaten the salads out of certain common platters, in commencing to serve us with boiled meat, a soup-plate appeared for each person. Santino, who was at the table opposite me, remarked: "To you they are giving all the crockery different from these others. Did you ever see anything handsomer?" I told him that I had not noticed such a matter. He also suggested to me that I should summon to the table Sbietta's wife, who, she and that Cechino Buti, were running backwards and forwards, both extraordinarily busy. At length I begged that woman so much that she came. And she complained, saying to me: "My fare does not please you, wherefore you eat so little." When I had praised the supper several times over, telling her that I had never eaten with more willingness nor better, at last I said that I had eaten quite as much as I had need of. I should never have imagined why that woman put so much pressure upon me that I should eat. When we had finished supping it was already past 21 of the clock, and I had a desire to return that evening to Trespiano, so as to be able to go the next day to my work in the Loggia. So I said "Good-bye" to all; and having thanked the woman I took my departure. I had not gone three miles, when it seemed to me that my stomach was on fire, and I felt in such torment that it seemed to me a thousand years ere I arrived at my farm at Trespiano. As God willed, I arrived at nightfall with great difficulty, and at once made arrangements to go to bed. That night I could not sleep at all, and besides my bowels were disturbed which forced me several times to



go to the closet, so much so that when daylight came, feeling that my genital organs were on fire, I wanted to see what could be the matter. I found the sheet covered with blood. At once I imagined that I had eaten something poisonous, and over and over again I turned over in my own mind what the thing could have been. And there returned to my memory those plates and bowls and saucers differing from the others allotted to me by the said wife of Sbietta, and (the reason) why that evil priest, the brother of the said Sbietta, who had been labouring so hard to do me such honour, did not then want to remain at supper with us himself. And there returned to my memory besides that the said priest had said that his (brother) Sbietta had done such a fine stroke (of business) in having sold a farm to an old man for life, who would never survive the year. For such words had been repeated to me by that honest man Giovanni Sardella. So that I concluded that they had given me in a bowl of sauce, which had been very well made and was very pleasant to the palate, a dose of sublimate (*silimato*);<sup>1</sup> because sublimate causes all those symptoms that I observed that I had. But since I am accustomed to eat few sauces or condiments with meat, other than salt, I consequently chanced to eat but two small mouthfuls of that sauce, because it was so good to the taste. And I went on to remember how many times the said wife of Sbietta kept urging me in divers fashions, telling me that I must eat that sauce: so that I knew for very certain that with that said sauce they had administered me that small dose of sublimate. Though I was suffering

<sup>1</sup> A misspelling for *sublimato*: "bichloride of mercury," a corrosive substance of considerable strength.

in that way I went anyhow to work upon my *Giant* in the said Loggia, so much so that a few days later a violent illness overcame me so entirely that I was confined to my bed. Directly the Duchess heard that I was ill she caused the commission for that unlucky marble, now at liberty, to be given to Bartolomeo dell' Amannato, who sent to tell me by Misser . . . <sup>1</sup> that I could do what I liked with the model which I had begun, for he had earned the piece of marble. This Misser . . . was one of the lovers of the wife of the said Bartolomeo Ammannato: and because he was the most favoured, since he was polite and discreet, this said Ammannato gave him every opportunity, upon which subject there would be much to say of importance. However I do not want to act as did Bandinello his master, who in his arguments wandered away from the question of art. It is sufficient that I said . . . I had always foreseen it; and therefore I told Bartolomeo that he should strive that he might demonstrate his acknowledgements to the fortune which had conferred upon him so undeservedly

<sup>1</sup> Here, and at all the points where *lacune* occur in this passage, there are in the MS. most complete and destructive erasures, even so far in some places as to destroy the very paper itself. It is supposed that CELLINI himself repented the aspersions cast upon the good name of Laura Battiferri, who had been praised by ANIBALE CARO, and was well known to be a lady of irreproachable conduct. CELLINI, moreover, had in the *Sonnet*, to which we have referred above (cf. p. 409, n. 1), likened her to Petrarch's *Laura*, and she had gratefully responded to him in a *Sonnet* commencing

*Volesse pur il Ciel, ch' all' alto segno,*

which may be found in *Il primo libro delle opere toscane di madonna Laura Battiferra degli Ammannati*, Firenze, appresso i Giunti, 1560. (Cf. also certain of CELLINI's *Letters* to BENEDETTO VARCHI, Bologna, Romagnoli, 1879.)

so great a piece of luck. So ill-content I remained in bed, and I had to attend me that most excellent man Master Francesco da Monte Varchi,<sup>1</sup> the physician, and along with him there treated me in surgery Master Raffaello de' Pilli;<sup>2</sup> for that sublimate had in a way burnt the gut of my genital organs, so that I could in no way retain my excrement. And when the said Master Francescho recognized that the poison having done all the evil that it could, had not been sufficient to overcome the strength of the sound constitution which he found in me, he said to me one day: "Benvenuto! Thank God! For you have gained the day; and do not doubt that I want to cure you to spite the scoundrels who have wished to do you harm."<sup>3</sup> Then master Raffaellino added: "This will be one of the finest and most difficult cures that has ever been heard of. Know, Benvenuto! that you have swallowed a mouthful of sublimate." At these words Master Francesco interrupted him and said: "Perhaps it was some venomous caterpillar." I said that I knew for very certain what the poison was, and who had administered it to me: and here every one of us kept silence. They attended to my cure more than six whole months; and more than a year passed before I could enjoy my life.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book I, Chap. XVIII, Vol. I, p. 331, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. X, *supra*, p. 308.

<sup>3</sup> CELLINI writes during the year 1566, regarding all the circumstances here related, in almost the same terms to Don Francesco de' Medici, Regent of Tuscany at that date through the resignation of his father. Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 618-619.

## CHAPTER XVI

(1559—1561—1562)

Whilst Ammannato is away at Siena one of his sons removes part of the curtain that veils the model of the *Neptune* made by Cellini.—Lawsuit with the Anterigoli—Cellini visits the Duke at Livorno, who receives him with kindness, and, whilst riding in his company, the artist relates to the Duke his adventures with the Anterigoli, and begs to be released from his service.—The Duke takes offence at this, but promises to give him work, so that he returns to Florence satisfied.—He leases his farm to Sbietta for the term of his natural life, and makes a contract with him for five years.—Fresh complaints by Cellini of the bad faith of the Anterigoli.—He exhibits to the Duke and Duchess his completed *Crucifix* and the little models of the *Neptune* and of the proposed fountain. The Duchess promises him a piece of marble to work upon.—He relates the affair of the *Neptune* to Baccio del Bene, who advises the artist to return to Paris to complete the Tomb of Henry II.—The Duke, however, objects to Cellini's departure, and makes him fresh promises.—Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici dies, and our hero goes to Pisa.

AT this period the Duke went to make his (State) Entrance into Siena,<sup>1</sup> and Amannato had gone several months in advance to erect the triumphal arches. A bastard son, that Ammannato had, had remained in

<sup>1</sup> Duke Cosimo, accompanied by his Duchess, his children, and a large suite, made his State Entry into Siena on October 28th 1560, and received an enthusiastic welcome. Cf. GALLUZZI, *Istoria cit.*, Book III, Chap. I.

the Loggia, and he removed some of the curtains which were around my model of *Neptune*,<sup>1</sup> which, since it was

<sup>1</sup> The fate of the models is not known, since they exist no longer, although they figure in the *Inventory* made after Cellini's death (cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 641) as follows: "No. 294. *Uno modellino non finito d'uno Nettuno, di cera*; No. 297. *Uno modello della Fonte di Piazza, cioè Nettuno, di cera*; No. 329. *Un modello di una fonte, di cera.*" From the *Petitions* addressed in 1570 by Benvenuto to the *Sopraassindachi* (cf. *ibid.*, pp. 565 *e segg.*), in which he repeats the same story related here regarding the large model for the *Neptune*, we learn that he was assisted in the work by two excellent youths, whose salaries he paid out of his own pocket, and that though he had carried out the general design, and had begun to finish the head, the disaster of his poisoning prevented his completing the figure. It is, moreover, worth noting that the artist makes no mention of this work in his *Treatise on Sculpture*, although he goes into some detail therein regarding even his minor works. Could it be possible that in spite of all his praises of it, it really was not a work of which he was proud? This may have been the reason for the Duke's preference for the work of Ammannato: albeit that sculptor had the powerful support of the Duchess, and the cause of Cellini was scarcely likely to be forwarded by his violent conduct and words, which did not spare even the Duke himself. Ammannato's *Neptune* (nicknamed *il Biancone*), erected in the Piazza in 1565, is a most inferior piece of work, perhaps the worst piece of sculpture ever perpetrated by him. LEONE LEONI (cf. Book I, Chap. XXV, Vol. II, p. 72, n. 1, *supra*), between whom and Cellini there was, however, no love lost, in a *Letter* to Michelangelo Buonarroti, written from Florence on October 14th 1560 (cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 236), alludes thus to our hero and this model of his: "Benvenuto flares up and spits out venom, flashes fire from his eyes, and bullies the Duke with his tongue. . . . Ammannato says that he has done better; but I have not seen it (the model), since it is bound up for the carrying of the piece of marble into that place where Benvenuto has exhibited to me his work; whereat I feel regret that in his old age he had been so ill served by clay and rags." BALDINUCCI tells us that the best model in this competition was that made by Giam-bologna.



THE GRAND DUKE COSIMO I DE' MEDICI SURROUNDED BY  
HIS ARCHITECTS, SCULPTORS AND ENGINEERS

(FRESCO BY VASARI)

Palazzo Vecchio, Florence



unfinished I kept covered up. I immediately went to complain to the Lord Don Francesco, the son of the Duke, who displayed a liking for me, and I told him that they had unveiled my figure, which was incomplete, for if it had been complete I should not have minded. Upon this the said prince answered me, threatening me somewhat with his head, and said: "Benvenuto! Do not mind that it has been uncovered, for it does them so much the more injury. But if however it pleases you that I have it covered up again I will have it covered up:" and with these words His Most Illustrious Excellency added many others very favourable to me, in the presence of many lords. Thereupon I said that I besought His Excellency to afford me the means whereby I might be able to finish it, since I would make a present of it, along with the small model, to His Excellency. And he answered that he gladly accepted both, and that he would afford me all the assistance that I should ask. So I fed myself upon this small amount of favour, which was the cause of saving my life; for since there had come upon me so many inordinate evils and unpleasantnesses at one blow, I saw myself collapsing; through that small amount of favour I comforted myself with some hope of life. A year having already passed, since I had held that farm of the Fountain from Sbietta, and besides all the injuries done to me both by poison and their other extortions, when I saw that the said farm did not produce for me half of that which they had offered me, and I had regarding it, over and above the deeds of contract, a writing under the hand of Sbietta, who had bound himself to me before witnesses to keep up the said income, I went to the Lords of the Council:



for at that time there was living Misser Alfonso Quistello,<sup>1</sup> and he was the Fiscal, and he was assembled with the Lords of the Council, and among those Councillors was Haverardo Serristori<sup>2</sup> and Federigo de' Ricci:<sup>3</sup> I do not remember the names of them all. There was also one of the Alessandri: it is sufficient that they were a set of men of high account. Now having recounted my arguments to the Court, all with one voice desired the said Sbietta to restore to me my money, except Federigo de' Ricci, in whose service at that time the said Sbietta was: in such fashion that every one condoled with me that Federigo de' Ricci was keeping them back from summarily treating my case. And amongst the others Haverardo Serristori with all the rest; although he made an extraordinary disturbance about it, and likewise that member of the Alessandri family: but the said Federigo having delayed the matter so much, until the Court was dissolved, the said nobleman (Serristori) met me one morning, as they were coming out upon the Piazza della Nunziata, and without considering anyone said in a loud voice: "Federigo de' Ricci has so much more force than all of us, that you have been ruined against our wishes." I don't want to say anything more upon this point, because it would be

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. XIV, *supra*, p. 386, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. XI, *supra*, p. 328, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Federigo di Ruberto de' Ricci was one of the *Signori di Balìa* in 1517, and again in 1527 until the end of the Republic. Subsequently in 1532 Duke Alessandro de' Medici chose him amongst the Forty-eight Senators. AMMIRATO (*Famiglie nobili fiorentine* . . . Firenze, Giunti, 1615.—*Ricci*) praises him for sobriety, thrift, industry, modesty and mildness; but not for integrity or justice. Cf. also MANNI, *Sen. fior. cit.*, p. 83.

offensive to the supreme power of the Government; it is sufficient that I was ruined designedly by a wealthy citizen, merely because that shepherd was in his service.

The Duke being at Livorno, I went to see him, merely to demand my dismissal. Feeling my strength return and observing that I was employed upon nothing, it grieved me to do so great a wrong to my studies: so that having made up my mind I went to Livorno, and I found my Duke there, who made me a most kindly welcome. And since I stayed there several days I went riding every day with His Excellency and had much opportunity of being able to tell him all that I wanted to, for the Duke went outside Livorno, and he went four miles along the sea-shore, where he was having a small fort built; and in order not to be disturbed by too many people, it pleased him that I should chat with him: so that one day, when I saw that he was showing me certain special favour, I intentionally began to talk about Sbietta, that is to say Piermaria d'Anterigoli, and I said: "My Lord, I want to relate to Your Most Illustrious Excellency an amazing circumstance, by which Your Excellency may know the reason that hindered me from being able to complete my *Neptune* in clay, which I was working upon in the Loggia. Your Most Illustrious Excellency must know that I had bought a farm for my life from Sbietta."—It is sufficient that I related to him the whole matter minutely, not ever tarnishing the truth with the false. Now when I came to the poison, I said that if I had ever been an acceptable servant in the sight of His Most Illustrious Excellency, he should, instead of punishing Sbietta or those who gave me the poison, give them

some reward; because the poison was not sufficient to kill me; but nevertheless was quite enough to purge me of a deadly slime that I had suffered from in the stomach and intestines: which has operated in such a way that, whereas, had I remained as I was, I could have lived three or four years, this kind of medicine has acted in such a way that I believe I have gained life for more than twenty years: and for this, with greater devotion than ever, I thank God still more. And therefore that is true which I have heard said sometimes by certain people, who say: "God sends us evil that we may turn it to advantage." The Duke remained listening for more than two miles of our journey, continually giving great attention. He merely remarked: "Oh! wicked people!" I concluded that I was under an obligation to them and entered upon other agreeable subjects.<sup>1</sup> I watched for an appropriate occasion, (*un giorno approposito*) and finding him agreeable to my mood, I besought His Most Illustrious Excellency that he would grant me honourable dismissal, so that I might not throw away any year as long as I was still fit to carry out any work; and as regarded that portion of the (sum) which I was still entitled to receive for my *Perseus*, His Most Illustrious Excellency might give it to me when it pleased him.

<sup>1</sup> A *Memorandum* dated November 15th 1561 (*cf.* TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 102) records how peace was ratified between Cellini and Pier Maria di Ser Vespasiano Anterigoli, before the Office of the *Otto di Guardia e Balìa*. It was furthermore attested by Ser Paolo da Bibbiena in the presence of Luca Mini, druggist, and Francesco Guidi, nephew of the said Sbietta; with a contract that as regarding disagreements in the matter of receipts and payments, they were at liberty to litigate, but without any intention of interference with the said peace therein declared.

Along with this proposition I proceeded with many elaborate ceremonies to thank His Most Illustrious Excellency, who answered me nothing at all, rather it appeared to me that he showed that he had taken it in bad part.<sup>1</sup> The next day following Misser Bartolomeo Concino,<sup>2</sup> the Duke's Secretary,—one of the first of them—sought me out; and half bullyingly, said to me: "The Duke says that if you want your dismissal he will give it to you; but if you want to work, he will set you to work: and may you be able to carry out all that His Excellency will give you to do." I answered him that I did not desire any other thing than to have work to do, and especially for His Most Illustrious Excellency, more than all the rest of the people in the world; and were they even Popes, or Emperors or Kings, I would more gladly serve His Most Illustrious Excellency for one *soldo* than any other person for a ducat. Thereupon he said to me: "If you are in this frame of mind you are in agreement without saying anything further. Therefore return to Florence and be of good cheer, for the Duke likes you." So I returned to Florence.

<sup>1</sup> When CELLINI renewed on April 13th 1561 (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, pp. 542-543) his request for permission to depart, the Duke directed his secretary, Lelio Torelli, to append to the *Petition* the following *Rescript*: "If he be resolved to stay no longer in Florence, His Excellency will give him leave to go wherever he will, for he keeps no one by force."

<sup>2</sup> The son of a peasant from Terranuova in the Valdarno, he acquired the favour of Lucrezia de' Medici, daughter of Lorenzo *il Magnifico*, and rose from criminal lawyer to be one of the most trusted advisers of Duke Cosimo, who confided to him affairs of the utmost importance. He attended the Court of the Emperor Charles V, and amongst other honours bestowed upon him was the title and rank of Count of Penna. (*Cf.* GALLUZZI, *Ist. cit.*, Book II).

Directly I was in Florence there came to see me a certain man named Raffaellone Scheggia,<sup>1</sup> a weaver of cloth of gold, who spake to me thus: "Benvenuto mine! I want to put you in agreement with Pier Maria Sbetta;" to whom I replied that no one but the Lords of the Council could put us in agreement, and that in this Council, now in power, Sbietta will not find a Federigo de' Ricci, who for a present of two fat kids, without caring either for God or his own honour, is willing to support so wicked a struggle, and to do so ugly a wrong against Holy Justice. Having spoken these words, together with many others, this Raffaello with continued civility told me that a thrush was much better for him, with power to eat it in peace, than was a very fat capon, although you were certain of securing it but to have it after so much fighting. And he kept telling me that it was the way with lawsuits that sometimes they extend over so long a period, that I should much better expend that time in some fine work, whereby I should acquire much more honour and much greater advantage. I, for I recognized that he was telling the truth, began to incline my ears to his words; so that in a short time he put in an agreement after this fashion: that Sbietta should take the said farm on lease from me at seventy gold *scudi* in gold per annum for the whole period of my natural life. When we were making the contract (the which was attested by S<sup>r</sup> Giovanni di S<sup>r</sup> Matteo da Falgano), Sbietta said that in that fashion in which we had made our computation, it would involve the larger tax; but that he would not fail me; and therefore it would be well that we make this lease for

He was a broker and descended from the painter Giovanni, nicknamed *Lo Scheggia* (lit. "the splinter").

five years at a time; and that he would keep his faith to me without ever reviving any other lawsuits. And so also that scoundrel of a priest brother of his promised me; and after that said arrangement of 5 years the contract was completed.<sup>1</sup>

Though I want to enter upon another subject, and to leave babbling regarding this unbounded roguery for a while, I am first of all bound to speak of the consequences of the five years' lease. For when it had been completed those two scoundrels did not want to keep any of the promises made to me; rather they wanted to give me back my farm, and did not want to hold it any longer on lease. For which reason I began to complain, and they threw back the contract upon me; so that in consequence of their bad faith I could not help myself. When I saw this I told them that the Duke and the Prince of Florence would not suffer that in their city men should be ruined so wickedly. Now the terror of this threat was of such force that they sent back to me that same Raffaello Scheggia, who made that first agreement; and they said that they did not want to pay me the 70 gold *scudi* in gold as they had said for the five years past. I replied to them that I would take nothing less. The said Raffaello came to see me, and said to me: "Benvenuto mine! You know that I am on your side. Now they have handed over everything to me."

<sup>1</sup> From a *Memorandum* of September 19th 1566 (*cf.* TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 144) we learn that the lease here alluded to was completed in December 1561, and was to run from February 1st following. It was further renewed by a contract dated August 21st 1566, but with the rent reduced (as we read in the text) to 65 gold *scudi* in cash.

And he showed me a writing in their hand. To me, for I did not know that the said man was a close relative of theirs, it seemed to be very right, and so I put myself entirely and altogether in the said man's hands. This worthy man came to me one evening at half an hour after sunset (*a mezza hora di notte*), and it was in the month of August, and with very much talking (*tante suo' parole*), he constrained me to have the contract attested: solely because he knew that if he had delayed until the morning, the fraud which he wanted to practise upon me would not have succeeded. So the contract was made, by which they were to give me sixty-five *scudi* in cash per year for the lease in two payments each year during the whole of my natural life. And although I protested (*scotessi*), and on no account did I want to stay quiet under it, the said (Raffaello) exhibited my signature, with which he compelled everyone to lay the blame upon me. And the said man said that he had done everything for my advantage, and that he was on my side. And the notary and the others, not knowing that he was their (*i.e.* the other side's) relative, all laid the blame upon me. For which reason I soon yielded and I shall endeavour to live as long as possible. After this I made another mistake in the month of December 1566 following. I bought half the farm of the Poggio from them, that is to say from Sbietta, for two hundred *scudi* in cash, which adjoined that first one of mine of the Fountain, with a reversion at the end of three years, and gave it to them on lease.<sup>1</sup> I did this for the best. It would necessitate too much for me to dilate at length

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this purchase we find a *Memorandum* dated December 4th, 1566. Cf. TASSI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 149.

upon it in writing in my desire to describe the great cruelty that they have inflicted upon me. I wish to refer it entirely and altogether to God who has always defended me against those who have wished to do me evil.

Having finished my marble *Crucifix*, it appeared to me that by raising it upright and setting it some *braccia* lifted up from the ground, it would show off much better than if I kept it upon the ground. And although it showed off well already, when I had set it upright it showed very much better, at which I was very satisfied. And so I began to exhibit it to whoever wanted to see it. As God willed it was mentioned to the Duke and the Duchess; so that when they had come back from Pisa one day unexpectedly both Their Most Illustrious Excellencies with all the nobility of their Court came to my house merely to see the said *Crucifix*: which pleased them so much that the Duke and the Duchess did not cease giving me infinite praise, and so consequently did all those lords and noblemen who were present. Now, when I saw that they were much satisfied, I began to thank them so courteously, telling them that the fact of their taking from me the trouble of the piece of marble for the *Neptune* had been the real cause of my having executed such a work as no other person had ever attempted before me; and that although I had endured the greatest labour that I ever endured in the world, it seemed to me to have been well expended, and especially since Their Most Illustrious Excellencies praised me so much. And since I could never believe myself able to find any one who could be more worthy of it than Their Most Illustrious Excellencies I would gladly make them



a present of it;<sup>1</sup> I only begged them that before they departed they would deign to come into the ground floor of my house. At these words of mine, courteously rising at

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI dilates at considerable length upon this *Crucifix* again in his Treatise on Sculpture (*ed. cit.*, p. 196), and it certainly is one of his finest achievements, deserving all the praises of VASARI, who speaks of it as "the rarest and finest piece of sculpture that could possibly be seen." (*Vite, ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. IX, p. 622; and MINI, *Difesa di Firenze*, Lyons, 1577). It was not accepted by the Duchess as a gift, but in 1565 Duke Cosimo purchased it from Cellini for 1,500 gold *scudi*, and it was preserved in the Palazzo Pitti until 1576. In the *Inventory*, ordered by his successor, the Grand-Duke Francesco I in 1574 (*cf. PLON, op. cit.*, p. 225) notice of it appears as follows: "*Crucifisso di marmo bianco di mano di Benvenuto Cellini, di lunghezza braccia 3 in circa, messo in una cassa d'albero.*" Francesco, however, anxious to propitiate King Philip II of Spain, sent this famous *Crucifix*, together with other gifts for His Majesty and the Spanish Royal Family, to Madrid under the charge of Filippo Lenzi, accompanied by a *Letter* bearing date August 18th 1576 to Baccio Orlandini, Ambassador at the Court of Spain. PLON has unearthed (*op. cit.*, p. *cit.*) the correspondence between the Grand-Duke and the King upon this occasion from the Archives of SIMANCAS (*Secretaria de Estado, Leg.* 1449), and ORLANDINI'S *Letters* regarding the matter have been published by MORENI (*Delle tre sontuose cappelle Medicee, cit.* Firenze, 1813.) Furthermore the late GAETANO MILANESI extracted from the State Archives in Florence (*Depositeria, Recapiti di Cassa*: filza 985, num. 265, anno 1565) the *Order* "to pay 750 ducats to Filippo Lenzi, for the expenses of going to, staying at, and returning from, the Court of Spain, on the occasion of the conveyance to His Catholic Majesty of the marble *Crucifix* and other articles." The *Crucifix* is now preserved in the Choir of the Church of San Lorenzo in the Escorial; but it is hung in so confined and dark a position that it is by no means easy to see and examine it. The figure was originally hewn out of one solid piece of marble: hence the difficulties of which CELLINI complains; but the arms have since been broken off—it is said, during the War of Independence. Upon one side of the black marble cross are inscribed the following words:

once, they left my workshop, and entering into my house they saw my small model of *Neptune*, and of the fountain, which the Duchess had never seen before that time. And it achieved so much power in the eyes of the Duchess that she at once raised a cry of indescribable astonishment: and turning to the Duke she said: "In the course of my life I have never imagined anything a tenth part of such beauty." At these words the Duke kept saying many times: "Oh! did I not tell you so?" And so amongst themselves they discoursed about it for some time to my great credit. Then the Duchess summoned me to her, and after many praises conferred upon me by way of excuse—for in the course of those words of hers she appeared as if to ask pardon—she afterwards said to me, that she wished that I should have a piece of marble excavated after my own fashion, and would like me to set to work upon it. To these kind words I replied that if Their Most Illustrious Excellencies gave me the convenience, gladly, for love of them, would I set about such a laborious undertaking. Upon this the Duke immediately answered and said: "Benvenuto! To you shall be given all the conveniences that you know how to ask for, and beyond that I will give you on my own

"BENVENVTVS . CELLINVS . CIVIS . FLORENT . FACIEBAT . MDLXII."  
(*Cf.* PLON, *op. cit.*, Plate XX, and pp. 223-30; also MOLINIER, *op. cit.*, p. 83). Regarding another *Crucifix* of silver, by some authorities attributed to CELLINI, *cf.* GAETANO GUASTI, *Del Crocifisso d'argento attribuito a Benvenuto Cellini e posseduto dai Conti Godi di Parma*, Firenze, 1893. Yet another exquisite bronze *Crucifix*, which it seems most reasonable to attribute also to our artist, is in the present possession of Baron d'Eperjèsy de Tzásvaros et Tóti, Schloss Wehrburg, Tyrol. Several sketch models for crucifixes are entered in the *Inventory* made at our hero's death in February 1570.

account what will be of very much greater value." And with these pleasant words they departed and left me very content.

Many weeks passed away and nothing more was said about me. So that, when I saw that no orders were given me to carry out anything, I was half desperate.<sup>1</sup>

At this period the Queen of France sent Misser Baccio del Bene to our Duke to ask for a loan of money. And the Duke kindly assisted her, for so it was said.<sup>2</sup> And since Misser Baccio del Bene and I were very intimate friends, recognizing each other in Florence we saw one another very gladly: so that the said man related to me all those great favours which His Most Illustrious Excellency had shown him; and in course of conversation he asked me if I had any great works on hand. Wherefore I told him all the matter, as it had fallen out, of the great *Neptune* and of the fountain, and the great wrong that

<sup>1</sup> On June 27th in this year (1567) CELLINI addressed what he styles a "Despairing Petition that God may judge the matter" (*Supplica disperata che Dio la giudichi*) to the Duke (*cf.* RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 562), in which he complains "that he knows no peace, since he has lost the favour of His Excellency"; to which, however, the only response was the following *Rescript*: "It is so: His Excellency would not trouble himself about him even if he knew that he had become king of all the world; but if he is a creditor to him he will have him paid."—JACOPO DANI, Secretary, —LELIO TORELLO, June 27th 1567. (*Ita est: S. E. non s'impaccherebbe seco se sapesse di venir re di tutto il mondo: ma se sarà creditore lo farà pagare . . . 27 di Giugno*, 67.)

<sup>2</sup> GALLUZZI (*Ist. del Granducato cit.*) under the year 1562 writes "To Florence the Queen (Catherine de Medicis, widow of Henry II and Regent of France) sent Baccio del Bene to ask help of Cosimo, and he sent him back to her with bills of exchange for one hundred thousand ducats."

the Duchess had done me. At these words he said to me on behalf of the Queen, that Her Majesty had a very great desire to complete the tomb of King Henry her husband, and that Daniello da Volterra had undertaken to make a great bronze horse, and that the time during which he had promised her to make it had expired, and that to the said tomb there were to be added very important decorations.<sup>1</sup> Therefore, if I wanted to return to my *Château* in France, she would have me supplied with all the conveniences that I could ask for, provided that I had the desire to serve her. I told the said Misser Baccio that he should ask (leave) for me from my Duke; and that if His Most Illustrious Excellency was satisfied I would gladly return to France. Misser Baccio joyfully said: "We will return together;" and reckoned upon it as settled. So the day after, whilst the said man was talking with the Duke, the subject came up of discussing me, so that he said to the Duke, that if it were with his good favour, the Queen would like my

<sup>1</sup> Daniele dei Ricciarelli of Volterra, nicknamed *il Braghettone* ("The Breeches Maker") for having covered with painted garments some of the nude figures in Michelangelo's *Last Judgement*. He was both a painter and sculptor, being at one time pupil of both Gio. Antonio Bazzi (*Sodoma*) and of Pierin del Vaga. VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. VII, p. 66) relates that by the advice of Michelangelo he was commissioned by Catherine de Medicis to make a bronze horse, whereon to mount a statue of her late husband King Henry II. The first casting of this, however, was not successful, and it had therefore to be repeated. After many vicissitudes, through the influence of Cardinal Richelieu, the horse was finally set up in the Place Royale in Paris, as the charger for an equestrian effigy of Louis XIII, cast by Biard, which was unveiled on December 27th 1639. There it remained until August 1st 1792. (Cf. FELIBIEN, *Histoire de Paris*.)

services. To this the Duke replied and said: "Benvenuto is a brilliant man whom the world knows of, but now he does not want to work any more;" and he turned to other subjects. The next day I went to see the said Misser Baccio, who repeated it all to me. At this I could no longer restrain myself, and I said: 'Oh! Since His Most Illustrious Excellency gave me nothing to do, I on my own account have executed one of the most difficult works that have ever been done by any other person in the world, and it cost me more than two hundred *scudi*, which I have expended out of my indigence. Oh! What would I not have done if His Most Illustrious Excellency had set me to work. I tell you truly that he has done me a great wrong."

The excellent nobleman repeated to the Duke all that I had answered him. The Duke said that he was joking, and that he wanted me for himself; so that I was several times goaded to go right away. The Queen, so as not to cause displeasure to the Duke, did not wish to argue further; and so I remained very ill-content.<sup>1</sup>

At this time the Duke went away, with all his Court and with all his children, except the Prince who was in Spain.<sup>2</sup> They went by way of the marshes of Siena;

<sup>1</sup> When in 1547 Cellini wanted to visit France—perhaps to take stock of his property left in charge of Ascanio and Paolo, his workmen, Duke Cosimo had prepared for him a *Letter of Recommendation* (dated September 19th in that year) to Queen Catherine de Medicis herself, of which TASSI found the draft in the *Archivio Mediceo*, and published it in Vol. III (*op. cit.*) among the *Ricordi e Documenti Celliniani*.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Francesco de' Medici left Leghorn to visit the Spanish Court on May 26th 1562, with six galleys and a numerous suite;



FRANCESCO DE' MEDICI

(PORTRAIT PAINTED ON WAX)

Collection of Comm. Luigi Vaj, Florence



and by that route they went to Pisa.<sup>1</sup> The Cardinal first of all the others, imbibed the poison of that bad air; so that after a few days a pestilential fever attacked him and in a short time slew him.<sup>2</sup> This (son) was the

and upon his return assumed the government of the Grand-Duchy, which his father renounced in his favour on June 11th 1563. According to GALLUZZI (*op. cit.*) it was at this period that the relations commenced between this prince and the celebrated Bianca Cappello, who, having fled from Venice with the Florentine bank-clerk, Pietro Buonaventuri, married her lover in Florence on December 12th 1563. Notwithstanding Francesco's own marriage with Joanna of Austria, his amours with the beautiful Venetian continued; and he sent his own portrait in wax to her, accompanied by a note, couched in the following terms: "Beloved Bianca. Even from Pisa I send my portrait that our master Cellini has made. In it accept my heart. D. FRANCESCO." This portrait, of which, however, the original *provenance* is unknown, was for many years preserved in the Geppi family at Prato, whence it passed into the hands of Commendatore Vai of Florence, where it now is. The execution is extremely fine, and from the apparent age of the sitter, it would seem to have been executed about 1570, when Francesco was thirty years of age. (Cf. CESARE GUASTI, *Opere*, Vol. I, pp. 3-5; G. E. SALTINI in the *Rassegna Nazionale*, Fasc. Agosto 1, 1898; and PLON, *Nouvel Appendice*, Paris, Plon, 1884.) In the *Inventory* made after Cellini's death, to which we have already referred so often, we find: "No. 334. *Due scatolini di ritratti del Serenissimo Principe, abbozzati*," sketches, perhaps for this very work.

<sup>1</sup> Duke Cosimo, accompanied by his wife and children, left Florence in October 1562, and, travelling by way of Siena and Grosseto, reached the fortress of Rosignano.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Giovanni, Archbishop of Pisa, died at Rosignano on November 21st 1562, not without suspicion of poison. His brothers, Don Garzia and Don Ferdinando, also fell ill, and the former died at Pisa on December 6th following; and twelve days later (18th) the Grand-Duchess Eleonora died also. It was not unnatural that, after the fashion of the times, endless stories of poison and other, even more tragic, reports should have been set afloat to account



Duke's right eye: he was handsome and good, and it was a very great loss. I allowed several days to pass, until I thought that their tears were dried: then I went to Pisa,—

for these three untimely deaths, occurring as they did so close together. But CELLINI is probably right in attributing them to the unwholesome air of the Maremma; and that fact is attested even in *Letters* from Cosimo I to his son Francesco at the Spanish Court, for he writes that there was prevalent at that period, as was so frequent in those times, a disastrous epidemic (styled by him *l'influenza*) to which many persons of all classes succumbed. (Cf. GALLUZZI, *Ist. cit.*; G. E. SALTINI, *Tragedie medicee domestiche*, Firenze, Barbera, 1898, p. 112 *e segg.*)

## EPILOGUE

“**T**HEN I went to Pisa.” Thus abruptly ends Cellini’s own account of his adventures and “laborious life”; but neither the student nor the general reader will be satisfied to leave in this fashion the Life-Story of so interesting a personality; and a natural desire must arise to know something of the years that remained to him between 1562, when his own narrative ends, and February 1st 1570 (1571 *st. com.*), when he breathed his last. Although in these later years we miss the elaboration and wealth of detailed fact that we learn from the *Autobiography*, a certain amount of information more or less interesting may still be gleaned from the *Memoranda* left by himself—now in the Riccardian Library in Florence—and from other documentary evidence preserved in the Public Archives of that city. Moreover from these same sources we gather certain facts of considerable interest not recorded by our hero himself.

From a *Minute* in the Public Records we learn, for example, that on December 12th 1554 his claim to be admitted into the ranks of the Florentine nobility was officially recognized;<sup>1</sup> and on June 2nd 1558 he received the tonsure of an ecclesiastic, and was admitted into the first grade of Holy Orders.<sup>2</sup> Two years later he married

<sup>1</sup> Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 580.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 587.

a wife, who in a number of documents and in his Last Will and Testament bears the name of *Piera di Salvatore Parigi*. Whether—as some critics have suggested—this Piera may be identified with the woman (*serva*) whom he names in his narrative as *Mona Fiore*, and who was managing his household at the time of the casting of his *Perseus*, is uncertain and more than doubtful. We learn, however, from his *Supplica* to the Grand Duke, dated June 12th 1570,<sup>1</sup> that this marriage was the result of a vow made during the illness produced by the poison of the infamous Sbietta that he would wed *una sua pura ancilla* who had nursed him devotedly at this time; and the *Entries* of the births of at least three children before that date, two of whom are definitely stated to have been the offspring of this very *Piera*, would tend to confirm this conjecture. This woman appears to have belonged to a family of *Parigi* from the Mugello, and not to the Pratese family, distinguished by the talents of the two celebrated architects, Giulio and Alfonso; and she may perhaps (as TASSI suggests) have been a cousin or other relative of that very Domenico Parigi, surnamed *Sputasenni*, whose son, Antonio, Cellini subsequently adopted. We learn from the following *Entry* in the Archivio di Stato in Florence that Mona Piera died in 1588: 1588, 24 aprile, *Monna Piera donna fu di messer Benvenuto Cellini ripa nella Nunziata*.<sup>2</sup>

Of Benvenuto's children, born in and out of wedlock, two are alluded to in the course of his own *Autobiography*; i.e. *Costanza*, the daughter born to him in Paris by his model Gianna<sup>3</sup>; and the little boy, to whose

<sup>1</sup> Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 594.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 579.      <sup>3</sup> Cf. Book II, Chap. VI, *supra*, p. 202.

untimely death he so feelingly alludes in Book II, Chap. X.<sup>1</sup> Besides these we find record of no less than six others, as follows: *Jacopo Giovanni*, born November 27th 1553, and legitimized in 1554;<sup>2</sup> *Giovanni*, born in 1561, March 22nd, legitimized the following November, whose death in May, 1563, was the occasion of a very touching letter to Benedetto Varchi from the broken-hearted father; *Elisabetta*, born October 29th 1562, died September 21st 1563; *Liberata* or *Reparata*, born January 15th 1564; *Maddalena*, born September 3rd 1566 (married to ser Noferi di Bartolomeo Mac-canti), and *Andrea Simone*, born March 21st 1569. Of these children only the last three appear to have been legitimate.<sup>3</sup>

Besides these children of his own, Cellini, out of a feeling of mistaken kindness, adopted, in November 1560, the son of his model Dorotea and of her husband, Domenico Parigi, commonly known as *Sputasenni*. This Sputasenni was a most worthless fellow, who, being arrested for some brawl, was condemned to serve a term of imprisonment in the Stinche. Cellini, who had already bestowed a dowry of one hundred *scudi* upon the wife, finding her left without means of support, received her with her two children, *Antonio* and *Margherita*, into his own house on July 8th 1559; and eleven months later—having at that time no surviving son of his own—undertook to adopt the boy (under the name of *Nutino*—diminutive of Ben-

<sup>1</sup> *Supra*, pp. 292, 293.

<sup>2</sup> As has been already suggested, it is possible, and even probable, that the little boy who, we are told, was accidentally smothered by his foster-mother, and the infant Jacopo Giovanni may be one and the same individual.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 579, Doc. LIII.

venuto) into all the rights of a legitimate son,<sup>1</sup> settling upon him the sum of one thousand *scudi* when he reached the age of eighteen, provided that he embraced the profession of sculptor. The lad, however, turned out so idle and troublesome that there was nothing for it but to make a monk of him; and he entered upon his noviciate in the Convent of the SS. Nunziata under the name of *Fra Lattanzio*. Meanwhile Cellini continued to watch over the interests of the lad and endeavoured to keep him away from the bad influences of his father, who was then residing in Pisa. In 1568—1569 Sputasenni appears to have revisited Florence, and, complaining loudly that his son had been compelled to enter religion without his consent, attempted to withdraw him from Cellini; who in return forbade any intercourse between Lattanzio and his father. The youth, however, disobeyed his benefactor, and absconded from his convent, so that Cellini early in 1569 renounced the whole connection, and formally disinherited him. This however was, alas! not the end of the matter, for Sputasenni brought an action against Cellini to compel him to provide maintenance for Lattanzio, who had resumed the name of *Antonio*, and to secure to him part of the artist's estate under the *Articles of Adoption*. Sentence was actually pronounced against our hero on June 2nd 1570, upon which he petitioned the Grand-Duke, and, although he succeeded in freeing his estate, he himself was condemned to pay an annual allowance to the boy for his sustenance.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is no suggestion, however, that the boy was actually a natural son of his own by Dorotea.

<sup>2</sup> The whole story may be found in the *Documents* published by RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, pp. 587-596.

This circumstance, and the grief that Cellini exhibited on the occasion of the deaths of his two little boys, point to a strong, and not unnatural, desire on the part of the artist to leave behind him some one to carry on his artistic labours and traditions: and it is somewhat pathetic to think that his only legitimate son died without heirs, and that even his daughter's line failed in the next generation.

In March 1561 (*st. com.*) the Grand-Duke, by a *Deed* in which he speaks in high praise of the artist's talents, formally presented to Cellini his house in the Via del Rosaio:<sup>1</sup> a gift subsequently confirmed on February 5th 1563 (*st. com.*) with reversion to his heirs. But during the last years of his life he seems to have been involved in constant disagreements with the Grand-Duke in the matter of payment for work done; and for one reason or another he appears to have gradually dropped out of public employment. In 1569 (*st. com.*), he was concerned in the valuation of a picture painted by Girolamo Macchietti:<sup>2</sup> and he seems to have devoted a good deal of his attention to various speculations in land.

On March 16th 1564, at the solemn obsequies prepared by the citizens of Florence in the Church of Santa Croce to do honour to Michelangelo Buonarroti, Cellini was chosen, in company with Ammanato to represent the Art of Sculpture amongst the other Arts which followed that mighty genius to his last resting-place: but Vasari tells us that, to our hero's bitter disappointment, he was prevented by ill-health from attending that ceremony

<sup>1</sup> Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, pp. 539-551.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 636.

Amongst other ailments that plagued him none was perhaps more persistent than the gout, from which he suffered severely.<sup>1</sup>

During some four years previous to his death Cellini made a variety of Wills,<sup>2</sup> but his actual *Last Will and Testament* bears date December 18th 1570.<sup>3</sup> To it, however, he added *Codicils* on January 12th, February 3rd and February 6th in the following year. On the 13th of this latter month he expired; and on the 15th was buried with public honours in the Church of the Nunziata.<sup>4</sup> After his death a *List* of his goods and an *Inventory* of his artistic possessions, to which reference has frequently been made already, were drawn up on behalf of his heirs.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 615.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 624-626.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 627-635.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 638.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 639-642.

APPENDIX

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CELLINI  
LITERATURE

CONTRIBUTED BY  
SYDNEY J. A. CHURCHILL  
H. B. M. CONSUL-GENERAL FOR SOUTH ITALY

AND  
LIST OF CELLINI'S WORKS





# BIBLIOGRAPHY

## NOTE

The following statement shows the dates of the earliest publications of the *Vita* of Benvenuto Cellini. For the *Trattati* see pp. 462-465.

- Circa* 1728. The edition of A. COCCHI, printed at Naples.
- 1730. do. do. reprint.
- 1771. NUGENT'S translation, printed in London.
- 1792. COCCHI'S edition, reprinted at Florence.
- 1796-97. GOETHE'S version, published in Tübingen and on various occasions since this date.
- 1798. GOETHE'S text, printed in Vienna.
- 1805. The *Vita*, published by SILVESTRE of Milan.
- 1806-11. The *Works* edited by CARPANI.
- 1821. The same reprinted.
- 1822. SAINT MARCEL'S French version.
- 1824. The *Vita*, published by CAPURRO in Pisa.
- 1829. The text by TASSI, in Florence.
- 1830. The edition of MOLINI, Florence.

1. *Vita*. Manuscript in the Biblioteca Laurenziana in Florence, numbered *Palatino*, CCXXXIV. Folio. Consists of 740 pages, numbered on both sides. Close seventeenth century writing. A copious index is prefixed to the text.
2. *Vita*. Manuscript in the Biblioteca Laurenziana in Florence, marked *Mediceo-Palatino* CCXXXIV (2). Measures 292 x 214 mm. pp. 520. In the writing of the sixteenth century. Much of it in Cellini's autograph. Has been fully described by BACCI in the "Rivista delle Biblioteche e degli Archivi," Vol. VII, Anno VII, and in his edition of the *Vita*.
3. *Vita*. Manuscript in the Biblioteca Laurenziana in Florence, marked *Laurenziano Antinori*, No. 229. Writing of the

eighteenth century. pp. 381. Certain *Ricordi* added to the text at the end.

4. *Vita*. Manuscript in the Biblioteca Magliabechiano in Florence, marked XVII, v, 29.
5. Manuscript in the Accademia di Belli Arti in Florence, marked 101, S.

## PRINTED TEXTS

Without any indication as to the editor:

6. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini da lui medesimo scritta*. Milano, Silvestre, 1805. 2 vols. 8vo. (also described as 4to). Arms of Cellini on frontispiece. pp. x-632, paging continued right through both vols. Rare.
7. The same. Pisa, Niccola Capurro, 1824. 12mo. Rarer still. This edition is called the 7th of the Abate CARPANI'S texts.
8. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini scritta da lui medesimo, edizione conforme a quelle fatte sul manoscritto dell' autore*. Firenze, Fraticelli, 1824. 16mo. 2 vols. pp. 298-320.
- 8a. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini, scritta da lui medesimo*. Cremona, 1834. 12mo. 4 vols.
9. *Le Opere di Benvenuto Cellini arricchite di note ed illustrazioni*. Firenze, Soc. Editrice Fiorentina, 1843 (tipog. Le Monnier). Forms part of the "Collezione generale dei classici Italiani." 8vo. pp. 600. The *Vita* is from TASSI'S text of 1829 and the *Trattati* from the text published by CARPANI in 1811. There are 2 plates.
10. *Vita da B. C. da lui medesimo scritta ed ora per la prima volta recata ad uso della gioventù*. Venezia, Girol. Tasso, 1844. 32mo. pp. 6, 497, and (2) of notes. Printed from the MOLINI and TASSI texts.
11. *Vita di B. C. orefice e scultore fiorentino, edizione eseguita su quella del MS. autografo, arricchita di moltissime note ed illustrazioni*. Torino, Fontana, 1845. 3 vols. 32mo. Forms part of the "Biblioteca mista-economica." The Florentine text (Le Monnier) 1843 has been followed.
12. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini Orefice e Scultore Fiorentino scritta per lui medesimo in Firenze, edizione eseguita su quella della Soc. Editrice Fiorentina, arricchita di moltissime note ed illus-*

- trazioni*. Torino, Cugini Pomba, 1852. 16mo. 2 vols. pp. 290 and 399. Forms part of the "Nuova Biblioteca Popolare," of which it is No. 20 and 21. The Florentine edition of 1843 is the one followed. TASSI'S Preface to the edition of 1829 precedes the text, which ends with an Italian translation of the Appendix to GOETHE'S German translation.
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  14. *Documenti storici sul Perseo di Benvenuto Cellini: Conto delle spese fatte nel getto di Perseo*. In "Arte e Storia." Firenze, December 7th 1884. No. 49, pp. 385-386.
  15. *Curiosa interpretazione data da Benvenuto Cellini al verso di Dante, "Pape Satan, pape Satan aleppe"*. Venezia, Grimaldo, 1865. 8vo. pp. 6. Per Nozze.
  16. *Sul testo della Vita del Cellini*. In "Il Crepuscolo." Milano, Anno IV, No. 10-12, 1853.
  17. *Francesco I e Benvenuto Cellini*. In "Letture di Famiglia." Trieste (tipog. del Lloyd Austriaco), 1852. pp. 193-199.
  - 17a. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini emendata per cura dei Barnabite*. Torino. 2 vols. 1871.
  18. *Benvenuto Cellini*. Special number of "Il Marzocco." Firenze, Anno V, No. 44, 1900.

AMATI, Girolamo. *Vide* MOMO.

19. BACCI, Orazio. *Il codice Mediceo-Palatino 234<sup>2</sup>, MS. originale della Vita di Benvenuto Cellini*. In "Rivista delle Biblioteche e degli Archivi." Vol. VII, Anno VII, No. 1.
  20. *Il Cellini Prosatore*. In "Rassegna Nazionale," October 16th 1896. pp. 91.
  21. *Benvenuto Cellini*. In "Rassegna Bibliografica della lett. Italiana." Pisa, April-June, 1900.
  22. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini. Testo critico con introduzione e note storiche*. Firenze, Sansoni (tipog. Carnesecchi), 1901. 8vo. pp. xci, 461, 3. Portrait and 2 plates.
  23. *Per un documento inedito di Benvenuto Cellini in Francia*. In "Miscellanea d'Arte." Firenze, Febbraio, 1903. pp. 22-24.
  24. *Due lettere inedite di Benvenuto Cellini a Michelangelo Buonarroti*. Firenze, Landi. 8vo. pp. 6. Per Nozze.
- An Extract from "Miscell. Florentia di Erudizione e

- Storia," No. 20. The originals are in the British Museum; *vide* Add. MS. 23139. Two original letters to Michelangelo, March 14th 1559 and September 3rd 1561, folios 12-14.
25. *Sull' autobiografia di Benvenuto Cellini.* In "Nuova Antologia," November 1st 1900. pp. 139-145.
  26. BERTOLOTTI, Antonio. *Benvenuto Cellini a Roma e gli orefici Lombardi ed altri che lavorarono pei Papi nella prima metà del secolo XVI.* In "Archivio Storico Lombardo," 1875, Anno 11, Fasc. 20. pp. 78-113.
  27. The same printed separately. Milano, Bernadoni, 1875. 8vo. pp. 27.
  28. There is a translation of this into Dutch. 1880.
  29. Rewritten. *Benvenuto Cellini a Roma e gli orefici che lavorarono pei Papi nella prima metà del secolo XVI.* In "Archivio storico artistico Archeologico e letterario della città e provincia di Roma," Anno 1, Fasc. 1-11, pp. 31-43; fasc. 11, pp. 78-98.
  30. *L'Inventario della Bottega, il Salvacondotto ed i Costituti originali del Cellini ed altri nuovi Documenti.* In the same publication, Anno 1 and 11. Roma, Salviucci, 1876. pp. 99-113.
  31. The same under the title: *L'Atelier de Benvenuto Cellini.* In "Gazette des Beaux Arts." Paris, 1876. 2nd series. Vol. XIII.
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  36. The same. Firenze, Le Monnier, 1866. 12mo.

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CAMERINI'S Introduction extends to 15 pages. He follows the text published by MOLINI and BIANCHI. The notes are from BIANCHI and CARPANI. Documents from MILANESI'S edition of the *Trattati* are also included. CAMPORI'S notes are said to be revised and augmented in this second edition.

This issue forms part of Sonzogno's "Biblioteca Classica economica," published at one *lira* per volume. It has been stereotyped. The 6th edition was issued in 1903. A reprint was published in 1907.

42. CAMPORI, Giuseppe. *Notizie inedite delle relazioni tra il cardinale Ippolite d'Este e Benvenuto Cellini.* Modena, 1862. 4to. pp. 12. Extract from "Memorie della Accademia di scultura e letteratura di Modena" Vol. IV.
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vols. contain the *Life* and *Ricordi*. The third vol. is described under *Trattati*.

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49. CASTELLANI, Giuseppe. *Lo scudo d'oro di Paolo III (dal Cellini)*. In "The Numismatic Chronicle." London, Spink and Co., September 1903.
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53. CHIAIA, Ercole. *Monologo a proposito della medianità di Benvenuto Cellini*. Extract from "Sfinge." Naples, Chiurazzi, 1892. (182 x 118 mm.) pp. 27.
54. CHIRTANI, L. *B. Cellini, orefice*. In "Arte Decorativa Ital.," 1896, p. 4. Illustrated.
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56. CICOGNARA, Leopoldo. *Esercitazione dell' origine, Composizione e decomposizione dei Nielli*. In "Ateneo Veneto, Esercitazioni scientifici e lett.," Vol. I, p. 99.
57. *Memorie spettanti alla storia della calcographia*. Prato, Giacchetti, 1831. 8vo. pp. 262, with an atlas of plates.

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58. COCCHI, Antonio. *Vita | di | Benvenuto Cellini orefice | e scultore fiorentino, | da lui medesimo scritta, | nella quale molte curiose particolarità si toccano appartene[n]ti alle Arti ed all' Istoria del suo tempo, | tratta da un ottimo manoscritto, e | dedicata all' eccellenza di mylord | Riccardo Boyle, | Conte di Burlington* (six lines of titles follow). Ornamental typographical mark consisting of a bearded man's head crowned with fruit and foliated design issuing from donkey ears, then: *In Colonia, | Per Pietro Martello. |* 4to. (280 x 220 mm.) No date, but said to have been printed in 1728 at Naples. pp. 8 nn-318.

Has four ornamented capitals. Begins with a letter addressed to Lord Boyle by SEB. ARTOPOLITO. Then comes an advertisement, *Lo stampatore | ai lettori*, followed by a *Sonetto di B. Cellini*. The text is on numbered pages throughout, and ends on p. 316; pp. 317-18 contain extracts from documents regarding Cellini's Will and burial.

Although the editor's name, as given above, is not to be found anywhere in this edition, the Prefatory matter will be noted in MELZI'S *Dizionario di opere anonime e pseudonime di scrittori Italiani* (Milano, Pirola, 1848-59; 3 vols. 8vo); Vol. III, p. 241, as attributed to A. COCCHI, in whose *Discorsi Toscani* (Firenze, Andrea Bonducci, 1761-1762; 4to) it will be found at part II, p. 183. GAMBA, in his *Serie dei testi di lingua e di opere importanti Nella Italiana letteratura*, etc. (Venezia, Gondoliere, 1839, 4th ed.; 4to), states that a pirated edition was published by BARTOLINI of Florence in 1792; that this edition is known by the sixth line of the title ending with the word "toccano" instead of "apparte." as in the original edition; the printing of the first page of the Dedication consists of twenty-one lines to nineteen in



the original; the Index at the end of the original edition is on four numbered pages, and the pagination should be pp. 4 nn-317-4 numbered.

Other pirated editions are mentioned; one is said to have been produced in 1730; another, in the Goethe-National Museum at Weimar, has no portrait of Cellini, and on the title the word "medesimo" has the double "s."

*Vide* also E. TEZA, *La vita di B. Cellini nelle mani del Goethe*.

59. Another copy is quoted as having a portrait and facsimile of Cellini's signature. Text. 4to. pp. 8 nn-318-8.

BACCI describes the portrait as being by Vasari, drawn by M. Tuscher and engraved by Gerolamo Rossi.

The title of the copy described above is printed in red and black alternately.

60. Another copy in my possession has the following variations: *Vita | di | Benvenuto Cellini | orefice e scultore fiorentino | da lui medesimo scritta | Nella quale molte curiose particolarità si toccano | appartenenti alle Arti, ed all' Istoria del suo tempo | tratta da un ottimo Manuscritto, e,* etc., as in above. Text: pp. xvi-318 (270 × 188 mm.). Pp. xiii-xvi contain an Index to text. The typographical mark on the title, also printed in red and black alternately, is different showing a youthful face in an ornamented cartouche.

It will be noticed that the ending of the sixth line of the first of the above described ends in "*apparte-*" and the other in "*toccano,*" neither, however, agrees as to the position of the Index, which does not even occur in the former whilst it precedes the latter text. The paging of neither agrees with GAMBA'S description.

61. Yet another copy before me measuring 255 × 195 mm., consists of pp. viii nn.-8 nn. of Index-318 pp. of text, ending with p. 316 and pp. 317-8 as described above. The title is as described in the first text, with the first page of the dedication, in twenty-one lines, ending with the first three letters of the word "*piena.*" My copy ends with the word "*Arti*" and has twenty-three lines in the first page of the Preface, which is numbered III whilst the other is unnumbered. The ornamented L in my copy shows a town with towers and churches; the same letter in the other shows a

- youth with flowers or fruit and a castle with mountains behind. The naked youth has one foot on the L.
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  63. CONTI, Angelo. *Benvenuto Cellini Scultore*. In "Rassegna Internazionale della Lett. e Dell' Arte Contemp." Anno 1. Vol. III, fasc. XIII. Firenze, November 15th 1900. pp. 3-10.
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  67. FALORSI, Guido. *Vita di B. Cellini*. Firenze, Le Monnier, 1890. 16mo. pp. xii-353.
  68. *Da una lezione su la Vita di Benvenuto Cellini*. In "Rassegna Nazionale," 1882, fasc. 10.
  - 68a. FEDELE, P. *L'Uffiziolo di Madonna rilegato da Benvenuto Cellini*. Extract from "Mélanges d'Archéologie et d'Histoire," pub. par l'Ecole française de Rome, Vol. XXIX. Also separately. Rome, Cuggiani. 8vo. 1909. pp. 15.
  69. FRASCHETTI, Attilio. *L'Arte di Benvenuto Cellini*. In "Rassegna Bibliog. dell' Arte Ital" 1901. IV. p. 13.
  70. GALASSINI, A. *Le vite dell' Alfieri e del Cellini*. In "Rassegna Nazionale," 1880, fasc. 2.
  71. GALLETTI, Paolo. *Il Cellini a Roma*. In "Arte e Storia." Firenze, July, 1907. No. 13-14. pp. 108.
  72. GAMBA, Bartolomeo. *Racconti di Benvenuto Cellini ora per la prima volta pubblicati*. Venezia, Alvisopoli. 1828. 8vo. pp. viii. 47, Per Nozze. There are two copies on vellum.  
In a book catalogue I find a second edition noted, Venice 1829.
  73. The *Racconti* were reprinted the same year. 16mo.
  74. The *Racconti* were printed by TASSI in his edition of the *Vita* issued in 1829.
  75. GARGANI, Gargano. *Sopra una scelta di lettere familiari de' secoli XVII-XIX*. Siena, Sordomuti, 1867. 8vo. pp. 27.
  76. GARGANO, G. S. *Il Cellini critico e filosofo*. In "Il Marzocco," No. 44. 1900.

77. GAROGLIO, D. W. *Goethe e il Cellini*. In "Il Marzocco," No. 44. 1900.
78. GELLI, Jacopo. *Tra B. Cellini e Filippo Negrioli*. In "Rassegna d'arte." Milano, 1902. II, No. 6. pp. 81-85. Illust.
79. *Imitazione e falsi nelle armi e nelle armature antiche*. In "Rassegna d'Arte," Feb.-March, 1903. p. 29. Illust.  
On a shield attributed to Cellini (Illust.) in the Imperial Armoury at Vienna.
80. GOBIO, E. *La vita di B. Cellini, castigata ad uso della costumata gioventù*. Torino, Salesiana, 1871. 18mo. pp. 703.
81. The same. Torino, 7th ed., tip. Salesiana, 1898. 24mo. pp. 703.
82. GUASTI, C. *Di un ritratto di Francesco di Medici, opera di Benvenuto Cellini*.  
In GUASTI'S *Opuscolo concernenti alle Arti del disegno*. Firenze, Le Monnier, 1859. 16mo. pp. vi-269 at p. 211.
83. GUASTI, Gaetano. *Vita di B. Cellini con note ed illustrazione*. Firenze, Barbera. 16mo. 1890. pp. xxviii-672. Portrait.
84. 2nd Ed: Barbèra, 1896. Firenze. 16mo. pp. xxiii-432.
85. *Del crocifisso d'argento attribuito a B. Cellini e posseduto dai Conti Godi di Parma: Considerazioni*. Firenze, tip. Fiorentina, 1893. 8vo. pp. 42.
86. *D'un crucifix en argent, œuvre de B. Cellini appartenant à la noble maison Godi-Toschi de Parme*. Florence, tip. Fiorentina, 1898. 8vo. pp. 46.
87. LASTRI, Marco. *Chiesa della Nunziata e maniera antica di voti*. On wax votive offerings and on a work in wax by B. Cellini. In "L'Osservatore fiorentino sugli edifizî della sua patria." Vol. II. p. 1656. Firenze, 1797.
88. LENZI, Furio. *Una medaglia del Bembo da attribuirsi a Cellini*. In "Rassegna Numism." Orbetello, 11 Novembre, 1905. No. 6. p. 87. Illus.
89. LEPORATI, Erminia. *Benvenuto Cellini e la sua autobiografia*. Firenze, 1890.
90. LODI, F. *Benvenuto Cellini; romanzo storico popolare*. Milano, Tommasi, 1891. 16mo. pp. 123.
91. MABELLINI, A. *Le Rime di Benvenuto Cellini pubblicate ed Annotate*. Torino, 1890. 8vo. pp. 278. 100 copies only.
92. The same. Torino, Paravia, 1891. 8vo. pp. 282; plates.

93. The same. Firenze, 1885. 16mo. pp. vi + 334.
94. The same. Firenze, 1892. 16mo. pp. 334.
95. MARRAI, Bernardo. *Il Perseo di Benvenuto Cellini*. In "Arte e Storia." Firenze, Novembre 15-30, 1900. pp. 129.
96. MARUTI, O. *Basso rilievo della base del Perseo*. In "Arch. Stor. dell' arte," II, 1890. p. 436.
97. MOLINI, Gius. *La vita di B. Cellini scritta da lui medesimo tratta dall' autografo con brevi annotazioni*. Firenze, Tip. all' Insegna di Dante, 1830. 12mo. Vol. XXVI. In the "Biblioteca Italiana in verso ed in prosa."
98. *Vita, etc.* 2da. Ediz. collazionata di nuovo coll' originale e ricorretta con brevi annotazioni e una scelta di documenti. Firenze, Tip. all' Insegna di Dante, 1832. Sm. 4to. 2 vols. pp. xii-734.
99. MOMO, otherwise Girolamo Amati. *Lettere Romane corrette ed annotate*. Roma, Barbèra, 1872. 8vo. pp. 103-1.
100. *Benvenuto Cellini. Lettera al Sig. Marchese Giuseppe Forcella*. In "Il Buonarroti." Vol. III. N. S. Roma, 1866. pp. 2-6.
101. MONTI, Achille. *Il Busto di Bindo Altoviti opera del Cellini*. In "Il Laoconte." Roma, Menicanti, 1864. pp. 182-183.
102. MORELLI, Jacopo. *Codici Manoscritti volgari della libreria Naniana*. Venezia, 1776. 4to. Contains CELLINI'S *Discorso di Architettura*.
103. MORENI, Domenico. *Dissertazione istorica-critica delle tre sontuose cappelle Medicee, situate nella Imp. Basilica di S. Lorenzo*. Firenze, 1813.
104. ORANO, Domenico. *Benvenuto Cellini*. In "Archivio della Soc. Romana di Storia Patria." Vol. XXIII. p. 586.
105. PAESANI, Giovanni. *Benvenuto Cellini nel 4to Centenario della sua nascita*. In "Natura ed Arte," 1899-1900. pp. 928, and 987-994. 21 illustrations.
106. PEROSIO, Gius. *Benvenuto Cellini: dramma lirico. Musica di Em. Bozzano*. Milano, Ricordi, 1875. 16mo. pp. 40.
107. PERUZZINI, Giov. *Il Cellini a Parigi. Melodramma semiserio in 4 giornate*. Milano, F. Lucca, 1847 (?).
108. PINTOR, F. *Nuovi documenti Celliniani*. In "Rivista d'Arte." Firenze, 1904. Nos. 6-7, pp. 120-132; nos. 8-9, pp. 182-186.

109. Part I of this publication issued separately. Per Nozze D'Ancona-Cardoso. Firenze, S. Landi, 1904. 4to. pp. 19.
110. PITTALUGA, Gustavo. *Per il quarto centenario di Benvenuto Cellini. Discorso.* Teramo, De Carolis, 1903. 8vo. pp. 24.  
An Extract from "Rivista Abruzzese," anno XVIII, fasc. i.
111. PORTIOLI, A. *I sigilli del Cardinale Ercole Gonzaga.* In "Archiv. stor. lombardo." VIII. pp. 64-67. Also Milano, 1881. 8vo.
112. RICCI, Corrado. *I Cellini di Ravenna.* In "Il Marzocco," No. 44. 1900.
113. RIZZATTI, Ferruccio. *Un precursore del Cellini: Nicola Guardiagrele.* In "La Vita Italiana," Anno I. Vol. III. Roma, July 25, 1895. No. 18, Fasc. xviii. p. 537.
114. RIZZOLI, Luigi Jr. *Una medaglia del Bembo che non è opera di B. Cellini.* In "L'Arte," 1905, fasc. iv. pp. 276-280. Illust.  
The medal is attributed to Danese Cattaneo. Also published separately. Roma, Tip. Unione Coop., 1905. 4to. pp. 7.
115. RONCORONI, L. *Benvenuto Cellini. Contributo allo studio delle parafrasi.* In "Archivio di Psichiatria, etc.," Torino, Vol. XXVI, 1905.
116. ROSSI DA LUCCA, L. *Il testo critico della vita di Benvenuto Cellini, a proposito della recente edizione del Bacci.* In "Rassegna Nazionale," Vol. CXXIV, 1902.
117. ROSSI, Lauro. *Cellini a Parigi. Opera in italiano.* Performed at Turin in June 1845.
118. ROSSO, Francesco. *Il Perseo di Benvenuto Cellini.* First published in "Il Fossanese," a newspaper issued at Fossano, 1900-1901; subsequently in "Fiori e Foglie." Fossano, Rossetti, 1901. 8vo. pp. 59-67.
119. RUSCONI, Arturo Jahn, and VALERI, A. *La vita di Benvenuto Cellini seguita dal Trattati dell'oreficeria e della scultura e dagli scritti sull'arte.* With 196 illustrations. Roma, Tip. E. Voghera, Soc. Editrice Nazionale, MCMI. 8vo. p. 857. There is a review of this by Edmondo de Amicis in "La Lettura." Milano, April 1903. Anno iii, No. 4.
120. SAN MARTINO, Enrico. *Per Benvenuto Cellini e per gli Orafi Italiani.* In "Rivista politica e letteraria," anno IV, Vol. XIII, Fasc. II. Rome, November 15th 1900. p. 138.

121. SONZOGNO, Lor. *Benvenuto Cellini. Dramma Storica*. Milano, Sonzogno, 1839; Napoli, Rossi-Roman, 1853. 16mo. pp. 99. Milano, Sonzogno, 1890. 24mo.
122. SUPINO, Igino Benvenuto. *L'Arte di B. Cellini, con nuovi documenti sull'oreficeria fiorentina del secolo XVI*. Firenze, Alinari, 1901. pp. 75. At p. 63 is to be found *Inventario degli argenti, estratto dell'inventario della Guardaroba del fù Granduca Francesco I, 1587*, n. 126.
123. *Feste Celliniane*. In "L'Arte," IV, 1901. pp. 214-216.
124. TASSI, Francesco. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini orefice e scultore fiorentino scritta da lui medesimo restituita alla lezione originale sul manoscritto Poirot ora Laurenziano ed arricchita d'illustrazioni e documenti inediti*. Firenze, G. Piatti, 3 vols., 4 illustrations, 1829. 8vo. There is an edition of this on blue paper. Vols. I and II contain the *Vita*, pp. lxxvii-460 and 616.

ANTONIO COCCHI'S introduction to the first edition of the *Vita* is inserted at p. lvi. At p. lxii there is a Letter from Cellini to B. Varchi, the original of which is to be found in the Archivio di Stato at Florence. Codici Strozziiani 481 (now cxxviii) "Original letters written to B. Varchi."

A facsimile of Cellini's writing precedes the text. Vol. III, pp. 570, down to p. 262, contains many documents concerning Cellini.

The *Racconti* extracted by BARTOLOMEO GAMBA from the *Trattato dell'Oreficeria* are printed at pp. 265-307. Then follow nineteen letters from Cellini to various personages to p. 363. At p. 364, the *Discorso dell'Architettura*; p. 374, the *Capitolo dell'Arte del Niello*; p. 382, *Discorso sopra la differenza nata tra gli Scultori e Pittori circa il luogo destro stato dato alla Pittura nelle esequie del gran Michelagnolo Buonarroti*. The volume ends with the *Poems*.

125. The same. Firenze, G. Piatti, 1831. The text only. 16mo. pp. 708.
126. The same. Lipsich, 1833-35. 3 vols.  
TASSI'S *Vita* was published at Leipzig, Leopoldo Voss, 1833, 3 vols. 181 x 110 mm.; pp. xxiv, *Prefazione dell'editore Tedesco Sommario Cronologico*, xxv-xliv-194; Vol. II, p. 288; Vol. III, *Trattati e discorsi di B. C.*, p. v, Introduction, p. vii. *Opere d'arti di B. C. mentovate da lui*

- medesimo nella vita e ne' trattati e discorsi*; p. 1-176, *Trattati e discorso*; (I) *Dell' Oreficeria*; (II) *Scultura*; (III) *Dell' Arte del Disegno*; (IV) *Dell' Architettura*; (V) *Del suggello dell' Accademia de' Pittori di Firenze* (illustrated), 5 plates in Vols. I and II; copperplate of the seal in Vol. III.
127. British Museum, London, MSS. Department, Add. MS. 22032. Collection of DR. FRANCESCO TASSI, being notes and copies of *Records* printed by him in illustration of the *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini* in 1829. Italian Autograph papers. Folio.
128. TEZA, Emilio. *La Vita di Benvenuto Cellini nelle mani del Goethe: Nota*. In "Atti del R. Istituto Veneto di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti," Vol. LIII, 1894-95, pp. 299-307.
129. *Il Cellini in Magiario*. In "Vita Nuova." Firenze, Anno I, No. 26. Is a review of SZANA SZAMOS'S work in Hungarian, cf. No. 208
130. TORELLI (Vieri or Vioillier), Eugenio. *Della Vita e delle opere di B. Cellini. Conferenza*. Firenze (Tip. M. Ricci, 1901. 8vo. pp. 31.
131. TULLIO, Giovanni. *Saggio critico sullo stile nella "Vita" di Benvenuto Cellini*. Roma, Forzani, 1906. 8vo. pp. 100-1.
132. VENTURI, A. *Benvenuto Cellini, nel quarto centenario della sua nascita*. Extract from "Nuova Antologia, Nov. 1st 1900, p. 14. Illustrated.
133. *B. Cellini in Francia. Documenti*. In "Archivio Storico dell' Arte," II, 1890, pp. 376-377.
134. *Documenti storici sul Perseo di B. Cellini*. In "Arte e Storia," III, Dec. 7th 1884, p. 385.
135. *Ascanio di Tagliacozzo, discepolo di B. Cellini, fugge di Francia*. In "Archivio storico dell' Arte," II, 1890, p. 378.
136. VITALINI, O. *Gli scudi d'oro di Paolo III ed i conii di Benvenuto Cellini*. Camerino (tipog. Savini), 1906. 8vo. Pp. 15. In "Rivista Ital. di Numism.," 1907, XX, p. 69. Illustrated.

## TRATTATI

137. *Trattati della oreficeria e della scultura*. MS. not in Cellini's autograph but revised by him. It differs from the printed edition of 1568; is in the Biblioteca Marciana in Venice marked *Italiani*. Classe IV, No. 44, to which it was be-

queathed by Jacopo Nani. It is described in JACOPO MORELLI'S *I Codici manoscritti volgari della libreria Naniana*. Venezia, 1776. pp. 20-22.

The MS. is on paper measuring 285 x 210 mm.; it is bound in leather and contains 155 folios. The writing is the same throughout. On the back of the first folio is the dedication to the Prince Regent of Florence and Siena. On fol. 2 the text begins. Poems in praise of Cellini's work occupy fol. 137 to 153.

Dr. G. Coggiola, of the Biblioteca Marciana, who was good enough to supply this description of the MS., adds that there is but one correction in Cellini's autograph, and this occurs in a verse on fol. 143 verso.

This MS. served as the basis for MILANESI'S edition of 'he *Trattati*.

Two MSS. of a later date, one containing the *Proemio* printed in the second edition of the *Trattati*, with many variations of that text and the other *Discorso sull' Architettura*, are probably in MORELLI'S writing and copied, as regards the latter, from the preceding MS.

- 138 *Dve | Trattati | uno intorno alle otto | principali arti | Dell' Oreficeria | L'altro in materia dell' Arte della Scultura; | dove si veggono infiniti segreti nel la|uorar la Figure di Marmo, & | nel gettarle di Bronzo. | Composti da M. Benvenuto Cellini | Scultore Fiorentino.* Woodcut showing three shields bearing the Arms of the Medici. The central one has a Cardinal's Hat held up by two cherubs above it. In "Fiorenza Per Valente Panizzij & Marco Peri." M D LXVIII. 4to. The first ten pages are unnumbered, then follow 122 pp. numbered only on one side with the following irregularities: p. 26 is marked 29, 28 is wrongly marked, 33 is not marked, 35 is marked 33, there are two pages marked 46, p. 51 is marked 47, p. 61 is also marked 47. The unnumbered folio between p. 32 and 34 is also wanting in the heading "Primo." Then follow 13 pp. unnumbered of poems in honour of Cellini's Works. Below the end there is an oval with a lion rampant facing to the left under a crown held up by two robed female figures. Round the oval are the words: "VALENTIORI CEDITVR." Below the Printers' names.



The text is in cursive type with capitals on woodcuts of landscapes. BRUNET states that there are large paper copies of this, the rarest edition, printed during Cellini's lifetime. A copy in my possession, formerly owned by Piot and then by Bonaffè, measures 214 × 146 mm. This is no doubt the large paper edition referred to, because another copy in my possession offers a variation in the collation as follows: p. 33 is properly marked and the word "*Primo*" heads the page as it should do; all the other irregularities in the page markings are repeated.

139. *Due Trattati | Di | Benvenuto Cellini | Scultore Fiorentino | uno | Dell' Oreficeria | L'Altro | Della Scultura.* In Firenze, M.DCC.XXXI. Tartini e Franchi. 4to. pp. xxxii-162-13 of Index, followed by corrections.

There is an introduction, unsigned, but said to be by ROSSO MARTINI. This *Preiàce* is preceded by a woodcut, in which the arms of Cellini form the central ornament. It contains, amongst other details regarding Cellini, an inventory of the works found in his shop after his death. Following the Second Treatise there is *Frammento di un Discorso di Benvenuto Cellini sopra i principj e' l modo d' imparare l' arte del disegno.*

140. *Due Trattati | di | Benvenuto Cellini | Scultore Fiorentino | uno | Dell' Oreficeria | L'Altro | Della Scultura.* In Firenze, M.DCCC.XXXI, Tartini e Franchi. 4to. This edition was really printed in Turin about 1795. It contains pp. xxvii-156 and the following additional matter: *Serie | Degli | Artisti | che hanno lavorato ne' metalli | si fini, che rozzi de' quali se ne fa degnamente gloriosa rimembranza | ne' fasti delle belle arti.* This is preceded by a *Proemio* of pp. xv. The text consists of pp. 42. Size, 274 × 219 mm.

In his "*Serie dei Testi di Lingua*," BARTOLOMEO GAMBA DA BASSANO says (*vide* the 4th edition. Venezia, 1839. p. 107a): ". . . in Torino, verso il fine dello scorso Secolo, si fece una Nuova edizione dei Trattati del Cellini, serbando la medesima data di Firenze, 1731, in 4to. gr. Va ricordata per essere arricchita di una *Serie degli artisti che hanno lavorata ne' metalli, si fini che rozzi*, etc. . . . Quest' edizione corse sinistre vicende per qualche espressione mal misurata che sta nel Proemio dell'aggiunta suddetta. . . ."

141. *Due Trattati di Benvenuto Cellini Scultore Fiorentino, Uno Dell' Oreficeria l'altro Della Scultura coll'aggiunta di alcune operette del medesimo.* Milano. Soc. Tipog. de' Classici Italiani. 8vo. 1811. pp. lx-419 and a sheet of corrections.

This is Vol. III of CARPANI'S edition of Cellini's works. The editor in his introduction calls this edition the fourth of the *Trattati*; the first being that of 1568, the second that of 1731, and the third that printed in Turin about 1795, with the false date of 1731 (*vide* No. 140). This last edition he notes, is identifiable by the substitution of a typographical ornament in lieu of that containing Cellini's arms to be seen in the real edition of 1731, preceding the preface.

142. *Due Trattati.* Venezia, 1828.

143. *Due Trattati | uno intorno alle otto principali arti | dell' Oreficeria | l'altro dell' arte | Della Scultura | dove si ragiona | del lavorare le figure di marmo | etc.* Milano, 1852, Giov. Silvestre. 8vo. pp. vi-302.

There is a note by the printer in which he mentions his earlier editions of the *Vita*.

144. *I | Trattati | Dell' Oreficeria | e della Scultura di Benvenuto Cellini | nuovamente messa alle stampe secondo le originale dettatura del Codice Marciano per cura di Carlo Milanese. Si aggiungono: I discorsi e i ricordi intorno all' arte, lettere e le suppliche. Le poesie.* Firenze, Le Monnier, 1857. 8vo. pp. lviii-487.

There is also a Genealogical Tree and a Glossary from page 421.

*Vide* also Nos. 9, 40, 42, 46, 47, 56, 57, 58, 63, 64, 101, 118, 123, 125.

## CELLINI LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

145. *Cellini.* *Vide* "Temple Bar Magazine," London, February 1875.  
 146. *Cellini.* *Vide* "Cornhill Magazine," London, September 1865.  
 147. *B. Cellini, a Tale.* *Vide* "American Whig Review," New York, 1851.

- 147a. *Benvenuto Cellini*. Vide "Church Quarterly Review. April 1889. Vol. XXVIII.
148. ASHBEE, C. R. *The Treatises of Benvenuto Cellini on Goldsmithing and Sculpture*. London, Edward Arnold, 1898. Large 4to. pp. xiv-164-2 nn. 2 full-page illustrations and 7 diagrams in the text. The Marcian text has been followed. The book is finely printed by the Guild of Handicraft at the Essex House Press. 600 copies were issued. The translation is intended for the workshop, and contains notes and a Glossary by the translator.
149. BUTTERWORTH, Walter. *B. Cellini, Goldsmith and Sculptor, 1500-1571; a note*. In "The Manchester Quarterly," October 1895.
150. CHURCHILL, Sidney J. A. *Bibliografia Celliniana*. In "Bibliografia." Vol. IX. 1907. Firenze, Olschki, 1907. Folio. pp. 15.
151. CHURCHILL, Sidney J. A. *Benvenuto Cellini, the Caradosos and other Master Craftsmen of the Guild of the Goldsmiths of Rome*. In "Monatshefte für Kunstwissenschaft," Leipzig, November 1908.
152. CORTISSOZ, Royal. *Benvenuto Cellini, Artist and Writer*. New York, Brentano, 1906. 8vo. pp. 19.
153. DODD, Thomas. *A Biographical Note on Benvenuto Cellini*. In the British Museum, MSS. Department, Add. MS. 34667, fol. 477.
154. HUBBARD, G. *Little journies to the homes of eminent artists. B. Cellini*. X, No. 7. New York, The Roycrofters, 1902. 8vo.
155. JONES, E. Alfred. *The Gold and Silver Plate of Wolf Dietrich von Raitenau, Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, in the Pitti Palace. Hitherto attributed to Cellini*. In "The Connoisseur," May 1907, London. Vol. XVIII. No. 19. p. 20. Illustrated.
156. LIPPMANN, F. W. *A Bronze Statuette attributed to Benvenuto Cellini*. In "The Burlington Magazine," London, October 1909. Vol. XVI. p. 40. 3 illustrations.
157. LOESER, Charles. *A Bronze attributed to Cellini*. In "The Burlington Magazine," London, December 1909. Vol. XVI. p. 165. 3 illustrations.
158. LONGUEVILLE, Thomas. *Chisel, Pen and Poignard: or*

- B. Cellini, his times and his contemporaries.* London, Longmans. 8vo. pp. x-159. 1899. 19 illustrations.
- 158a. LOWELL, E. J. *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini.* London, 1889. 8vo. Extract.
159. MACDONELL, Anne. *The Life of B. Cellini newly translated, with an introduction.* London, Dent, 1903. 2 vols. 8 x 4 in. pp. 310-252. Illustrated.
160. The same. In one volume in "Everyman's Library." London, Dent, 1909. pp. xii-510.
161. NUGENT, Thomas. *The Life of B. Cellini; a Florentine Artist, containing a variety of Curious and Interesting particulars, relative to Painting, Sculpture and Architecture: and the History of his own time. Written by Himself in the Tuscan language and translated from the original.* London, T. Davies, MDCCLXXI. 2 vols. 8vo. NUGENT'S *Life of Cellini* was republished, 8vo, in 1840; 12mo in 1847. Editions dated 1826, 12mo, and 1828 are also noted. There is also an edition without date and place of printing.
162. The same. Philadelphia, 1812. 12mo.
163. P. B. *The Arms of Cellini.* In "Notes and Queries," 4th series. London, Vol. VI, p. 335; VII, p. 266.
164. P. L. *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini; a translation.* London, 1888. 8vo.
165. POTTER, Frederick Scarlett. *A Wonderful Goldsmith.* London, Soc. for Promoting Christian Knowledge (1882). 8vo. pp. 123.
166. POWER, D' A. *The medical experiences of Benvenuto Cellini.* S. a. (1898). 8vo.
167. ROSCOE, Thomas. *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, by himself.* From the text of GIUSEPPE MOLINI, edited by G. P. CARPANI. London, 1822. 8vo. 2 vols. Portrait.
168. The same. London, 1823. 8vo.
169. The same. London, Bohn's Library, 1847. 12mo. pp. viii-504. Portrait.
170. The same. London, Bohn's Library, 1850. 8vo. Portrait.
171. The same. London, Bohn's Library, 1903. 8vo.
172. The same. London, No. 24 in "The Unit Library," 1903. 12mo. pp. 528.
173. The same. Revised by L. RICCI. Illustrated. London, in "The Unit Library." Large paper, 1904.

174. ROSCOE, Thomas. *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, by himself*. London, G. Newnes; New York, Scribner's, 1904. 8vo. pp. viii-571.
175. The same. Newly edited and revised with notes by A. R. WALLER and L. RICCI. In "The Library of Standard Biographies," London, 1906, 8vo, pp. 528.
176. ST. SWITHIN. *Cellini's Hammer*. In "Notes and Queries," 9th series. London, Vol. XII, p. 269.
177. SYMONDS, John Addington. *Life of Benvenuto Cellini, newly translated into English*. 2 vols. Impl. 8vo. First edition, large paper, portrait. 8 India proof etchings by F. Laguillermie and 18 reproductions of Cellini's works. 100 copies were issued in this state, each numbered. London, J. C. Nimmo, 1888 (1887).
178. The same. 8vo. London, 1888. pp. lxxv-284 and 340. Portrait and *Perseus* on the title.
179. The same. 1889. pp. liv-514.
180. The same. 1896. pp. liv-464.
181. The same. Published by Macmillan. 8vo. 1901. pp. liv-464. Portrait and 6 illustrations.
182. The same. 1903.
183. The same. 1905. (5th ed.)
184. *Benvenuto Cellini's character*. In "The Fortnightly Review," London, 1887.
185. *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini*. 2 vols. 295 x 200 mm. pp. clxxxvi = 1 and clxxxviii = 2.  
At the end the following: Here ends the life of B. Cellini, translated from the Italian by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Seen through the press by C. J. HOLMES and decorated by C. S. RICKETTS, under whose supervision the book has been printed at the Ballantyne Press, London, MCM. Sold by Hacon and Ricketts, London, and John Lane, New York.
186. THURSTON, Herbert. *Two lost masterpieces of the Goldsmiths' art. The Clasp made by Cellini for Clement VII.* In "The Burlington Magazine," London, October 1905, p. 37. Illustrated.

## CELLINI LITERATURE IN FRENCH

187. *Benvenuto Cellini*. In "La Revue Britannique," 1881, Vol. III.
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269. ALTAEV, A. *Benvenuto Cellini. Biograficeskaja povest*. Petersburg, Sojkin, 1904. 8vo. 223.

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275. FABRICZY, C. von. *Medaillen der italienischen Renaissance*. Leipzig, Seeman, 1903. 8vo. Illustrated. Of this work there is an English translation by MRS. G. W. HAMILTON, with a preface by G. F. HILL. London, Duckworth, 1904. 4to. pp. 224. 41 plates.
276. HEISS, Alois. *Les Médailleurs de la Renaissance. Florence et les Florentins*. Paris, Rothschild, 1892. Fol. In two parts.

## LETTERS OF CELLINI

277. In the Catalogues of the Autographs belonging to Benjamin Fillon, sold in Paris on July 15th 1879, No. 2105, is a description of a letter from Benvenuto Cellini dated June 2nd 1526, regarding a ring which he was working on, and a cornelian which he had delivered to Giacomo Sansovino.
278. Original Letter of Benvenuto Cellini, addressed to Monsig. Salviati, Bishop of San Paolo in Venice. Dated Florence, Novr. 18 1553. Is in Vatican Library, Barberini Collection. Latin texts, No. 6523, fol. 9-10. Has been published, with notes, by Claude Cochin (see No. 193a).
279. A letter from Cellini to Monsignor Vincenzo Borghini was sold in Paris in the year 1845, and appears again in the *Catalogue de la Belle Collection de Lettres Autographes de feu Monsieur le Baron de Trèmont* (Paris, Leverdet, 1852, 8vo).
280. *Vide also Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura, Scultura et Architettura di Giov. Bottari*, continued by Stefano Ticozzi. Milano, Silvestre, 1822. 8 vols. Vol. I, p. 15, 16, 17, 107, 109, 111.
281. *Vide also VARCHI, Ben. Due lezioni nella prima delle quali si dichiara un sonetto di M. Michelangiolo Buonarroli. Nella seconda si disputa quale sia più nobile arte la Scultura o la Pittura, con una lettera d'esso Michelagnolo, e più altri eccellenti Pittori e scultori sopra la Quistione sopradetta.* Fiorenza, Torrentino, 1549, in 4 Perg.

(Varie lettere di artisti come il Vasari, il Bronzino, Francesco di S. Gallo, Tribolo, Cellini, intorno la sopradetta materia. Vi sono inoltre riportate varie terzine di Dante.)

# WORKS BY BENVENUTO CELLINI, OF WHICH RECORD HAS COME DOWN TO US

ABBREVIATIONS.—L. = *Life*; T. G. = *Treatise on Goldsmith's Work*; T. S. = *Treatise on Sculpture*; D = *Document*; A. M. = *Archivio Mediceo*; B. R. = *Biblioteca Riccardiana*; Ia = *Inventory, 1538*; Ib = *Inventory taken after Cellini's death*; Ic = *Inventory of the Grand Ducal Treasury*.

## JEWELLERY

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
A man's buckle . . .	L.	1518	Florence	
A woman's girdle . .	L.	<i>circa</i> 1521	"	
A lily in diamonds .	L.	1524	Rome	Made for Madonna Portia Chigi.
Steel rings encrusted with gold . . . .	L.	1524	"	
Medals for caps:				
1. Four figures (sub- jects not specified)	L.	1524	"	Four of these are recorded.
2. Leda and the Swan . . . . .	L. & T. G.	1524	"	
3. Hercules and the Nemean Lion . .	L. & T. G.	1524	"	
4. Atlas supporting the World . . . .	L. & T. G.	1524	"	
Morse of Pope Cle- ment VII . . . .	L. & T. G.	1530-1531	"	

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Gold Ring of Pope Paul III . . . .	L. & T. G.	1536	Rome	
The Jewels of Francesca Sforza, Contessa di Sta. Fiora . . . .	L.	1538		
The Jewels found in Cellini's shop, October 23rd . . . .	L. & Ia.	1538	"	
Girdle for Eleanora, Duchess of Florence . . . . .	L.	1545	Florence	
Pendant for the same lady . . . .	L.	1545	"	
Ring for the same . . . .	L.	1546	"	
An eye of gold . . . .	L.	1547	"	
A crayfish in cornelian . . . . .	Ic.	1544-1563	"	
Eight heads of animals in <i>pietra dura</i> . . . . .	D., A. M.	1559	"	
Cellini's own wedding ring . . . .	Ib.	1570	"	

M. Eugène Plon remarks rather pathetically that changes in fashions—more especially *feminine* fashions—are responsible for the disappearance of much of the jewellery executed by Cellini and his contemporaries; far more than the crucible of thieves or the financial straits of princes. Hence of works that can seriously be assigned to the artist himself scarcely anything remains. That careful student in his great volume, has with much elaboration weighed the evidence and probabilities of all the most celebrated pieces that have been attributed to our artist, and the result leaves us but the following: but some of these even are open to doubt.

- I. A RING OF STEEL INCRUSTED WITH GOLD in which is set a head engraved on agate and adorned with lions' heads and other decorations.  
*Royal Cabinet of Gems, Vienna.*

2. A CAMEO representing *Leda and the Swan*, set in gold and adorned with enamels, diamonds and rubies. (An antique fragment restored.) This may perhaps be the medal for a cap referred to above.<sup>1</sup> *Royal Cabinet of Gems, Vienna.*
3. THE SETTING OF AN OLD CAMEO. An oval sardonyx with busts of *Julius Caesar* and *Augustus*, *Tiberius* and *Germanicus*. Executed in gold adorned with an allegorical design, trophies and lions. (Perhaps also intended to be worn in a cap.) *Cabinet de France.*
4. THE CAR OF APOLLO. Round enamel set in pearls. *Chantilly Collection.*
5. AN OVAL MEDALLION consisting of an emerald set in enamelled gold. To the emerald are attached tiny enamelled figures of *Adam* and *Eve*, and from it hangs another smaller emerald. *Collection of M. Fabre (formerly belonging to the Debruge Dumesnil Collection.)*
6. MORSE,<sup>2</sup> bearing the *Name of Jesus* in brilliants adorned with other precious stones and ornaments. (Dated 1562.) *Chapter of the Church of Sta. Barbara, Mantua.*
7. NECKLACE in enamelled gold with scenes from the *Passion of Our Lord*.<sup>3</sup> *Collection of M. le Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, Paris.*

<sup>1</sup> There is really no proof and it seems unlikely that Cellini ever was himself actually a gem-cutter.

<sup>2</sup> This Morse is described by LAPINI in his *Diario* (p. 167), as among the gifts made by Duke Cosimo to Pope Pius V on March 4th 1569, but it is not attributed by him to Cellini. It seems strange that if it were truly the work of the master the Diarist should not have said so: especially since he, but a few lines earlier, describes so elaborately the other Morse alluded to above. This latter button (*bottone*) morse—*formale* or *pectorale* as it is variously styled—has been lost (melted down probably in 1797 to satisfy the rapacity of Napoleon Buonaparte); but three careful water-colour drawings of it by FRANCESCO BERTOLI are to be found in a volume of sketches made during the first half of the eighteenth century at the instance of the English connoisseur, John Talman, and now preserved in the British Museum. Cf. the Rev. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., *The Burlington Magazine*, October, 1905.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. SIDNEY CHURCHILL entirely rejects this attribution, stating



M. Plon rejects all the other attributions, pointing out with justice that most of them resemble Flemish or German or even English work.

## GOLDSMITH'S WORK

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Silver Salt-Cellar .	L.	1519	Rome	Modelled after an antique sarcophagus.
A pair of candlesticks for the Bishop of Salamanca.	L.	1523	"	
For the same prelate:	Papal Inventory	1547	"	
Missal bound in violet velvet with silver mountings	No. 456			
Missal (small), similar, bound in violet satin. . .	No. 466			
Ewer made for the same patron . .	L. & T. G.	1524	"	From designs by Gio. Fran. Penni, <i>il Fattore</i> .
Ewer for Cardinal Cibo . . . . .	L. & T. G.	1524	"	
Ewers for Cardinals Cornaro, Ridolfi, and Salviati . .	L.	1524	"	
Small vases for his doctor, Giacomo Berengario da Carpi. . . . .	L.	1524	"	Resembled antiques. Passed by

with much reason that the work appears to be of later date. The pendant is adorned with the Collar of the Golden Fleece, and the crown above it is too suspiciously modern in appearance for Cellini.

# WORKS BY BENVENUTO CELLINI 481

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
				legacy to Alfonso I d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, in 1530.
Crucifixes . . . .	L. & T. G.	1524	Rome	
The Mantua Reliquary . . . .	L.	1528	Mantua	
The Chalice of Pope Clement VII <sup>1</sup> . .	L. & T. G.	1531	Rome	
A Statuette of Our Lady . . . . .	L.	1535	"	
A Book of Hours for the Emperor Charles V . . . .	L. & T. G.	1536	"	
Works of art in gold found in Cellini's shop, October 23rd . . . . .	Ia.	1538	"	
Models of goldsmith's work executed for Benedetto Accolti, Cardinal of Ravenna	D. B. R.	1540-1549	"	
Ewer and Basin for Ippolito d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara . . . . .	L. & Register of the Cardinal's Secretary, Tommaso Mosti.	1537-1540 }	"	
For the same prelate:				
Four silver candlesticks . .	The same Register.			
A silver cup . .				
The setting of a rosary . . . .				

<sup>1</sup> This chalice, regarding the making of which the artist tells us he had so much discussion with His Holiness himself, was after all never completed for that Pontiff; but we find record of it in LAPINI'S *Diario* thirty-eight years later, among the treasures presented to Pius V by the Grand Duke Cosimo de' Medici on March 4th 1569.

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Salt-cellar for Francis I . . .	L. & T. G.	1540	Rome and Paris	Now in the Imperial Treasury in Vienna.
A large vase with two handles . .	L.	1540-1543	Paris	
A small vase for the Cardinal of Lorraine . . . . .	L.	1543	"	
Three large silver gilt vases . . .	L.	1543-1544	"	
Two small silver vases . . . . .	L.	1543-1544		Finished by his two pupils after his departure from France.
Jupiter and other Colossal Statues in silver . . . .	L. & T. G.	1540-1544	Paris	
Statuettes in gold .	T. G.	1540-1544	"	
Goblet for the Duchess Eleanora . .	L. & D. B. R.	1545	Florence	
Vases of chased gold	L. & Letter dated April 22nd.	1561	"	
Silver vases for Duke Cosimo . . . . .	L. & Ds.	1544-1533	"	
Small silver vases .	L.	1546	"	
Various vases executed after Cellini's designs . .	L.	At various times	and in various places.	

M. Plon assures us that of all the examples of Goldsmith's work that have come down to us bearing attribution to Cellini, no piece can be assigned to him with absolute certainty, except the great Salt-Cellar made for Francis I, now in the Imperial Treasury at Vienna.

After careful examination, however, of the workmanship and history of the principal and best-known pieces bearing the name of the famous goldsmith, the following works may, the French writer thinks, have issued from his hands, or at least from his workshop.

DISH AND EWER OF LERCARO. Two magnificent examples of mid-sixteenth-century work in silver parcel-gilt; decorated with an elaborate series of historical scenes, mythological personages, masks, etc. *Palazzo Coccapani, Modena.*

DISH, once belonging to the Chapter of Sta. Barbara, Mantua: covered with elaborate designs representing *The Marriage of Neptune and Amphitrite.*

*Existing only in two slightly varying plaster casts.*

TWO OVAL PLAQUES OF EMBOSSED SILVER, representing respectively: *The Combat of Perseus and Phineus*, and *Jupiter destroying the Giants.* *The Vatican Library, Rome.*

THE COVER OF A MISSAL. Silver gilt: the two sides combined representing *The Annunciation.*

*Once belonged to the King of Naples, but has disappeared.*

The following objects are accepted by M. Plon, but rejected by so eminent an authority as Mr. Sidney Churchill (H. B. M. Consul-General at Naples) for the reasons given in the notes appended.

THE COVER OF A MISSAL. Fine gold, adorned with bas-reliefs, precious stones, and enamels of different sorts; on one side *The Fountain of Youth* and allegorical figures in various attitudes: on the other the *Birth of Eve* and similar figures. Introduced into the decoration and on the back are the flowers of the *marguerite*.<sup>1</sup>

*The Victoria and Albert Museum, at South Kensington, London.*

Most probably French.

SALT-CELLAR, formerly belonging to Prince Rospigliosi. A shell of gold covered with enamel rests upon a dragon, which in turn is supported by a tortoise. A sphinx poised upon the edge of the shell forms the handle.<sup>1</sup>

*In the Collection of Charles Wertheimer, Esq., 21, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, London, W.*

EWER AND DISH. Silver-gilt, adorned with masks, grotesques, and designs of *The Four Seasons*.<sup>2</sup>

*In the Collection of the Earl Cowper, Panshanger, Herts.*

THE MOUNTINGS OF TWO CUPS,<sup>3</sup> OF LAPIS-LAZULI AND ROCK-CRYSTAL RESPECTIVELY.

*Stolen from the Cabinet of Gems in the Uffizi, Florence.*

THE MOUNTINGS OF A VASE AND FOUR CUPS OF JASPER. Figures of marine deities in gold.<sup>4</sup>

*Galerie d'Apollon, Louvre, Paris.*

THE MOUNTING OF A VASE OF ROCK-CRYSTAL.

*Kunst-Gewerbe Museum, Berlin.*

THE MOUNTING OF A ROCK-CRYSTAL CUP. Animals, trees, shells, marine monsters and deities, with a figure of *Neptune* upon the cover.<sup>4</sup>

*In the Collection of the Marquis of Salisbury, Hatfield House, Herts.*

SILVER BASIN, embossed and adorned with allegorical figures, masks, etc. (once belonging to Cardinal Grimaldi).<sup>5</sup>

*In the Treasury of the Madonna of Trapani, Sicily.*

<sup>1</sup> More probably German work. A number of Flemish and German craftsmen were employed by the Medici, and I have found descriptions of elaborate work of this kind done by them and described in the Medici wardrobe accounts.—S. C.

<sup>2</sup> Probably German.—S. C.

<sup>3</sup> Too doubtful.—S. C. Mr. Leverton Harris, M.P., also has in his collection similar cups attributed to Cellini.

<sup>4</sup> Doubtful.—S. C.

<sup>5</sup> A careful examination of this dish and of the photograph taken of it reveals the Nuremberg mark. Compare with the Dish belonging to the chapter of Sta. Barbara, Mantua.—S. C.

THE MOUNTINGS OF TWO CUPS, IN AGATE AND ROCK-CRYSTAL RESPECTIVELY. The former of gold adorned with pearls and other precious stones, represents *Hercules and the Hydra*, the latter a dragon in gold and enamel.<sup>1</sup>

*The Cabinet of Gems in the Uffizi, Florence.*

To these may perhaps be added:

A BRONZE CRUCIFIX, 33 c. high by 31 c. wide, which in treatment closely resembles the great marble crucifix in the Escorial, Spain.

*In the Collection of M. le Baron d'Eperjèsy de Tzàsvaros et Tóti, Schloss Wehrburg, Tyrol.*

## SEALS

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
For Ercole di Gonzaga, Cardinal of Mantua . . . .	} L., T. G. & D. }	1528	Mantua	Represented the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.
Another for the same prelate . . . .				
	D.	1528	„	A cardinal's hat with an inscription.
For Federigo di Gonzaga, Marquis and 1st Duke of Mantua . . . .	T. G. & D.	1528	„	The Arms of Gonzaga, with a figure of <i>Hercules</i> as a handle.

<sup>1</sup> Made in the Uffizi by some foreign workman, but certainly not by Cellini.—S. C.

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
For Ippolito d'Este, Cardinal of Fer- rara . . . . .	L. & T. G.	1539	Rome	Two sub- jects: <i>S. Ambrose assisting the Milan- ese at the battle of Parabiago: and S. John the Baptist preaching.</i>
Two Seals for the Office of Works at St. Peter's, Rome	D.	1531	„	

Two impressions of the first-mentioned Seal still exist in the Episcopal Archives of the City of Mantua: and one of the Seals of the Cardinal of Ferrara is in the Museum at Lyons. All the others have disappeared.

### MEDALS AND COINS

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Gold Doubloon . .	L. & T. G.	1529-1530	Rome	<i>Obverse: Head of Pope Cle- ment VII. Reverse: The Ecce Homo.<sup>1</sup></i>
Gold Doubloon . .	L. & T. G.	1529-1530	„	<i>Ob.: The Pope and the Em- peror sup- porting a cross. Re.: SS. Peter and Paul.<sup>2</sup></i>

<sup>1</sup> Example in the Cabinet of Coins at Turin.

<sup>2</sup> Example in the Cabinet of Coins at Milan.

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SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Silver Two-carlin piece . . . . .	L. & T. G.	1529-1530	Rome	<i>Ob.: Pope Clement VII. Re.: Christ and St. Peter.</i> <sup>1</sup>
Medals (gold, silver, and copper) . . .	L. & T. G.	1534	„	<i>Ob.: Pope Clement VII. Re.: An Allegory of Peace.</i> <sup>2</sup>
Medals (gold, silver, and copper) . . .	L. & T. G.	1534	„	<i>Ob.: Pope Clement VII. Re.: Moses striking the Rock.</i>
Gold Scudo for Pope Paul III . . . . .	L.	1534	„	<i>Ob.: Far-nese Arms: Re.: St. Paul.</i> <sup>1</sup>
Silver Piece . . . . .	L. & T. G.	1535	Florence	<i>Ob.: Alessandro de' Medici. Re.: SS. Cosmo and Damian.</i> <sup>3</sup>
Silver Julius . . . . .	L. & T. G.	1535	„	<i>Ob.: Medici Arms. Re.: St. John the Baptist (seated).</i> <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Example in the Cabinet de France.

<sup>2</sup> The dies of this and the following medal are preserved in the Uffizi at Florence. An example of the latter is in the Cabinet de France.

<sup>3</sup> Examples in the Louvre and in the Cabinet de France.

<sup>4</sup> Example in the Cabinet of Coins at Florence.



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SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Silver Half-Julius . . .	L. & T. G.	1535	Florence	Ob.: Medici Arms. Re.: Bust of <i>St. John the Baptist as a boy</i> . <sup>1</sup>
Gold Scudo . . . .	L. & T. G.	1535	"	Ob.: Medici Arms. Re.: A Greek Cross, etc. <sup>2</sup>
Medal of Alessandro dei Medici <sup>3</sup> . . .	L.	1535	"	
Medal of Pietro Bembo . . . .	L.	1537	Padua	
Medal . . . . .	L.	1540	Ferrara	Ob.: Bust of <i>Ercole II, Duke of Ferrara</i> . Re.: <i>An Allegory of Peace</i> . <sup>4</sup>
Medal . . . . .	Ia.	1537	Paris	Ob.: Bust of <i>Francis I</i> . Re.: <i>A Cavalier on horse-back trampling on Fortune</i> . <sup>5</sup>
Various Medals: . . .	Ia.	1538	—	
A gold medal of <i>Mars</i> .				
A leaden medal of <i>Francis I</i> .				

<sup>1</sup> Example in the Cabinet of Coins at Turin.

<sup>2</sup> Example in the Cabinet de France.

<sup>3</sup> It is possible that this and the following medal correspond to the existing medals of these personages described below.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps never cast.

<sup>5</sup> One of the finest existing medals by Cellini. He, however, never alluded to it in any of his writings, although it bears his signature.

Medals in wax and lead : subjects unrecorded.

Ten silver medals of *Pope Clement VII.*

A silver medal of *Pope Julius II.*

A gold medal of *Pope Paul III.*<sup>1</sup>

Besides those medals and coins already mentioned the following may be reasonably attributed to the artist.

MEDAL. *Obverse:* Bust of *Alessandro de' Medici*. *Reverse:* The inscription, SOLATIA LUCTUS EXIGUA INGENTIS.

*Example in the Cabinet of Coins in Florence, and another of gilt-bronze in the British Museum.*

THREE OTHER MEDALS (with slight variations). *Ob.:* Bust of the same Prince. *Re.:* *Peace*, bearing in one hand a cornucopia, with the other sets fire to a pile of arms.

*Examples in the Cabinet of Coins in Florence.*

MEDAL. *Ob.:* Bust of *Cardinal Pietro Bembo*; with a beard. *Re.:* *Pegasus*.

*Example in the Collection of M. Armand.*

TWO MEDALS. *Ob.:* (of both). Bust of *Ippolito d'Este*, Cardinal of Ferrara. *Re.:* (1) *Abundance*; (2) Three roses and a globe surmounted by a cross.

*Examples said to exist in Milan, but M. Plon was unable to find them. Engraved by Litta.*

MEDAL. *Ob.:* Bust of *Cardinal Jean de Lorraine*. *Re.:* *Truth* holding in one hand a mirror, and in the other a compass.

*Examples in the Collection of M. Armand.*

MEDAL. *Ob.:* Bust of *Bindo Altoviti*. *Re.:* *Standing female figure draped and holding a column.*

<sup>1</sup> Of this list the medals of Popes Clement VII and Paul III are evidently those alluded to above. The rest have not been traced.

## SCULPTURE

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Bust of the <i>Cardinal of Ferrara</i> . . .	D.	1540	Ferrara	Model executed in clay or wax.
Bust of the <i>Cardinal of Ravenna</i> . . .	D. B. R.	1540	„	Model executed in clay or wax.
Bust of <i>Julius Caesar</i> . . . . .	L.	1540-1541	Paris	Colossal bronze.
Head of a Young Woman . . . . .	L.	1540-1541	„	Colossal bronze.
<i>The Nymph of Fontainebleau</i> . . .	L. & T. S.	1543-1544	„	Now in the Louvre.
Model of a fountain for the park at Fontainebleau .	L. & T. S.	1543	„	Including a colossal figure of <i>Mars</i> .
Bas-relief of a dog . 2 Ds.	B. R.	1545	Florence	Bronze plaque in the Bargello, Florence.
Bust of <i>Cosmo dei Medici</i> . . . . .	L. & T. S.	1545	„	Colossal bronze: now in the Bargello.
Similar bust . . . . .	I b.	?	?	Marble.
Portraits of the <i>Duchess Eleanora dei Medici</i> . . . .	Ds. and Letters.	1549-1570	Florence	
<i>Ganymede</i> . . . . .	L.	1546-1547	„	Restoration of an antique: now in the Uffizi.

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SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
<i>Apollo and Hyacinth</i>	L.	1546	Florence	Group in marble.
<i>Narcissus</i> . . . .	L.	1546-1547	„	Statue in Greek marble.
<i>Perseus</i> . . . . .	L. & T. S.	1546-1547	„	Colossal bronze: now in the Loggia di Lanzi, Florence.
<i>Jupiter, Danae, Minerva, Mercury</i> .	—	—	—	Figures in niches in the pedestal of the above.
<i>Perseus delivering Andromeda</i> . .	—	—	—	Bronze bas-relief below the base of the above. Original now in the Bargello.
Model of a sepulchral monument .	D.	1549	Florence	18th of September.
Restoration of ancient bronzes . .	L. and D. A. M.	1549	„	
Bust of <i>Bindo Altoviti</i> . . . . .	L.	1550	„	Now in the Collection of Mrs. John Gardner, Fenway Court, Boston, U.S.A.
<i>A Crucifix</i> . . . .	L. & T. S.	1556	„	Marble, life-size: now in San Lorenzo de l'Escorial, Madrid.

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Models for Pulpits and bas-reliefs in the Choir of the Duomo at Florence . . . .	L. and Letters	1547	Florence	Execution prevented by Baccio Bandinelli.
Model for <i>Neptune</i>	L.	1559	„	Colossal marble.
<i>Leda with the Swan</i> , and four children	S. Letter	1559	„	Marble Group. February.
<i>Juno and Andromeda</i> . . . . .	S. Letter	1570	„	December 26th (cf. list below, No. 299).

\*\* A bronze figure of *Minerva*, now in a private collection in London, is illustrated in the *Burlington Magazine* (Oct., 1909), with a note by F. W. Lippmann, who attributes it to Cellini.

WORKS IN SCULPTURE LEFT AT CELLINI'S DEATH ACCORDING TO  
THE INVENTORY THEN MADE (FEBRUARY, 1571)

NO.

10. Small square (half a *braccia*) bas-relief in plaster of *Our Lady*.
208. Wooden model of the base for *Perseus*.
247. Large plaster model of *Perseus*.
248. *Cleopatra*.
260. Bas-relief sketch in wax, framed in stone, of *Adam and Eve*.
291. Small model of *Cleopatra* in wax.
292. Small model of *Silence* in wax.
293. Another small model in wax.
294. An unfinished model of *Neptune*.
295. Two or three small models of pulpits for Sta. Maria del Fiore in cardboard.
296. Model of a *Crucifix* in clay.
297. Model of a fountain for the Piazza, that is to say *Neptune*, in wax.

NO.

298. Unfinished model of a *Crucifix* in white wax.
299. Two unfinished models of *Juno and Andromeda* in yellow wax.
300. Small model of *Andromeda*; bas-relief in wax.
301. Large unfinished model of *Crucifix* in plaster.
302. Marble statue of *Eleonora, Duchess of Florence*.
303. Marble statue of *Narcissus*.
304. Statue of *Apollo* with a statue (*Hyacinth*) at his feet.
305. Unfinished marble head of the *Duke*.
307. Marble head (a sketch).
316. Model of the horse at Padua in clay.
324. Bronze head of *Medusa*.
325. Small model of *Our Lady* in wax.
326. *Narcissus* in wax.
327. *Hyacinth* in terra-cotta.
328. Model of *Hercules strangling Antaeus* and another *Hercules* (larger) in wax.
329. Model of a fountain in wax.
330. Wax model for the tomb of a Pope, and several figures.
331. *Minerva* in terra-cotta.
332. Figure of a woman in wax.
333. Model of a *Charity*.
334. Two small boxes of portraits of *His Most Serene Highness* (sketches).
335. Marble statue of a *Charity* (a sketch).
336. A wax model.
337. Two *Christs on the Cross* (unfinished); one in clay, the other in wax.
338. Wax head of the *Duke*.
339. Round bas-relief of the *Moon*, in clay.

Beside those works which we have noted in the above list as still existing, the following may also be assigned with reason to Cellini.

<i>Perseus</i> . Model in wax.	<i>The Bargello, Florence.</i>
<i>Perseus</i> . Bronze statuette.	" "
<i>Ganymede</i> . Bronze statuette.	" "
<i>Perseus</i> . Bronze statuette.	<i>Collection of M. Davillier.</i>

*Pluto.* Bronze statuette.

*Collection of E. Chenev, Esq., of London.*

*A Portrait of Francesco de' Medici.* Coloured wax bas-relief.

*Collection of Comm. Luigi Vaj, Florence.*

## ARCHITECTURE

It is probable that Cellini did make some experiments in architecture, as is evidenced by his plans for the fountains at Fontainebleau, and in the Piazza at Florence. Moreover, he tells us that he was at various periods of his life consulted regarding fortifications. But we do not know of any special architectural work still in existence that may be attributed to him.

## ARMS AND ARMOUR

In Cellini's *Life* we find but few references to arms or armour made by him or in his workshop. The following are all the articles of this nature that are recorded in connection with him.

SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
Poniards inlaid with gold . . . . .	L.	1524	Rome	Decorated with foliage and grotesques in imitation of Turkish work.
A carbine . . . .	L.	1524	"	Incrusted with gold. (Cf. above, under the heading "JEWELLERY.")
Steel finger-rings .	L.	1524	"	

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SUBJECT.	SOURCE OF RECORD.	DATE OF RECORD.	PLACE OF ORIGIN.	REMARKS.
A steel mirror . . .	la.	1538	Rome	
A poniard . . . .	la.	1538	"	With a handle of lapis-lazuli set in gold.
A dagger and a light-cavalry mace . . . .	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Account-Book of the Cardinal of Ferrara.} \end{array} \right.$		1540	Paris October 10.

These last items seem to have been articles of goldsmith's work rather than of armour. A great variety of pieces of armour have been from time to time assigned to Cellini, but none seem really to justify the attribution, being apparently the product of Milanese armour foundries, or of those of Munich, Augsburg, or Nuremberg, where Italian influences are known to have prevailed at this period.

## DRAWINGS

It is self-evident that Benvenuto Cellini must have made designs and preparatory sketches for most of his works, and we know that his contemporaries spoke of him as an artist who had *no need to make use of the drawings of others* in carrying out his commissions. Moreover in his own *Autobiography* he speaks of a drawing made in competition with a certain Tobias for the mounting of an unicorn's horn. We read also in the same work of drawings for vases to be executed for the Grand Duke Cosimo, for Don Francesco de' Medici, for the Cardinal of Ravenna and for the banker Pietro



Salviati, of Lyons; and in the *Inventory* made after his decease we find record of a *Dante* in pen-and-ink on panel, and of a small copy on paper of Michelangelo's *Last Judgement*. Nevertheless, with the exception of the sketch of the artist's *Coat-of-arms*, preserved in the Biblioteca Nazionale in Florence, no *absolutely* authenticated drawing by Cellini has come down to us.

The following, however, may perhaps be rightly assigned to him from among the many drawings that have at various times borne that attribution.

*A Bust of one of the Farnese.*

*Collection of the Marquis de Chennevières.*

It bears an inscription in the corner in a handwriting closely resembling Cellini's.

*Apollo.*

*The Royal Gallery in Munich.*

*A Sheet of Sketches.*

*Collection His. ae la Salle, The Louvre, Paris.*

*Design for a Salt-Cellar.*

*Uffizi Collection, Florence.*

*A similar Design.*

*The Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.*

*A Small Book of Sketches of Ornamental Work.*

*Collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.*

This volume of sketches is clearly contemporary with Cellini, and though the work contained in it is unequal, many of the drawings strongly resemble genuine work by that craftsman.

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156, and a seal for Cardinal Gonzaga, 157; returns to Florence, and finds his father dead, 158, 159; welcomed by his brother and sister, 159, 160; makes medallions of *Hercules* and *Atlas*, 161 *sqq.*; is highly praised by Michelangelo, 162, 163; the Pope declares war on Florence and recalls Cellini to Rome, 164 *sqq.*; he is well received by the Pope, 169 *sqq.*, who pardons him for retaining some of the gold he had melted down, 171, and commissions him to make a morse, 172 *sqq.*, and some dies for coins, 179; he is made Keeper of the Dies of the Papal Mint, 183; Raffaello del Moro wishes him to marry his daughter, 184, 187; makes another coin with *Christ walking on the Sea*, 188; his brother is mortally wounded by the city guard, 192; his monument and epitaph, 196, 197; Cellini revenges his brother's death, 200; opens a fine shop in Rome, 202; takes into his service a beautiful young girl, 203; his shop is broken open by a robber, 204; suspicions of his enemies, 206; suspected of coining false money, 208; persuades the Pope of his innocence, 209; discovers the robber of his shop through his dog, 211, 212; discussion as to the position of his house, 213 *n.*; praised by the Pope on completion of the morse, 214; made a mace-bearer, 214; commissioned by the Pope to make a chalice, 215; description of the model, 215; requests the post of Privy



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the Marchese del Guasto and the Pope, 351 *sqq.*; is calumniated by Latino Giovenale, 353; completes the book cover for Charles V, 354; has trouble with his servant Ascanio, 355 *sqq.*; leaves Rome to go to France, 361; at Padua he designs a medal for Cardinal Bembo, 363 *sqq.*; Bembo gives him three horses, 367; crosses the Alps, 367; Busbacca, a courier, attaches himself to him, 368, 369; adventures on a Swiss lake, 369 *sqq.*; arrives in Paris, 375; visits il Rosso, the painter, 376 *sqq.*; has an audience of the King and accompanies the Court to Lyons, 379, 380; falls ill and sets out to return to Rome, 380; adventures on the way, 380 *sqq.*; arrives at Ferrara and is received by the Duke, 383, 384; arrives in Rome and opens a larger shop, 384, 385; makes a ewer and basin for the Cardinal of Ferrara, 385; is cheated by his workman Pascucci, and puts him in prison, 385, 386; executes commissions for the wife of Girolamo Orsini, 386; sent for by the King of France through the Cardinal of Ferrara, 387; accused of stealing the Papal jewels, is put into prison, 389, 390; his examination and defence, ii, 2 *sqq.*; kept in prison though his innocence is proved, 9; the King of France intercedes for him, 9; quarrels with Ascanio, 18; escapes from prison, 26 *sqq.*; received by Cardinal Cornaro, 33; the Pope promises to pardon him, 36, 38; he relates his escape to the Gov-

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